The Saturday Evening
POST
December 28, 1957 — 15¢

We Took the Nautilus Under the Ice

By COMMANDER W. R. ANDERSON U. S. N.

DEC 24 '57

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

NIXON'S MY BOSS

By His Private Secretary

EDIE ADAMS AND ERNIE KOVACS

By PETE MARTIN

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

A Complete Novelette

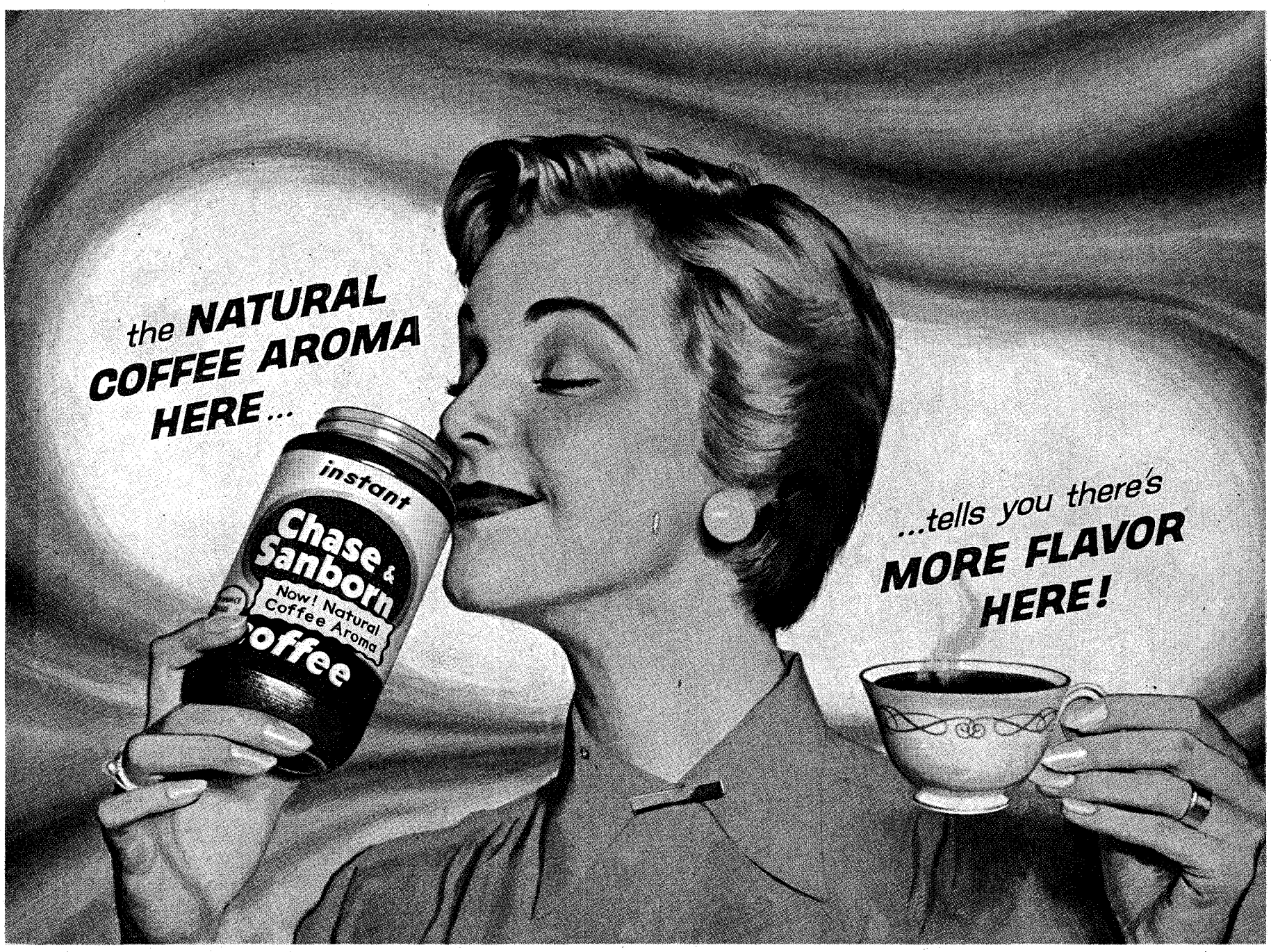
By Prentiss Combs

LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
2-5-58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU'LL KNOW WHAT'S NEW WITH INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN

the second you open the jar!



No wonder Instant Chase & Sanborn gives you a

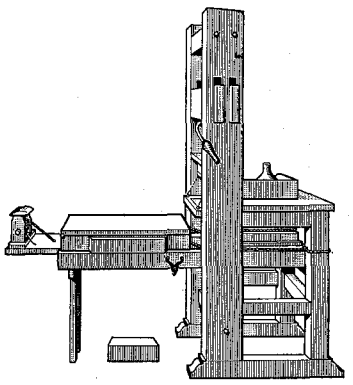
Captured! That elusive natural coffee aroma so important to complete coffee enjoyment. Now it's yours, the second you open a jar of Instant Chase & Sanborn. It rises to greet you . . . mouth-watering and tantalizing . . . tells you there's so much more flavor in every cup. Give yourself a Flavor Break. Buy the full-bodied coffee today.

FLAVOR BREAK

INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN – the full-bodied coffee!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



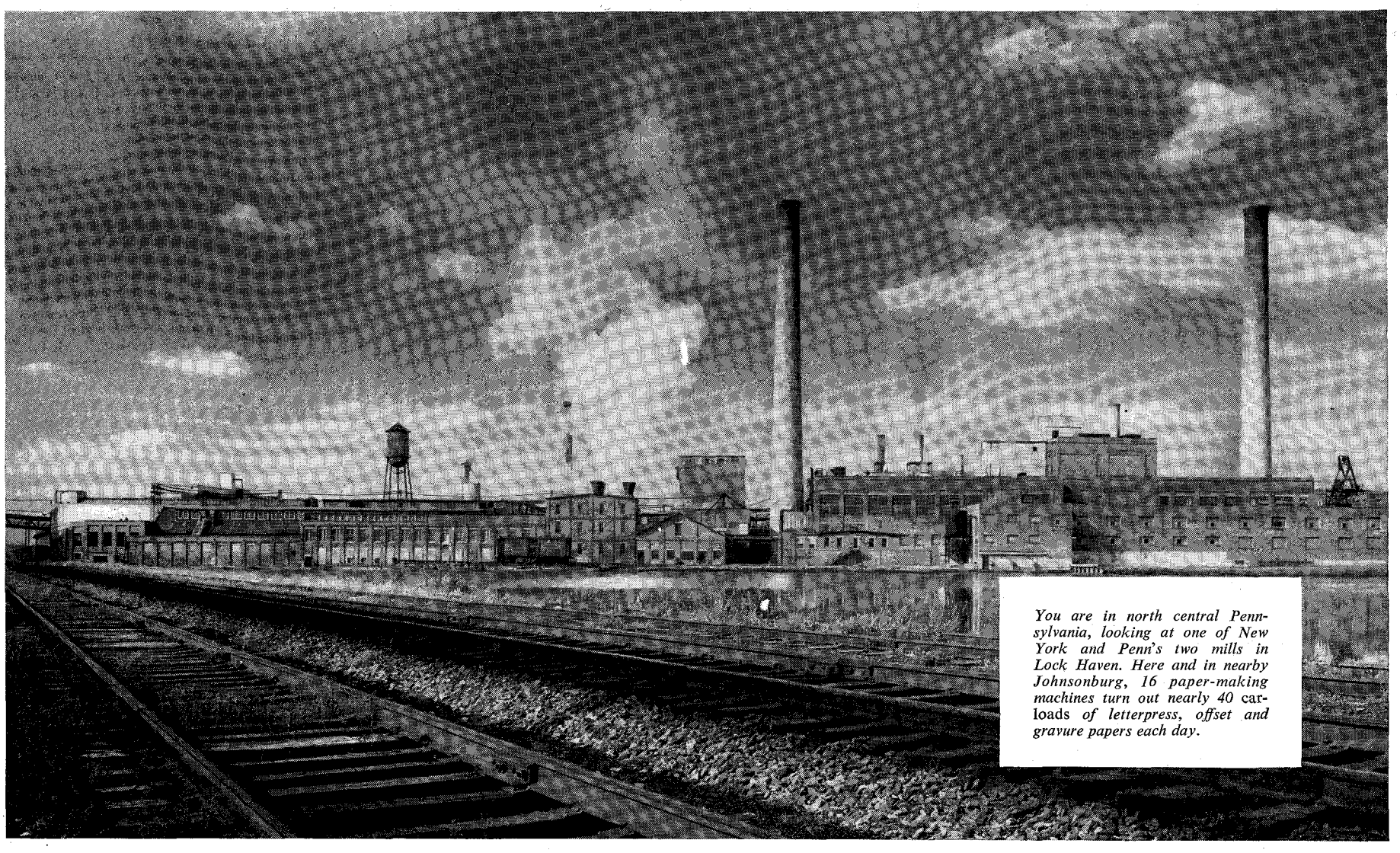
...WHAT I PRESERVE CAN PERISH NEVER, WHAT I FOREGO IS LOST FOREVER.

James Montgomery 1771-1854 THE PRESS

As a preservative of the arts and sciences, as a record of human achievement, and, indeed, as a courier of the human mind itself, printing and paper are as necessary to man as food and drink.

Until it has been printed, any idea can be forgotten. Its purpose can be altered, its meaning distorted. But good, bad or indifferent, once this idea has been committed to paper, it becomes a part of the heritage of all mankind.

We of New York and Penn submit: if the idea is worth printing, it is worth printing on fine paper.



You are in north central Pennsylvania, looking at one of New York and Penn's two mills in Lock Haven. Here and in nearby Johnsonburg, 16 paper-making machines turn out nearly 40 carloads *of letterpress, offset and gravure papers each day.*

From New York and Penn's mills comes paper for 30,000,000 magazines a month. You are reading one now. From these same mills comes paper to meet the most exacting requirements of quality printing – for books produced by some of the oldest and best known publishers in the hard-cover field and for other printing by the most demanding craftsmen in the letterpress, offset and gravure processes.

New York and Penn

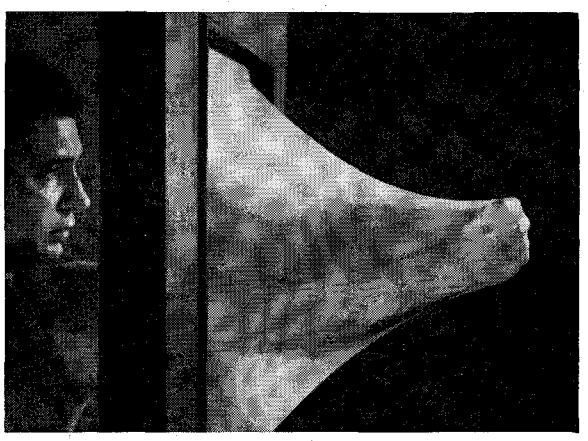
Pulp and Paper Manufacturers

Sales and Executive Offices: 425 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York • Mills at Lock Haven and Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania, and Willsboro, New York

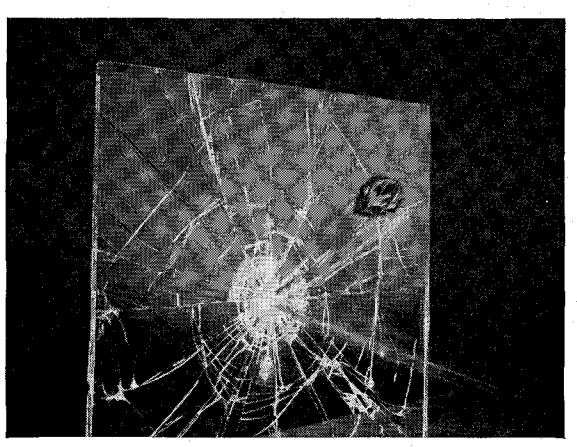
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best thing about this picture window is what it doesn't show

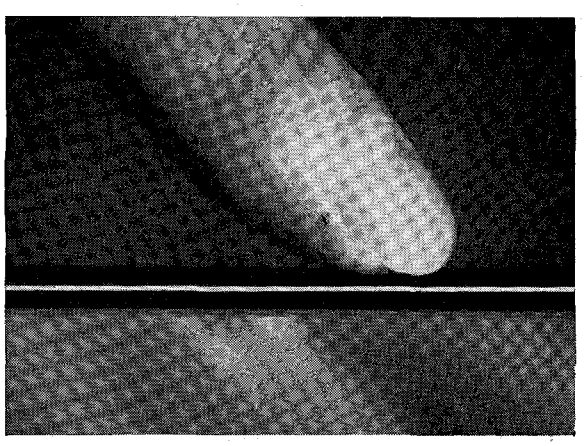
Plastic interlayer in laminated "safety-cushion" glass absorbs shock . . . reduces hazard of flying glass



ROLLS WITH THE PUNCH. Tough plastic interlayer "gives" when hit. It's the "safety cushion" in laminated glass.



EVEN WHEN STRUCK, laminated safety glass is engineered to hold together—to help protect you from flying fragments.



LOOK FOR THE "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass in your car windows. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Larger glass area is an important feature of the new model cars. You'll like this picture window vision. And if your car has laminated "safety-cushion" glass, you'll also have added protection from the hazard of flying glass.

A sheet of transparent plastic, laminated between two pieces of glass, acts as a cushion, helps prevent shattered glass from flying. All cars manufactured in the United States have laminated safety glass in their windshields. And you can have this same protection in the side windows of your car, too.

Look for the "safety-cushion" line along the edge of the glass in your car window. It's the sign of laminated construction.

Du Pont does not manufacture laminated safety glass. It is a supplier of the "safety cushion" used as the interlayer in the construction of this glass. The Du Pont trademark for this polyvinyl butyral plastic is BUTACITE®.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Polychemicals Dept., Wilmington 98, Del.

Watch the "Du Pont Show of the Month"
Ninety minutes of the best in live television—CBS Network.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull

IN THIS ISSUE

December 28, 1957 *Vol. 230, No. 26*

4 Short Stories

The Stranger's Surprise . . . . . *Ilse Stanley* 14
Day of Retaliation . . . . . *Williams Forrest* 18
The Price of Parting . . . . . *Leon Ware* 22
Too Late to Make Up . . . . . *William Heuman* 25

Novelette

The Man on the Beach . . . . . *Prentiss Combs* 48

8 Articles

We Took the Nautilus Under the Ice
Commander William R. Anderson, U.S.N., as told to Clay Blair, Jr. 11
I Call on Edie Adams and Ernie Kovacs . . . . . *Pete Martin* 16
New Clues to Human Behavior . . . . . *James P. O'Donnell* 19
Nixon's My Boss . . . . . *Rose Mary Woods, as told to Don Murray* 20
Basketball's Toughest War Horse . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 24
The Face of America: What on Earth? . . . . . *Photograph by Art Riley* 26
Our Candid Scrapbook . . . . . *Robert de Roos* 30
The Names We Go By . . . . . *J. C. Furnas* 36

2 Serials

Death in the Deep (Second of four parts) . . . . . *Wolfgang Ott* 28
West of the Law (Fourth of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 32

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 6
Keeping Posted 80
Post Scripts 34
Verse 39, 56, 64

THE COVER

Now come the high moments of Christmastime—the lighting of the trees, carol singing under the sparkling stars, the mysterious night when Santa rides the skies, the gay opening of the gifts. And speaking of high moments, look at Papa. Many a papa, for some strange reason, waits to put the top ornament on a tree last, thus imperiling the safety of all the other ornaments in case he takes a header into them. John Falter says that this imperils artist's models too. But his models survived their alarming pose unscathed; and don't worry, Papa will too. . . . So the joy that glows symbolically from that tree will come to shining life in all the members of Papa's household. And now may we make a wish? That the same warm experience bless all other households everywhere.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs. $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 31–58 or February 1, 1958; 2–58 or July 12, 1958.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 230

The greatest star of the screen!

Word has just come from Rome that Mario Lanza's new musical "Seven Hills of Rome" has been enthusiastically previewed in that romantic city.

★ ★ ★ ★

We are frankly pleased to know that soon we'll be having this lusty, attractive singing star on the screen again by way of M-G-M.

★ ★ ★ ★

The golden-voiced star of "The Great Caruso" returns in what struck our eyes and ears as a delightful musical romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

This spectacular production was filmed in Rome itself to give the exciting new color-and-large-screen process called Technirama something extra to work on.

★ ★ ★ ★

The same may be said for the new beauty here provocatively introduced. Her name is Marisa Allasio, and it is our conviction that she will soon take her place alongside the Lollobrigidas, the Sophia Lorens and other exciting new continental personalities.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mario Lanza plays a hot-tempered TV star fired for causing a jealous row over his fiancée (lovely Peggie Castle).

★ ★ ★ ★

He heads for Italy, and a singing job in a small cafe. En route, he rescues a signorita in distress, Miss Allasio.

★ ★ ★ ★

All is serene until his fiancée appears on the scene . . . ! We won't reveal the outcome of this song-filled story—but you'll like the way it turns out.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lanza sings such solos as "All the Things You Are", "Come Dance With Me", "Ay, Ay, Ay", "The Loveliest Night of the Year", "Lolita" and the title song.

★ ★ ★ ★

Other exciting numbers are "Calypso Italiano" with the handsome continental star Renato Rascel, plus the haunting "Arriverderci Roma".

★ ★ ★ ★

One of many surprises is Lanza's song-imitations of popular stars.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director Roy Rowland and producer Lester Welch have given this Le Cloud Production every blessing.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the screen play by Art Cohn and Giorgio Prosperi (based on a story by Giuseppe Amato) gracefully guides us about both fabled sites and seldom-shown sights of the eternally breath-taking city of Rome.

★ ★ ★ ★

To quote a current slogan: "Get more out of life—Go out to a movie!" See M-G-M's "Seven Hills of Rome"!

—*Leo*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

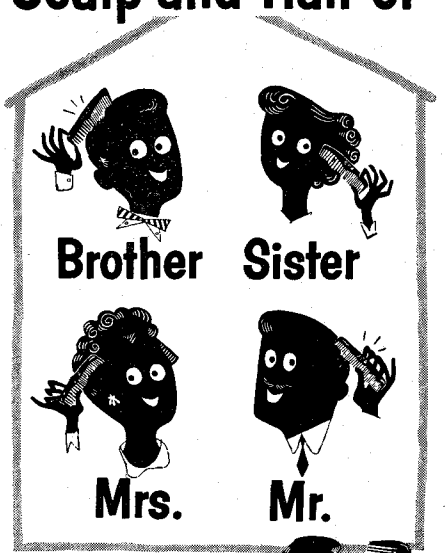
FOR THE
Sneezin' Season!

Free
KLEENEX TISSUES
with your purchase of
VICKS® Medi-Mist®
NASAL SPRAY

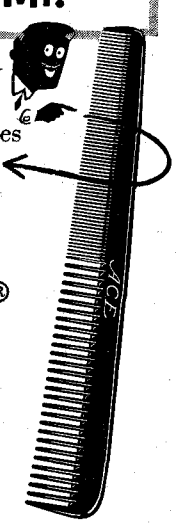
Opens stuffy nose fast...
You breathe easy for hours!

Why put up with that clogged up, stuffy nose feeling of head colds. Get acquainted with new Vicks Medi-Mist Nasal Spray—just two quick squeezes—your nose opens—your head clears. Checks sniffles and sneezes. Antibiotic, too... helps fight infection. Make friends with new Vicks Medi-Mist Nasal Spray. You'll like it!

ACE Takes Care of Scalp and Hair of



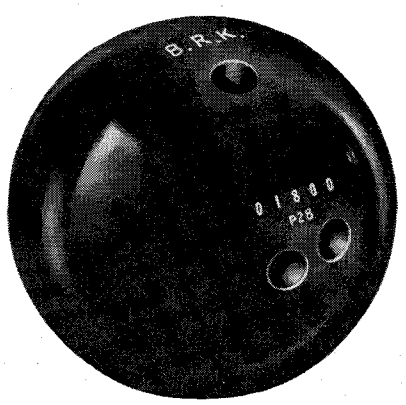
Only ACE completely rounds and smooths each tooth: ends—sides—*even between teeth.* No sharp edges to scratch scalp or snag hair.



ACE®
HARD RUBBER
COMBS

SMOOTHER • STRONGER • LAST MUCH LONGER

BOWLING BALL!



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U. S. only, until March 31, 1958. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
282 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Letters

Mike Wallace—Heel or Hero?

Dear Sirs:

In his recent game of stud poker with the incisive and imperturbable Mike Wallace, I thought that Pete Martin turned up the high hand. [I CALL ON MIKE WALLACE, Nov. 23].

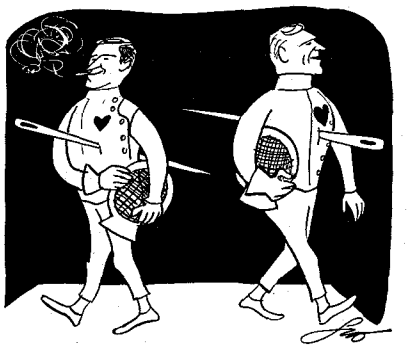
A neat, timely bit of work and I congratulate the Post and Mr. Martin.

O. H. KELLOGG
Oneonta, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We send our appreciation for Pete Martin, herewith. So glad he got in his licks on Mike Wallace, whose program we shun as a plague around our house.... Does Wallace think he is God, that he has the right to make any person "justify" himself before him and millions of American people? The thought is revolting, and I am happy he met his match for once.

EARL AND FAITH WILSON
Windom, Kansas



Dear Sirs:

I like Mike Wallace's courage. I like to see Wallace thinking in action during an interview. But his whole setup of "hot" questions is Gestapo-like. This idea of asking people to justify every little whim or thought is anti-humanistic.

MARY BRINCK
Roseville, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Mike Wallace is correct in his statement concerning the small number of questions pertaining to sex in his TV interviews. Nevertheless the few such questions he asks seem to be his strongest selling point.

As in a two-and-a-half-hour movie, a five-minute torrid sex scene will sell the movie.

O. GREGORY BURNS, JR.
Charlotte, N.C.

Palace Plot

Dear Sirs:

It is refreshing to read about a head of state with some dash and derring-do. Generally when they reach that pinnacle they are old and gray. . . .

The story on King Hussein [HOW THE BOY KING FOILED THE PLOTTERS, by Joseph Alsop, Nov. 23] brings to mind the quotation "the coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave man dies but once." Hussein will obviously die but once, but I hope he lives to be at least 120 first.

NANCY CROCKER
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Regarding HOW THE BOY KING FOILED THE PLOTTERS . . . it seems rather incongruous that America, arsenal of democracy, engages in all this intrigue to uphold a king.

MRS. LE VONNE ROWLEY
Oakdale, Cal.

Ireland's Fashion Queen

Dear Sirs:

FASHIONS BY SYBIL CONNOLLY, by Ernest O. Hauser, November 16 . . . impressed me very much because Miss Connolly has paid such fine tribute to her sex.

I have always been displeased by some of the fashion experts that were trying to alter the female body to fit the dress; Miss Connolly, on the other hand, is designing her styles to bring out the beauty of woman—without attempting to alter her physical structure. . . .

More power to Miss Connolly and I bow in tribute to her artistry.

RAYMOND H. DILLOWAY
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

Re. Sybil Connolly:

Page 29, her gross earnings this year $500,000.

Page 56, pays tweed weavers $25.00 per week.

Page 58, pays seamstresses $17.00 per week.

What a generous female.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWELL
Gold Beach, Oregon

Friendly Atoms

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Demaree Bess for his timely and informative article, THE BATTLE OVER ATOMS-FOR-PEACE, Nov. 16.

I hope that we in America will stop making stumbling blocks and start making steppingstones out of such all-important issues.

CAROL BOWER
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

One of the reasons the Atoms-for-Peace program is not gaining the universal momentum that it should is that both America and Russia are using it for a political football.

Both Russians and Americans would like their respective countries to be able to take credit for peace. Since we have made it so clear that we do not have any use for

(Continued on Page 76)

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

11–U. S. Navy, Frank Ross. • 12–Lemuel B. Line, Frank Ross. • 13–Raymond A. Ballinger. 14, 15–Coby Whitmore. • 16–Friedman-Abeles, Larry Fried. • 17–Larry Fried. • 18–Stan Galli. • 19–Eugene Kammerman. • 20–Ollie Atkins. • 21–Ollie Atkins, Service Francais Information. • 22, 23–Mac Conner. • 24–Harry Saltzman. • 25–Lynn Buckham. 26, 27–Art Riley. • 28, 29–Noel Sickles. • 30–Curtis Photographic Dept., Mason Weymouth, from Mrs. Robert de Roos. • 32, 33–Sam Bates. • 48, 49–Austin Briggs. 80–United Press, two anonymous; Larry Keighley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holiday Greetings in Blue and White

Our refinery people and oil engineers
Wish you the best Holiday that you've had in years.

Our folks on PURE tankers and every PURE truck
Hope 1958 will bring you Good Luck.

The girls in our offices (queens of the typewriter)
Join us in saying, "May your Christmas be whiter!"

All our field managers with all of their men
Hope Santa Claus brings you a good yield again.

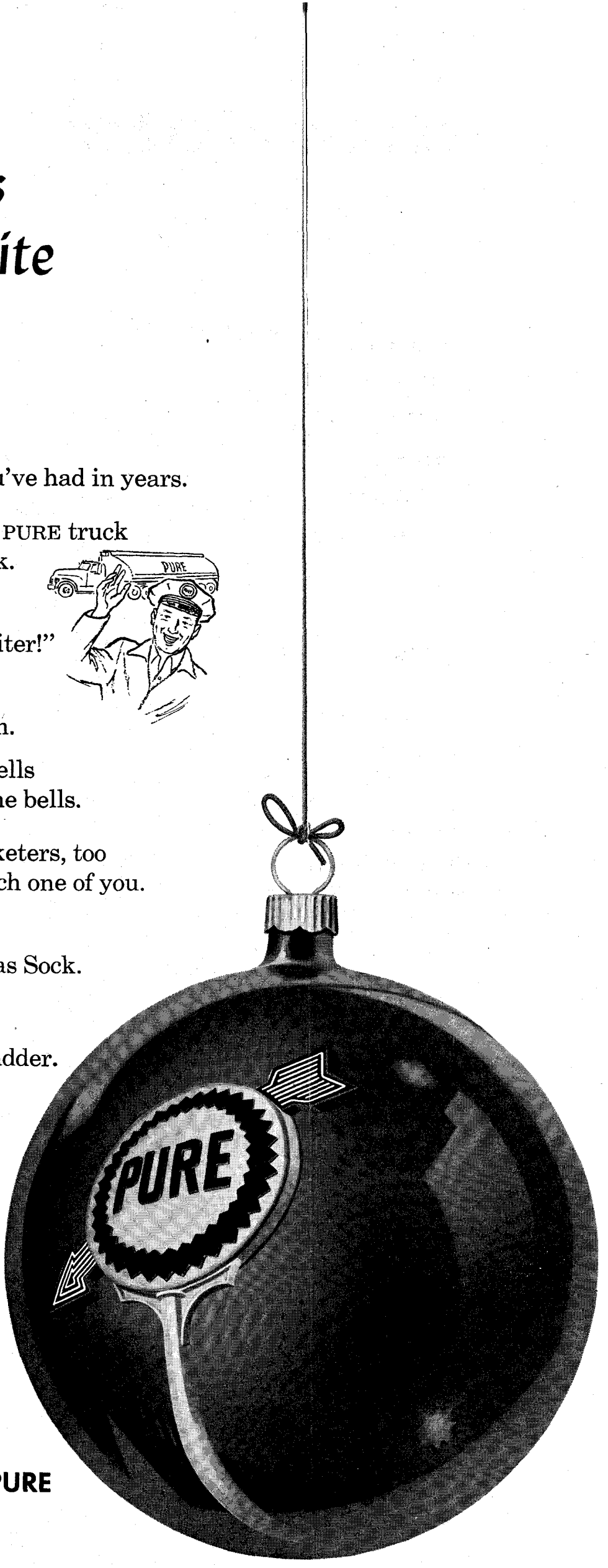
Our research people and drillers of wells
Wish that your Holiday rings all the bells.

Our bookkeepers, scientists and marketers, too
Send a warm Christmas wish to each one of you.

Geophysicists, geologists (those hunters of rock)
Hope you get what you want in the old Christmas Sock.

Our management people to the top of the ladder
Wish that your Christmases get gladder and gladder.

And last, but not least, from each
PURE Service Station
"Merry Christmas to all drivers
and cars in the nation!"



THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 EAST WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

It's Time Our Children Were Taught the Facts About Communism

According to Army psychologists who interviewed the men who had been prisoners of the Communists in Korea and China, those who in various degrees co-operated with the Communists were boys who knew almost nothing about Communism and hardly more about their own system. Many civilians who have never experienced the kind of pressures endured by prisoners of the Reds have equally immature ideas.

In the lower schools Communism is seldom mentioned, although there are courses about other systems of government: British imperialism, the Greek city states, the evolution of Rome from republic to empire, the social system of the American Indians, and so on. But concerning the system which has spread over half the world and threatens to engulf the other half, the ordinary schoolboy had been told little beyond the idea that we must be "tolerant."

A promising effort to buck this mass of ignorance has been made by a group of conservative Americans who are organized as the Institute of Fiscal and Political Education. The Institute has sponsored a textbook called Democracy Versus Communism (Van Nostrand) by Professor Kenneth Colegrove, formerly professor of political science at Northwestern and a man of wide experience in public affairs. The book is written for students of high-school age and has already been placed in a considerable number of schools.

Most Americans are ignorant of the means by which the Reds came to power in Russia. Constantly one hears people say, "Well, they gotta right to choose their form of government same as we can choose ours." The truth is, of course, that the Russian people never "chose" Communism at all. As Professor Colegrove in Democracy Versus Communism makes plain, Lenin and his little group of conspirators, taking advantage of the confusion following the downfall of the Czar, took over by force. Thus the event being celebrated in Moscow this year is the anniversary, not of a triumph of the Russian people, but of a *Putsch* against them.

The American student of high-school age certainly needs some indoctrination against the kind of instruction he is likely to run into when and if he gets to college. At a large number of leading universities he may encounter Roots of Political Behavior (American Book Company), a symposium edited by two Princeton professors, which includes an essay by the Swedish Socialist and Supreme Court favorite, Gunnar Myrdal. In Myrdal's opinion "the constitutional convention was nearly a plot against the common people." While the editors of this textbook do not specifically say that they agree with Myrdal that the "150-year-old constitution is in many respects impractical and ill-suited for modern conditions," they do conclude that "the separation of powers in the American constitution rendered it difficult to govern and practically impossible to develop a concept of political responsibility."

A high-school boy or girl who has read Professor Colegrove's book will have learned that the separation of powers is the keystone of our liberties and the means by which "our government and our public officials remain the 'Servant of the People'" and not their master.

Leftists will make the usual complaint that a book which relates in plain terms what Communism has done to the world is not sufficiently "objective." However, most Americans will feel that, if a sharp look at the Red record should engender a little revulsion against Red tyranny and some belated enthusiasm for our own achievements under freedom, *that's just fine!*

Washington Isn't the Place to Solve Our Cities' Problems

The Greek word "metropolis" derives from *meter*, meaning mother, and *polis*, city. Mother cities were the center of commerce and culture in ancient Greece.

Our modern mother cities, ringed by vigorous suburban offspring over which they have no control, face an uncertain future. They are banking on urban renewal to maintain their stature, and find that the process often demands cash or credit beyond their means. City taxing powers are limited, both by law and by what the traffic will bear. The same can be said of the states which are responsible for the cities within their borders.

The mother cities of America are depending on Washington, where the money is concentrated, for major urban renewal funds. Some of the money flows directly to metropolitan agencies—for slum clearance and for housing, for instance. Other funds follow a more devious route through the states.

The problem of co-ordinating the welter of Federal grants, loans and subsidies is acute. It sometimes seems that the Federal right hand is completely ignorant of what the left is trying to accomplish within a big city. The suggestion has been made that the Federal Government establish a Department of Urban Affairs to end the confusion.

Nelson A. Rockefeller, who has had wide experience within the Federal Government and with urban renewal, is not in favor of a "city co-ordinator" in Washington. "A Federal department with as much power as this would require would be a Frankenstein," he recently told the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods. "Every city and town official in the country would be standing, hat in hand, waiting to see the Third Assistant Secretary of this all-powerful department, which would have usurped the power of the states and the independence of local governments."

Mr. Rockefeller, as an alternative, suggests that the states consider departments for urban affairs, both to aid in co-ordinating renewal expenditures and to emphasize the responsibility of the states for the well-being of the great metropolitan centers within their borders. Such a move, he feels, might help implement the proposal to return some programs and revenues to the states, as suggested by President Eisenhower and now being studied by a Joint Federal-State Action Committee. As Mr. Rockefeller said, "We can and should look to the state and Federal governments for technical assistance and services; but in the short and long run, the future of the cities and suburbs is in the hands of those who live in them and care about them."

At Christmastime, Hope and Good Will Defy Forebodings

There's a gentle magic in all the sights and sounds of Christmas Eve. When it comes upon a midnight clear, we watch the ancient stars look down as they did on a lowly manger so long ago. We can see as brightly in our hearts the shimmer of herald-angel wings, the shepherds on a faraway hill, the cattle in the stable, the Three Wise Men of the Orient, with their kings' gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

When it's a white Christmas Eve, the falling snowflakes make a lacy curtain outside house windows, but the Christmas candles on the sill offer a warmer and kinder welcome. Everywhere there's the contrasting brightness of evergreens and red-sprinkled holly wreaths, the glow of embers on the hearth, and galaxies of stars of Bethlehem beckon from forests of Christmas trees.

There is the familiar Christmas Eve sound of church bells and chimes, children's treble voices in the night, the crunch of snow underfoot and cheery greetings as people go to evening services. There's the sound of wassail. Small boys and girls really hear the jolly jingle of old Saint Nick's reindeer. Groups of carolers gladden us with the glorious songs of old, and the chime of Boston's Beacon Hill bell ringers is echoed by the most chilled and tired Santa standing over his kettle on any corner of the world.

There's a joyous expectancy in all the sights of Christmas Eve: a promise in the stars, in people's faces and in their hearts, in all the holiday color and shine and glow, that will be fulfilled on a new day's dawn. And surely the happiest sound we hear on Christmas Eve occurs when an old friend, or a stranger passing on the street, speaks out to wish us a "Merry Christmas!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which man is wearing the Sonotone hearing aid?

Is it the man at the left...the man in the center ...or the one with the glasses? The answer? *All three!* Each is wearing the "Unseen" Sonotone that fits his needs best. But *where?*

Nothing on the body, all at the ear

The man in the glasses is wearing Sonotone's new eyeglass model, built right into his regular prescription glasses. The complete hearing aid is so tiny that it is entirely concealed in just one of the temples.*

The man in the center—with nothing behind either ear, no cord or extra button whatsoever —is wearing the world's smallest hearing aid, the amazing Sonotone "222." The "222" is an all-in-one-piece model worn right in the natural hollow of the ear. It is all in the ear...there is *nothing* else to wear!

The man at left is wearing the new "333" model, so small and light it is worn entirely *at the ear*...with no cord down the neck, nothing on the body and—obviously—nothing in the hair.

The "future of hearing" is right now!

Each of these "Unseen" Sonotones is a transistor model, powered by an easily-replaceable battery about the size of an aspirin tablet. Each gives clear, sharp amplification for fine hearing, and is fitted to individual needs.

In their advanced design and engineering, these exciting Sonotones set the style for as many years ahead as scientists can foresee.

Mail coupon today for unusual offer

To introduce these quality hearing aids to as many people as possible, Irving I. Schachtel, President of Sonotone Corporation, has authorized this unusual Introductory Offer:

Everyone who mails this coupon will receive *free a Modern Hearing Test* on a phonocard which is specially produced for Sonotone by Bing Crosby Phonocards, Inc. You can take this personal hearing test right in your own home just by playing the record.

You will also receive complete information on the three "Unseen" Sonotones described here. Don't delay. Mail this coupon today!

*All lenses and professional services required for the eyeglass portions of Sonotone hearing aids are to be obtained through an ophthalmologist, optometrist or optician of your own choosing.

SONOTONE® CORPORATION ELMSFORD, N. Y.

A Lifetime Program for Better Hearing!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

FIRST TIME EVER OFFERED

FREE! NEW PHONOCARD HEARING TEST to check your hearing right in your own home... free to everyone mailing this coupon.

Sonotone Corporation, Dept. K-127
Elmsford, N. Y.

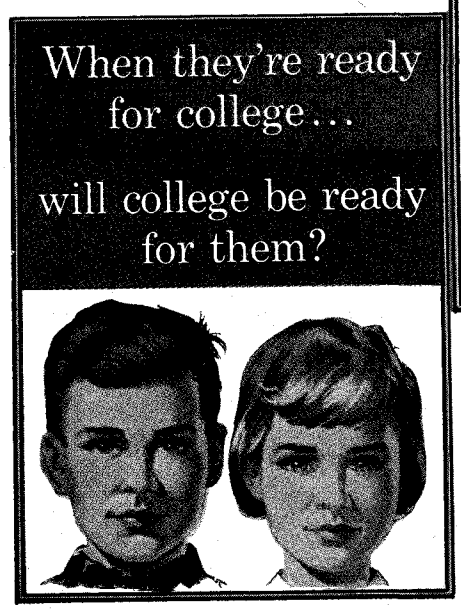
Gentlemen: I would like to have the free Hearing Test Record with which I can check my hearing right in my own home. Also send me complete information about the three "Unseen" Sonotones. Mail in plain envelope to:

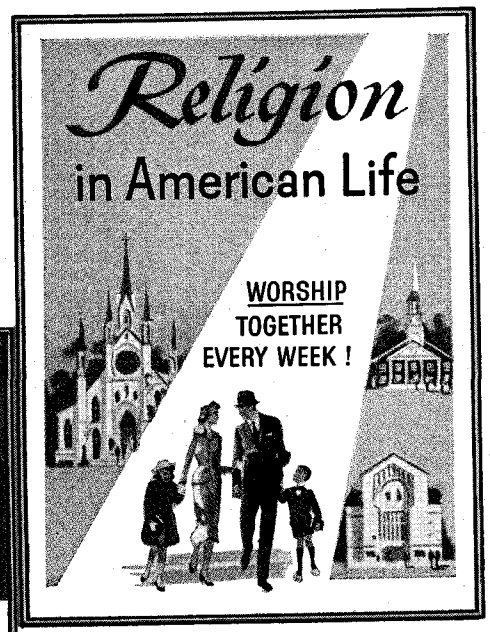
NAME _____

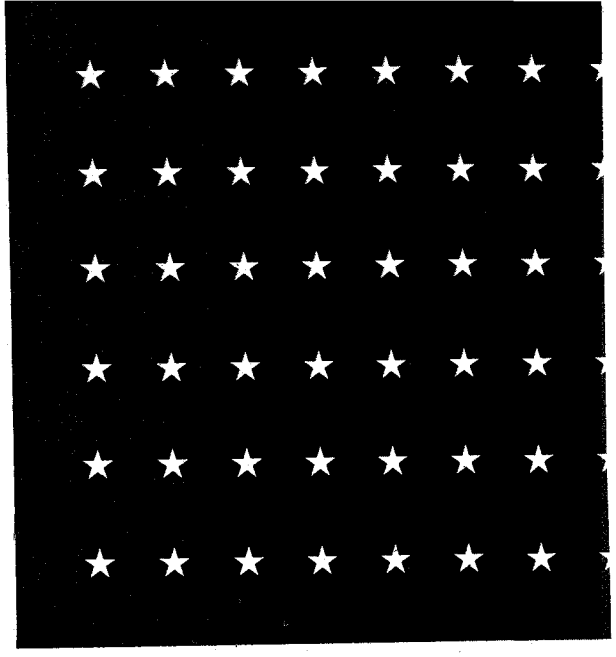
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

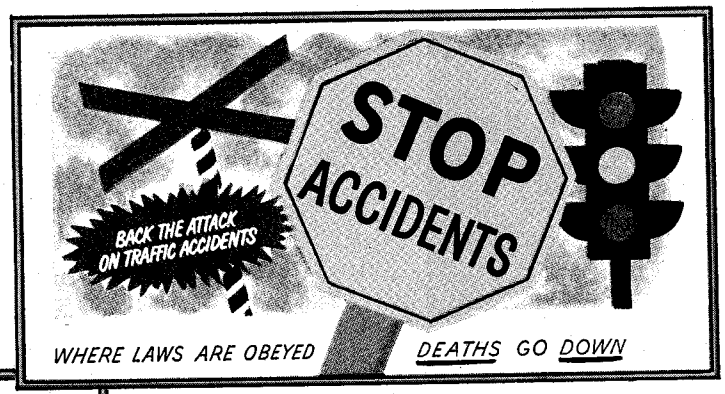
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

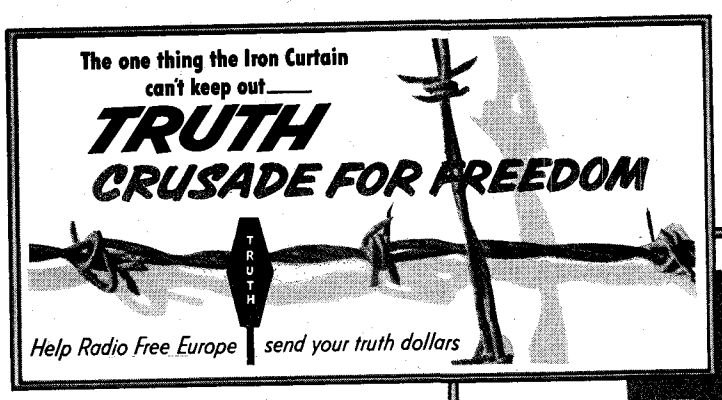


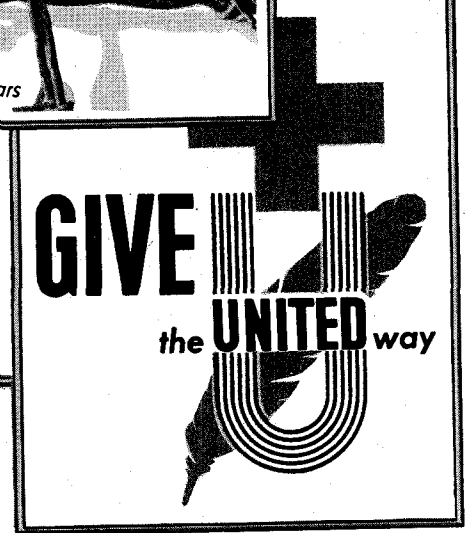


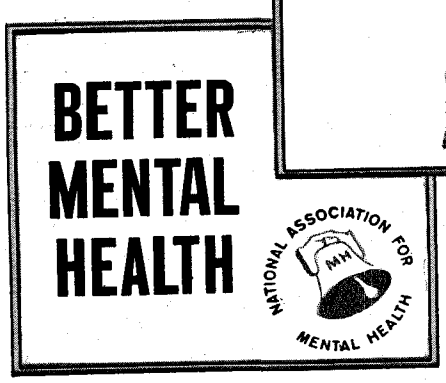


Miracle




The one thing the Iron Curtain can't keep out—
TRUTH
CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM
TRUTH
Help Radio Free Europe send your truth dollars

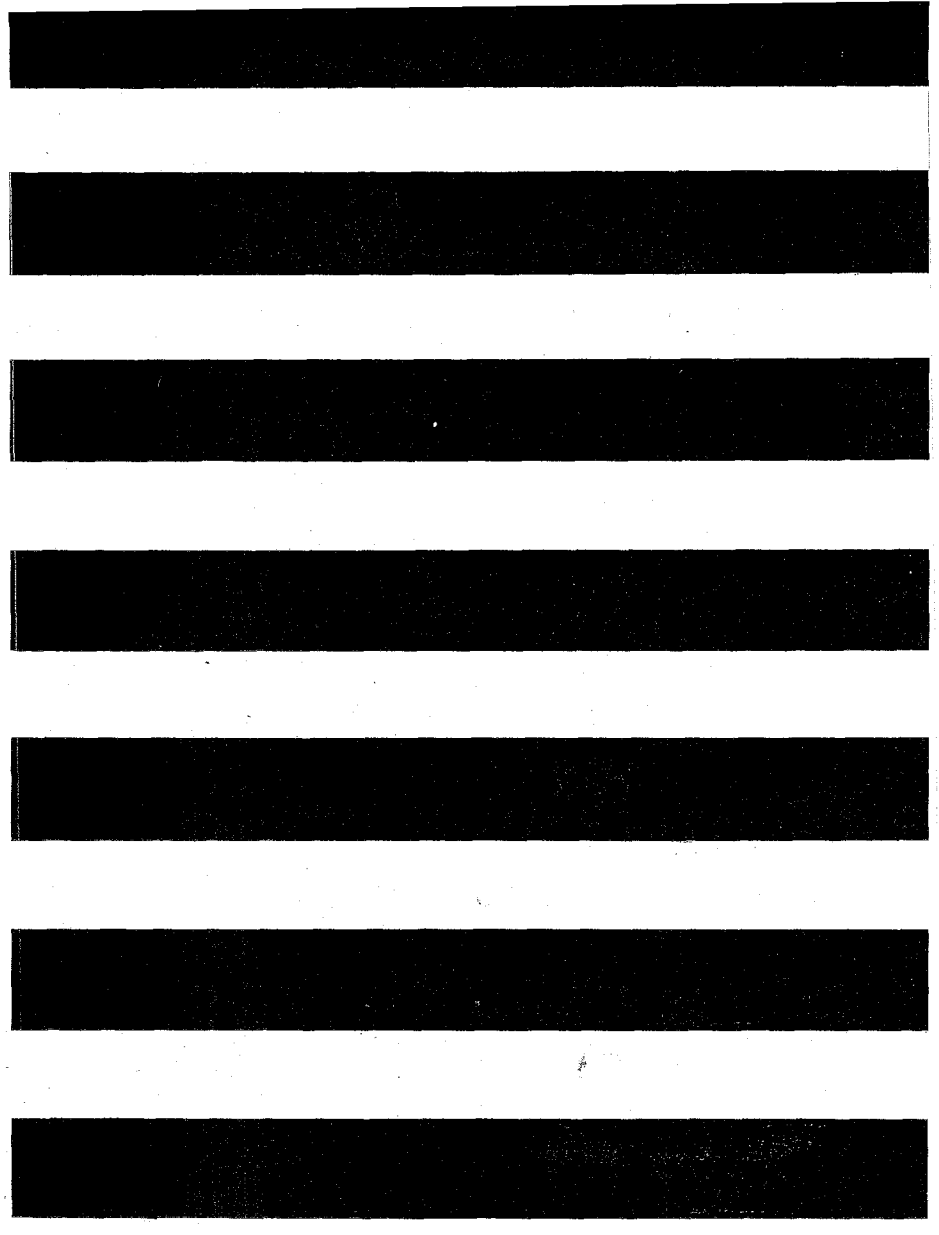




Basic campaigns are on a continuing basis, but the resources available through The Advertising Council are often applied almost overnight to emergency situations, such as the Hungarian Emergency Relief campaign. Photo shows Hungarian escapees receiving packages supplied through American donations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 examples of a at Work



They said America would never work.

In 1789, the royalists said it would take a miracle. Today, the communists are singing the same old song.

Somehow, though, we keep chugging right along. Matter of fact, when you look at the rest of the world, we've done pretty well. Sometimes we wonder what it is that makes us tick.

Across from this page are nine reasons. Each stands for one of those public service campaigns you see almost everywhere you look or listen. A vast amount of time, effort, and money has gone into advertising like this.

It's done a world of good. It's helped cut down on the rate of highway accidents. It's helped fight forest fires. It's sold a lot of savings bonds. It's helped pave the way for higher education. Many other things.

Maybe you've wondered who pays for all this. In other countries, of course, you'd know. The government. Which, in turn, means the people—through taxation.

Here at home, you might guess that the money comes from charities.

Not so. Private business pays for all this. Businessmen and women donate their efforts to producing these messages. Magazines like this one, newspapers, radio and TV stations, car card and outdoor poster companies give free time and space to keep you reminded of them.

Why? Because in this country, what benefits you benefits everyone.

The healthier you are, the safer you are, the stronger you are, the better informed you are—the better off the country is. So, what helps the country helps you, helps business, helps everyone, in this "People's Capitalism" of ours.

That's the miracle that makes America work . . . and keep on working.

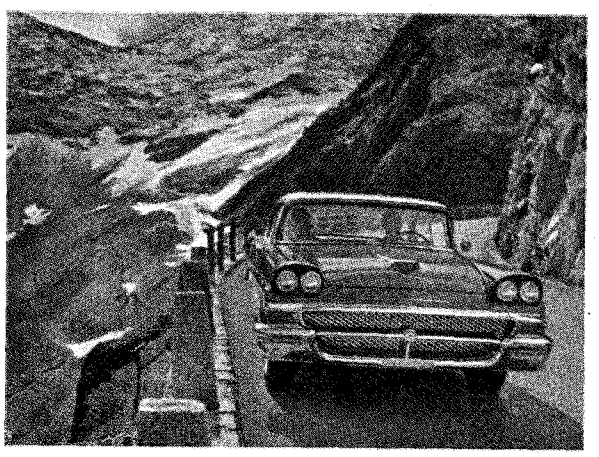
The Advertising Council
. . . for public service

PUBLIC SERVICE · ADVERTISING COUNCIL ·

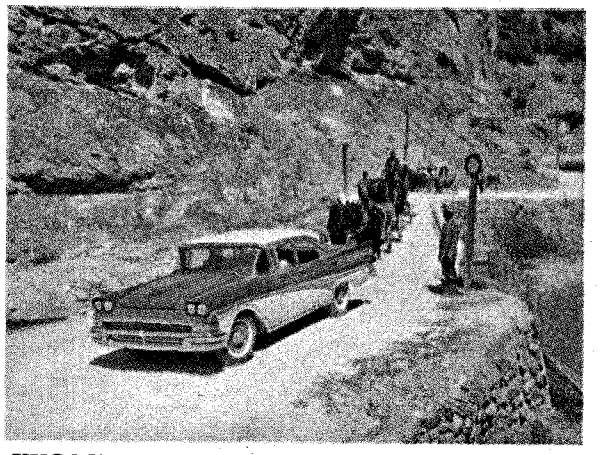
If you would like to know more about this work, this magazine suggests you write for a free booklet to The Advertising Council, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

The space for this message is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council.

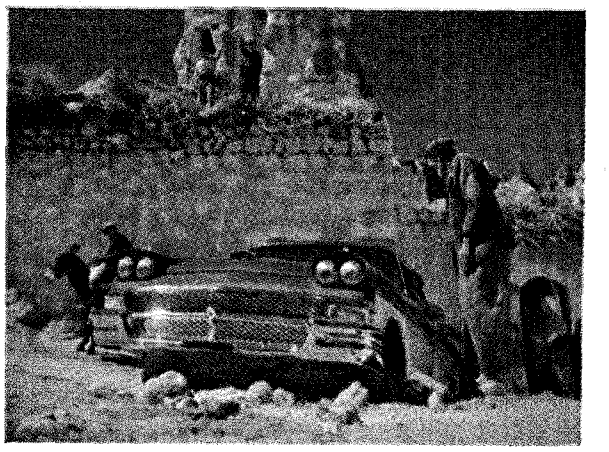
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SWITZERLAND! Powering over the Alps, Ford's new rear suspension made sure going on the sharpest curves.



YUGOSLAVIA! Twisting mountain passes were straightened by Ford's new, feather-light Magic-Circle steering.



TURKEY! Even rough, rock-studded back roads were tamed by the 58 Ford's new Ball-Joint front suspension.

U.S.A.! Sailing along a newly built highway, the 58 Ford handles like a dream. You get fine-car comfort . . . at *low* Ford prices!

RIDE? There's nothing newer in the world!

The 58 Ford met and passed every imaginable test of riding comfort on its unprecedented trip around the world. In many countries, our drivers often bypassed modern highways in order to test Ford's ride on the roughest roads . . . roads little changed since the days of ancient Rome. After the trip, these veteran drivers said they had never ridden such rough roads in such great comfort.

Ford comfort starts with the frame itself . . . the heart of the new "Inner Ford." Its wide-base design lowers the center of gravity for greater stability. New Ball-Joint front suspension rides easier than ever . . . takes the bounce out of bumps. Even-Keel rear suspension combines softer action with level-ride control.

See the new Ford. With its dramatic new styling, all-new Interceptor V-8 engine, new Cruise-O-Matic Drive, new Magic-Circle steering, you'll agree . . . there's nothing newer in the world! Ask for an Action Test at your Ford Dealer's.

PROVED AND APPROVED AROUND THE WORLD

58 FORD

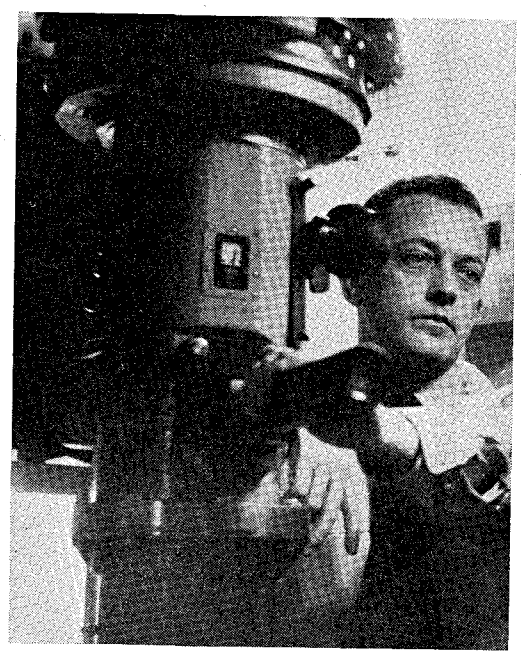
The first car ever to use the whole world as a test track

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

We Took the Nautilus Under the Ice

By Commander William R. Anderson, U.S.N.,
as told to Clay Blair, Jr.



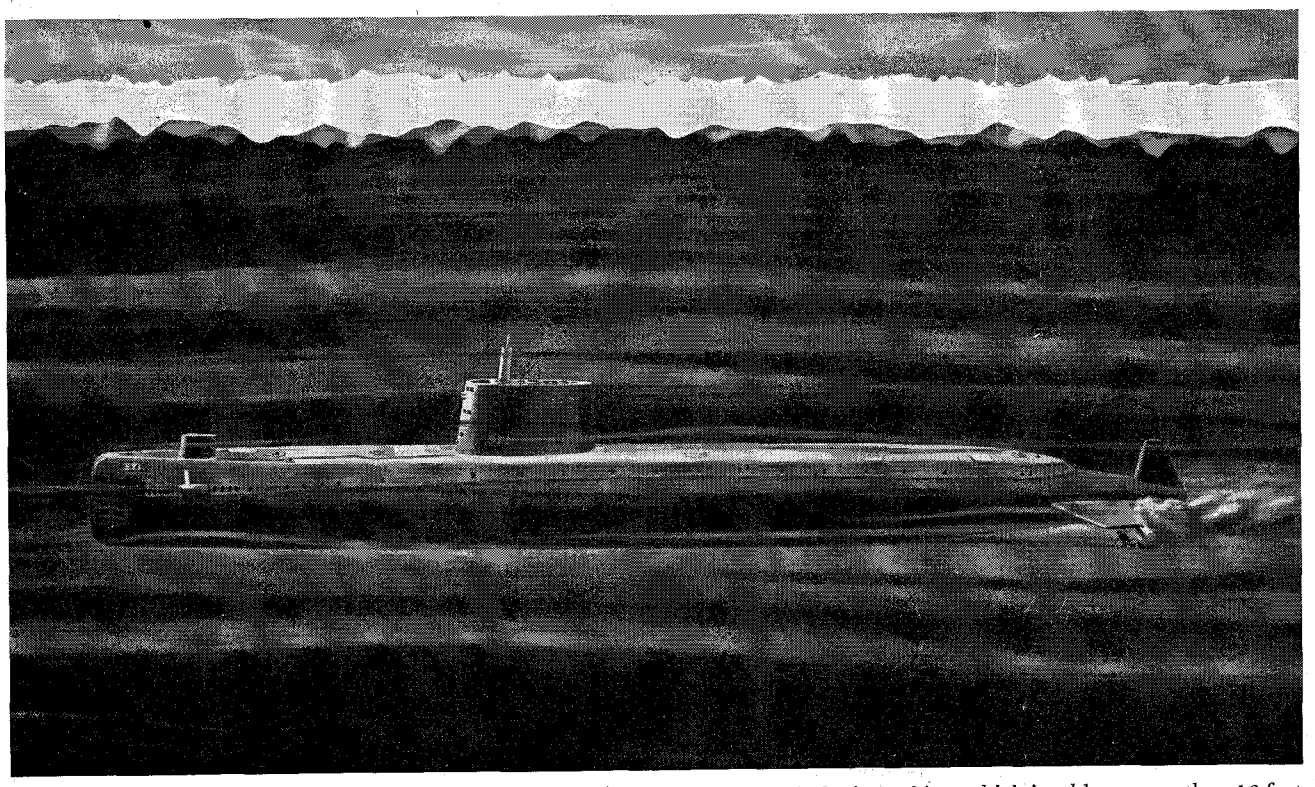
The author at the periscope of the Nautilus. "Our assignment," he says, "was dark with unknowns."

The commander of our first atomic submarine tells the exciting story of his boat's historic voyage, deep below the Arctic ice pack, almost to the Pole.

A small chunk of drift ice passed to starboard, another to port. From the bridge of the Nautilus, then on the surface, I gave the order to slow the great, nuclear-driven propellers, and the ship coasted quietly in the dull, cold water. We had arrived, after many weeks of preparation and a comfortable, eleven-day submerged journey, at the edge of the unknown, the Arctic Ocean, that vast, ice-covered body of water, five times the size of the Mediterranean, which lies atop the globe, dominating the northern reaches of Eurasia and North America. Our assigned mission was primarily scientific in character—to go under the ice and collect data on weather, ice, temperature, sonar conditions, water properties and bottom depths. In a very short time we would increase man's limited knowledge of this forbidding area a hundredfold. In so doing, we would steam far beneath the ice pack—in fact, to

From the deck of the A-sub, here surfaced in a "polynya"—a hole in the ice pack—crewmen took a close look at the perpetually frozen Arctic Ocean.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



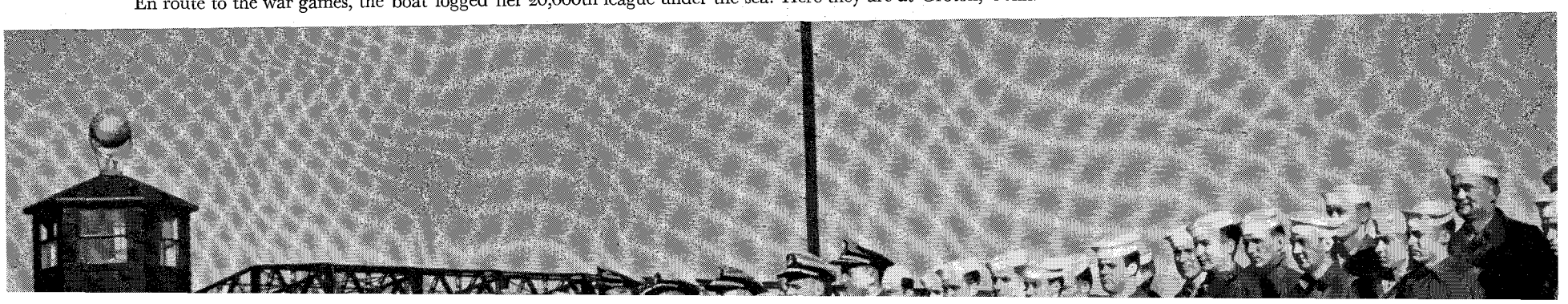
Artist's drawing of the nuclear-powered sub under way beneath the jagged ice, which is seldom more than 12 feet thick. "We were submerged for a period of 74 hours, and covered a distance of almost 1000 miles," reports the author.

within a short distance of the North Pole—and for us, the crew, it was the most unusual and, at times, trying chapter thus far in the exciting underwater adventures of the Nautilus.

The arctic ice pack lay before us, stretching seemingly unbroken to the horizon, a trackless, colorless desert, highlighted by a kind of bright halo, a phenomenon known to men of the North as iceblink. A gentle breeze cuffed the water; patches of fog drifted by. It was fairly comfortable on the bridge of the Nautilus, not much colder than Long Island Sound in January. As I stared in fascination at that unhospitable blanket of ice, I recalled the mysteries, tragedies and terrible physical discomforts which had occurred here as man, striving for the uncommon experience, had matched his comparatively small energies and resources against this gigantic physical barrier. The names rushed to mind: Ross, Peary, Cook, Amundsen, Stefansson, Wilkins. To know that we on the Nautilus would soon be steaming beneath the ice pack—crossing, as it were, under their footsteps—filled us with a sense of history and calculated respect for this barren wilderness.

Alongside us, her diesels throbbing and emitting white smoke as the warm exhaust met the nippy arctic air, lay the conventional sub-

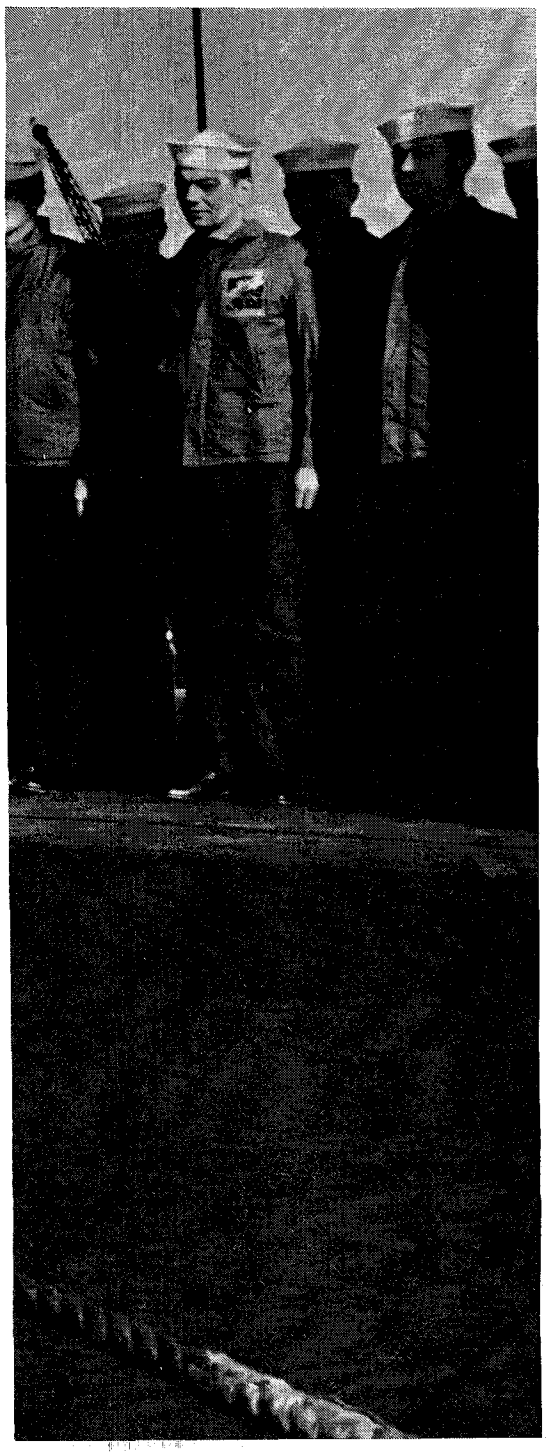
Officers and men of the Nautilus after their record-making polar voyage and the subsequent N.A.T.O. maneuvers. En route to the war games, the boat logged her 20,000th league under the sea. Here they are at Groton, Conn.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marine Trigger, commanded by an old friend and associate, Lt. Comdr. L. D. (Les) Kelly. Trigger had come along to serve as our "buddy" submarine. She would remain outside the ice pack during our penetrations, to assist in gathering data on underwater sonar transmission and to furnish moral support. I had already relayed word to Kelly that our first excursion under the ice would be brief—not over 150 miles—and that we would rendezvous with Trigger outside the pack approximately twenty hours after we dived. Later, when we had become familiar with conditions under the ice, and had become proficient in the use of our special scientific equipment, we planned a major journey.

Our assignment was dark with unknowns, but not in the least foolhardy. The cruise had been conceived many months before by a Navy group in Washington, backed by C.N.O. Adm. Arleigh Burke, that wanted to obtain more precise data on Arctic Ocean conditions and explore the feasibility of nuclear-submarine operations in the area. From the standpoint of geophysics, meteorology and oceanography, the arctic basin holds the answers to some important questions. Our own weather and ocean currents are directly affected by actions that take place (Continued on Page 72)



THE MILITARY SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS SUBMARINE FEAT

Although Commander Anderson has said nothing in the accompanying article concerning the military implications of the Nautilus' trip under the ice, it is clear to me from statements released in Washington that the success of her voyage opens up a new and fascinating chapter of naval warfare. Historically, the strategically situated Arctic Ocean, which washes against about 3000 miles of Soviet coastline, has been denied all naval powers. However, the Nautilus cruise demonstrated that nuclear boats can operate in this wilderness in relative safety and comfort, and, until the Soviets develop their own nuclear submarines, completely unopposed by hostile naval forces.

The Navy has in various stages of development four revolutionary nuclear-powered missile-launching submarines which Rear Adm. H. G. Rickover has described as versatile "underwater satellites," capable of unleashing a devastating attack against the Soviets should they launch a war against us. Such a force, Rickover has said, could operate in the Arctic Ocean and even beneath the ice. A glance at a polar-projection map will show that this vast, unfriendly area would be an ideal base for the underwater satellite with its arsenal of long-range missiles. Most of the Soviet heartland could be reached with only 1500-mile missiles—fired from open stretches of water in the ice. Moreover, a nuclear-powered radar picket submarine, like the Triton, now abuilding, could keep close track of Soviet aviation and missile activity and, in case of an attack, provide much longer warning time than our present D.E.W. Line.

Rickover says, "Because it is able to hide and even lie still against sonar, the atomic missile submarine cannot be easily traced by the enemy. Search radar would be helpless against it. The enemy would be in the position of a man trying to find a black cat on a vast and empty plain on a moonless and starless night." In the white, trackless arctic, an area denied to surface vessels, it would be even more difficult to detect a missile-firing atomic submarine, and harder to kill, since the submarine can use the thick ice floes as a bomb shelter. Clearly, the cruise of the Nautilus has proved that this eerie but important new deterrent concept is militarily feasible.

Clay Blair, Jr.

This polar-projection map shows potential range of the 1500-mile "Polaris," a ballistic missile which can be launched from subs in the Arctic Ocean.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"For a man who has never done this
and hasn't any children,
you show a lot of experience,"
said Mike, smiling.

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Th
Strar
Surp

None of them would ever forget the outcon

BY ILSE

"All set, Mr. Harris," said the garage attendant, closing the door of the car. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas to you, George," said Mike Harris, and handed him a generous tip for the occasion.

Then he set out for his home on Long Island. He felt pretty good. The office party hadn't been too boring and now there was nothing to worry about but the possibility that he might have forgotten one or two presents for his family. On the back seat was a heap of packages. *Now let me see,* he thought, *the coat for Mildred was to have been delivered. One—two—yup, I think I got everything. And for the children*—— Well, he knew he had bought more than he had intended to buy. But then, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas if one bought only what one set out to buy.

Mike Harris drove along the East Side Franklin Roosevelt Drive toward the Tri-

borough Bridge. *Lu*
beat the traffic by half a
he stayed in the right
the least used but le
Island. He paid his
radio and listened to
mentator warned rep
ing on the highway
mous casualties of pr
with drivers to slow
I certainly will, tho
hurry. Amused, he w
cutting in and out. *S*
much time can they save
airport they should hav
plane. There was no
the right lane being al

Suddenly Mike sta
startled. There were
for a couple of hundr
loomed up in his vie
road as though he w
a quiet country lan
horn frantically, but
drunk or deaf, becau
He continued his leis

Mike slammed on
not prevent his left
the man slightly. Th
to stumble, but he
began to pile up behi
Mike got out of his c

"What the devil
doing?" he demande
get run over? If you h
why don't you pick
Eighth Avenue?"

The man looked
am not drunk, sir,"

DON'T MISS THE NOVELETTE
ON PAGE 48

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author quizzes Edie (right) in her dressing room at New York's St. James Theater, during her recent appearance in the hillbilly hit musical, Li'l Abner.

I CALL ON EDIE ADAMS AND ERNIE KOVACS

TV's ingenious comic and his beautiful, blond, actress wife tell a Post editor the story behind their phenomenal success, including the reasons they can't be apart.

BY PETE MARTIN

A number of thoughtful people are convinced that Ernie Kovacs owns TV's most original mind, its most Puckish imagination. In an era of specialization he is so well-rounded he is almost spherical. He has just written a novel, Zoomar. Within two weeks after publication he received several offers for it from movie studios. Operation Mad Ball, the first motion picture in which he appeared, has just been released to critical acclaim. As a result of his portrayal of the French schoolteacher, Topaz, in the TV special show bearing this name, he has been offered two future film roles. On Sunday, November tenth, this year, N.B.C. presented a thumbnail history of television. As part of that show, Kovacs was given a sizable time

Edie as 17-year-old Daisy Mae, cartoonist Al Capp's long-suffering Dogpatch beauty. Mrs. Kovacs' real age "is a professional secret."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

segment of his own in which to recount his adventures in the medium.

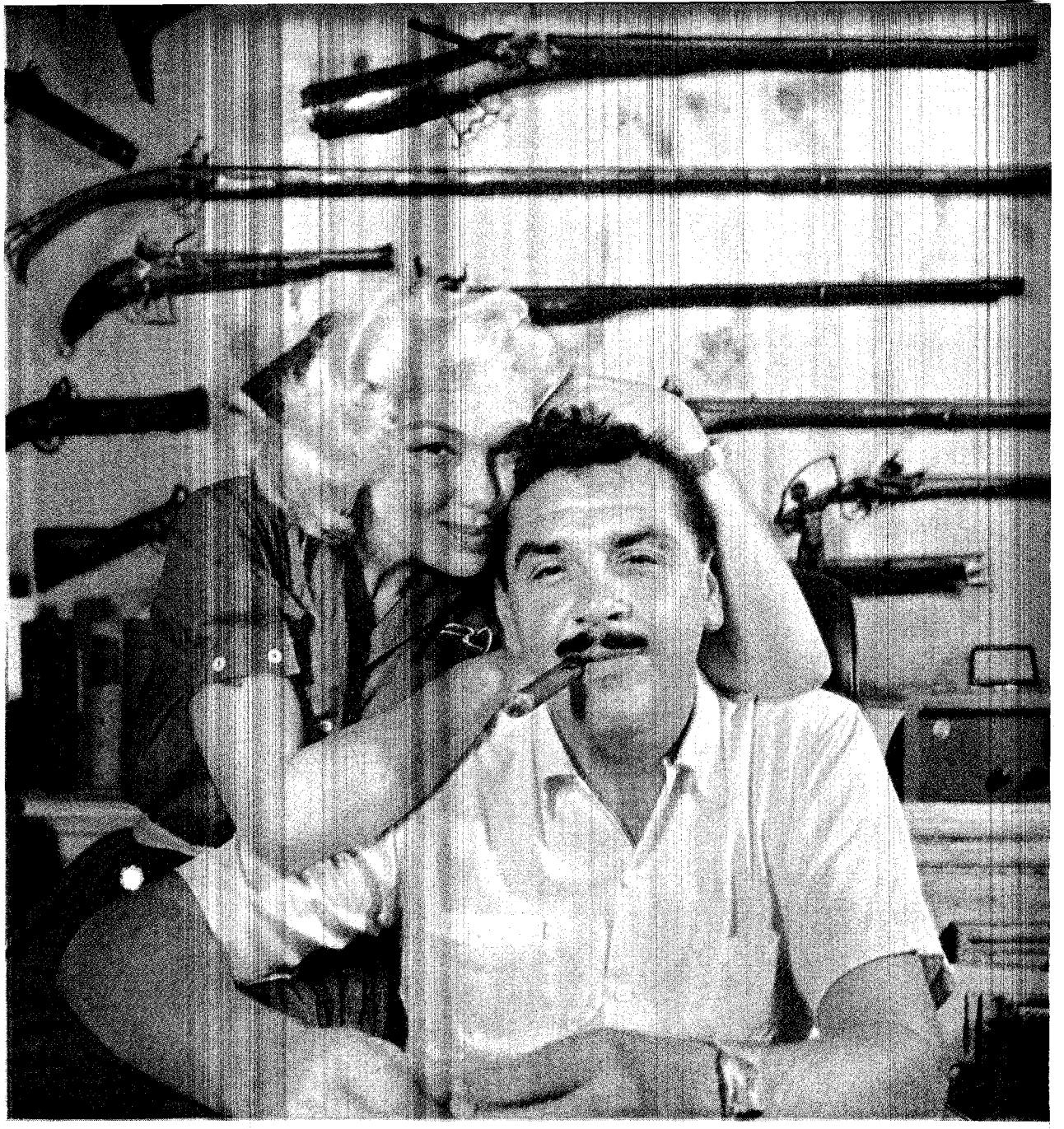
On the personal side, Kovacs is married to a luscious blonde, Edie Adams, who is, herself, a highly successful entertainer, a fact which she abundantly established as Eileen in Wonderful Town; as Daisy Mae in Li'l Abner; and as the fairy godmother in the TV spectacular, Cinderella.

Kovacs has had no regular TV program of his own for a while now. At one time he was on the Tonight show. He was also on call as a substitute for Steve Allen whenever Allen was feeling poorly or was unavoidably out of town. But when it comes to TV guest appearances, Kovacs can still pretty well pick and choose.

Since he first poked his long, ever-present cigar before a radio microphone or a TV camera, his outrageous wit and his comic philosophy have fizzed like dry ice in a water bucket on four networks—N.B.C., DuMont, A.B.C. and C.B.S.

He has been known to shoot a hole through his own head, then blow smoke rings through it—having worked out the camera trick himself in advance. During 1957 his most outstanding contribution to TV was a special one-shot, purely Kovacsian N.B.C. show, all in pantomime, last January. He put together a TV tour de force so fresh, so novel, it's still talked about by collectors of TV high spots.

Last season his outlandish approach to TV comedy won him three Emmy nominations—an Emmy being television's equivalent of a Hollywood Oscar. He was nominated for the best new program series for 1956, a Monday-night summer replacement show from 8:00 to 8:30; the best continuing performance by a comedian in a series; and for the best comedy-writing variety series or situation comedy.



"I'd say I average eighteen cigars a day," says Ernie. At that rate, he spends more than $13,000 a year on $2 stogies. Says Edie, "All I know is I miss his cigars when he's away." Here are Mr. and Mrs. K. in Ernie's den.

Ernie and Edie on their terrace overlooking Central Park. She is holding Pamela, her pooch.

During the past season, when the numerous TV comics of the past have been represented by a lonesome George Gobel and scarcely less lonely Burns and Allen, Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers and Bob Hope, Kovacs is the reverse of a frustrated comedian. Then there is Lucy and Desi in their situation-comedy show; and there is Groucho, who poses as a quiz conductor, but who is really a stand-up comic who sits down. But Lucy and Desi and Groucho are not comics in the Gleason, Caesar and Kovacs sense. They have established "continuing" characterizations. Booked for a lucrative month (just over) with his wife, Edie Adams, in a Las Vegas night spot, he will make another movie or play an engagement in England with Mrs. K., plus assorted TV specialty spots any time he's willing to say "yes." Viewed that way, his career can scarcely be called torpid.

If he is worried about the contractual massacre of TV comics which took place at the end of the 1957 season, he conceals it with masterful aplomb. "Comedy," he told me, "has been basic entertainment since Shakespeare wrote comics into his plays, and court jesters bopped people with pigs' bladders. We comics shall return, as somebody once said. In the meantime I'm as busy as two bird dogs and I'm having fun."

For these and other reasons Kovacs seemed a good man to (Continued on Page 39)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mexican vaquero rode right up to him and said, "Señor, we arrive."

Day of Retaliation

Once he was the butt
of their snubs and threats.
But now he held the upper hand.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

Everybody wanted it to be like it always had been. Why, there had been a heap of good parties here at the Tates'.

They all started same as thisun, on the great plains. People come from all over, on horseback or by wagon, the young men riding in and entire families with the weaners that had to be put to bed. Any as come early got supper; this time it was boiled beef, bread and coffee. Then, as people gathered, a lot of coffee was drunk, and the men went to one side and the women to the other. And all had interestin' things to say, which each side would learn later iffen they was married.

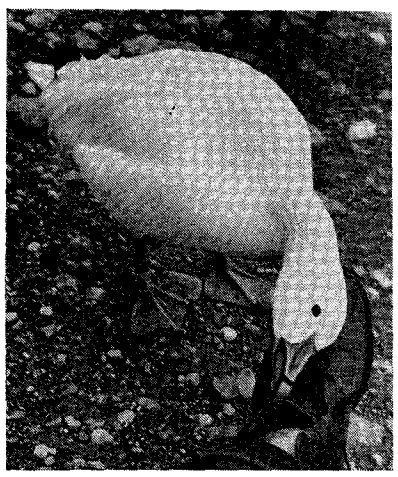
This time it was like always, 'cept each party brought some grub along, humiliating the Tates, who was proud. But it had to be that way because the whole range was gone poor, and soon 'most everybody would go in different directions. They was nothing could be done here any more.

But this was to be a real haymakin' time. The boys put their jugs out under the straw in the manger, and right early there was men going out there to have a talk like. And they come back feeling a sight gayer and the women pretended it wasn't nothin' unlikely or bad.

As usual, the dance started after sundown. Didn't seem right to stomp and whoop before the dark, and before most of the weaners was abed. Then, same as always, at the Tates', two fiddlers come out and a caller that was Charley Tate, a cousin, who had a voice that cut through bedlam if there was one. "Wheel 'em down, and roun' and roun', toss your heifer, never frown," and on he went, whirling them in and out, making them hoe-down, stamp and pace, and they could do everything he turned out.

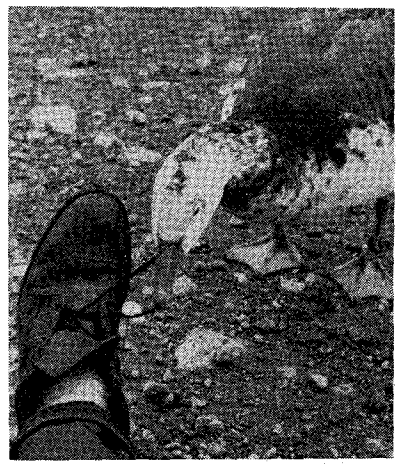
There was Tom and Mindy. When he rode up with four other boys, they all looked the same, hoorawing that plain out there, yelling and ridin' hard, each one with a sack of somethin' for the party 'cross the saddle, and all of them thin and riding straight up in the stirrups, in the American way and not like the Spanish, who lean back and have the stirrups ahead. But when (Continued on Page 68)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

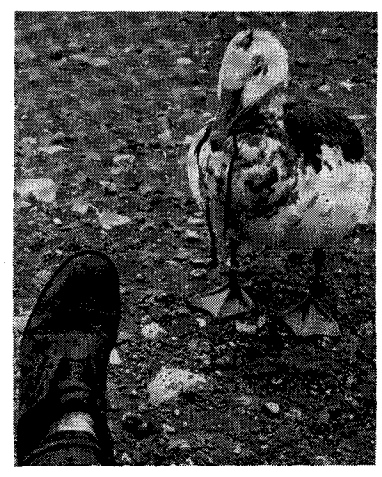


A goose, fascinated by the photographer's shoe, sets to work on the lace.

Along comes a curious friend determined to get his beak into the tangle too.



But the finishing touches require the artful co-operation of a third goose.



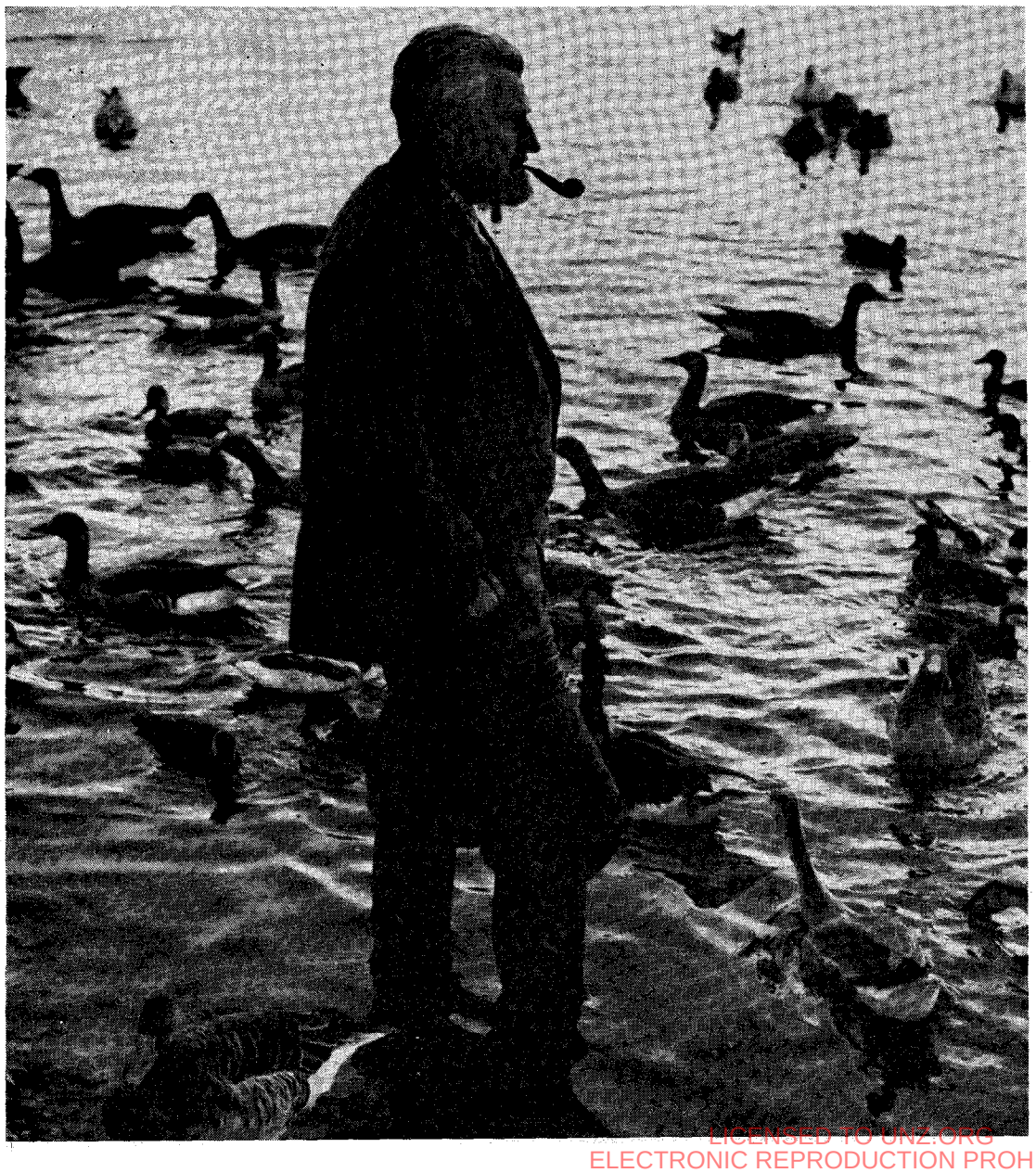
The winner waves his trophy. "I did it! Now give me your other foot."

New Clues to Human Behavior

By investigating such unlikely mysteries as the love affairs of wild geese, this famous scientist uncovers some strange reasons for our behaving the way we do.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Professor Konrad Z. Lorenz with his flock at the Max Planck Institute for the Physiology of Behavior, at Seewiesen, Bavaria. One question he is trying to answer: Why do geese fly in V-formation?



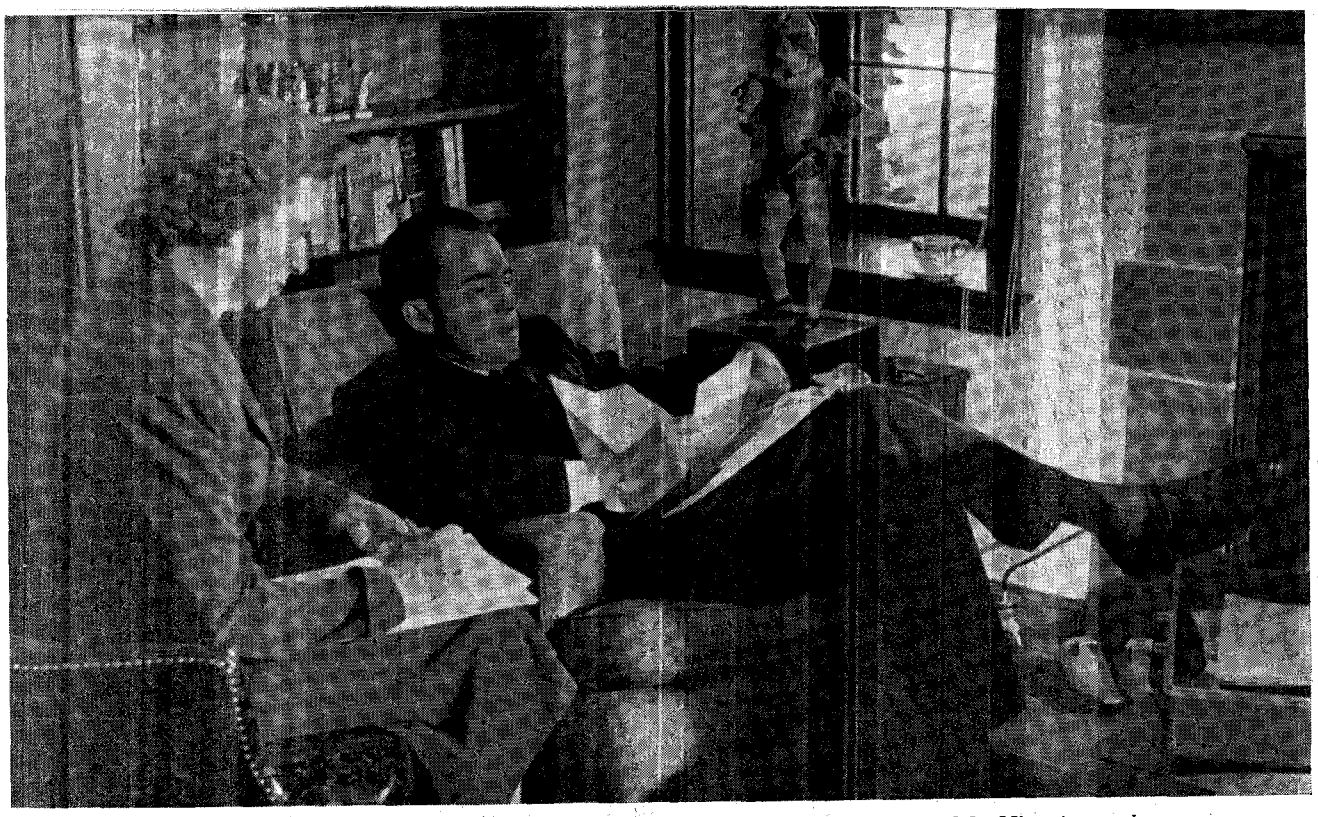
SEEWIESEN, BAVARIA.

The high fidelity of wild geese, their devotion to lifetime monogamy, is one of the wonders of the bird world. The natural life span of a wild goose, if not cut short by sudden death, would probably equal or exceed that of human beings. One Canada goose is known to have been a proud pappy at the age of almost sixty. Since some precocious geese mate when one year old, and most at two or three, this affords students of animal behavior an excellent long-range chance to study their courtship and betrothal, mating and marital habits—and problems.

There are problems. Monogamy is the pattern, a very dominant way of life in every goose colony, but how a goose swims into it could supply the plot for a novel of goose manners. Not every neck-dipping affair develops into the elaborate ceremony of the true courtship; sometimes young lovers just drift apart. There are curious triangles, and here and there a definite "misbehavior pattern," before a goose couple is firmly linked and settles down to raise a proper family.

The sociology of wild geese excites an intense scientific curiosity in Austrian Prof. Konrad Z. Lorenz, a world authority in the modern field of comparative ethology, or animal behavior. Today fifty-five, handsome, bronzed, and resembling an outdoor version of George Bernard Shaw, he can be found almost any day, from dawn to dusk, among his geese here at Seewiesen, a remote sub-alpine lake about an hour's drive south of Munich. The intensity of his working methods astounds the visitor. During the two weeks of my visit, there (Continued on Page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The author at work in her boss's home. This is the first photograph made inside Mr. Nixon's new house.

In the corridors of the Capitol, Rose Mary learned to make legible notes while on the run.

MR. NIXON CALLS HIMSELF LUCKY

Next to a man's wife, his secretary is the most important person in his career. A top-flight secretary has to have an incredible variety of virtues. She has to be flawlessly proficient at shorthand and typing. She has to have the quite different skill of making hundreds of decisions a day for her employer—and she has to know just what decisions not to make as well. She has to understand every detail of her employer's job; to have unquestioning loyalty and absolute discretion. Unlike her boss, she can never enjoy the luxury of temperament, no matter how tense the atmosphere, how long the hours. She is the balance wheel for the whole office. On every count Rose measures up—and on top of that she's been a good friend to both Pat and myself. I'm a lucky man.

Richard Nixon

NIXON'S my BOSS

By ROSE MARY WOODS as told to Don Murray

A candid glimpse of the Vice President, by his private secretary. She tells the one thing that makes him lose his temper—and how she gets along with his wife.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rose is frequently present at intimate political talks. Here, on November 5, California's Governor Goodwin J. Knight is reconciled to his "abdication" in favor of Senator Knowland.

On July 11, 1952, a young man ran into my office in the Senate Office Building and shouted, "Your boss is going to be Vice President."

I was sure he was kidding. My boss was Richard Nixon from California, one of the youngest men in the United States Senate, and he'd been there only two years. I told the young man, "You're fooling."

He kept insisting, and at last he talked me into going to the caucus room in the Senate Office Building, where there was a TV set. Then I heard the rumors from Chicago with my own ears: "Reports are growing that General Eisenhower, the new Republican Presidential candidate, has chosen young Senator Nixon from California as his running mate."

The girls from the office kept taking turns watching the TV set, and after work I invited them all over to my apartment so we could keep watching the convention on television.

We couldn't really believe we were a part of it, though—not until the voting for the vice-presidential nomination was over. Then the candidates appeared, and the Boss held up Ike's hand, and the flash bulbs went off. I remember that one of the girls asked me what was the matter.

I was sitting there, crying.

"It's such a waste," I said. "He's so young. Why do they want to make him a nothing? He's such a good man, with a bright future ahead of him, and they're going to bury him in the Vice President's office."

Then the telephone rang. It was the Boss calling.

There were still tears running down my cheek when I picked up the phone.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked.

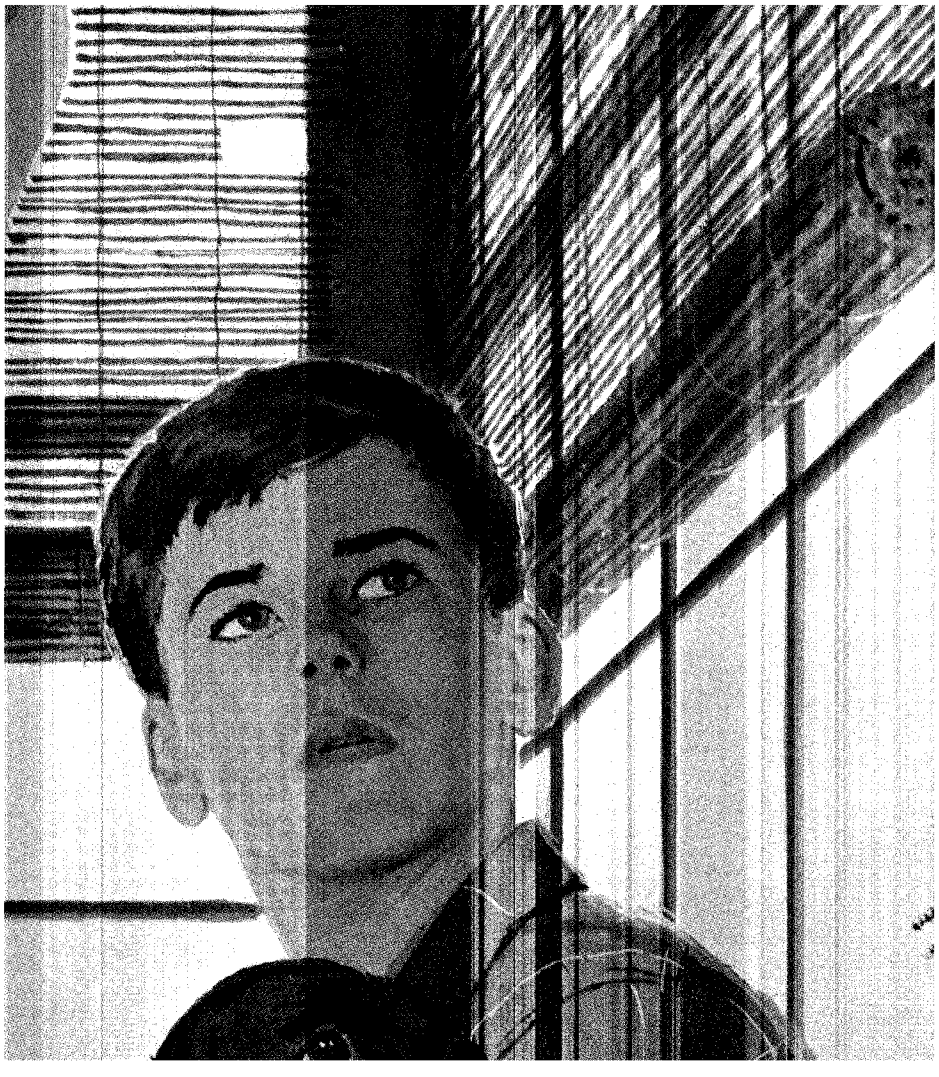
"Yes," I answered, "and I don't know whether to be sad or glad."

He understood what I meant immediately. "No, Rose, it's not going to be like that at all. I've been promised it's going to be a real job. I'm going to get plenty to do. Now, can you go over to the house? There's only the maid there, and there are going to be a lot of telephone calls to answer."

Later that night I thought about the first time I'd met the Boss. It was in 1947, when he served on the Herter Committee to check on how foreign aid was being spent, and I was one of the staff secretaries. Since the members of the committee weren't named until after Congress adjourned, the congressmen were all notified in (Continued on Page 77)

In Cambodia during his round-the-world-tour of 1953, the Vice President greeted the little king of that far-away land. At left rear is the ubiquitous Rose Mary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Price of Parting

By LEON WARE

He couldn't understand their reasons. All he understood was, they were going to put his dog to sleep.

He wasn't really hungry, but he ate the sliced peaches and half of his sandwich and drank the milk, aware that his mother had taken time out from her packing to fix the lunch for him. He sat at the kitchen table, looking out on the sloping, tree-shaded back lawn, and suddenly his throat was tight again. This was the last time he'd ever eat his lunch here. Everything he did today was for the last time, because when the seven-thirty train left tonight, they'd be on it.

Johnny put down the rest of his sandwich, slipped the slice of meat from it and held it down under the table. "Hey," he said.

There was a soft scrape of claws on the linoleum and the old familiar snuffing touch as Rex took the meat from his fingers. Johnny patted the curly head and then his eyes were blurred and he couldn't have swallowed anything if he'd wanted to. It was the last time he'd do that, ever. They were going out for dinner tonight, his mother had said.

Johnny Mitchell got up abruptly and took his dishes to the sink. He washed them in the pan of soapy water his mother had left, and dried them carefully. Rex came out from under the table, licking his lips hopefully, but Johnny avoided looking at him.

"When you're through," his mother said from the dining room, "bring your dishes so I can pack them."

He took them in to her. The rug was up and the dining-room table and chairs were already out on the truck. Only the big credenza was left, and the three fiber barrels of dishes standing in the middle of the floor made the room seem small and bare and uncomfortable. His mother had her soft brown hair hidden under a red scarf and she looked hot, and there was a smudge of dirt on her right cheek.

"Now, you're sure you've left out everything you want to wear tonight, Johnny? I won't have time to check for you, and when the things leave for the station, it'll be too late."

"I've got it all laid out," he told her. "Even the tie."

His dad came in from the living room. He wore a torn T shirt and his gardening pants and the old shoes he liked with the knots in the laces. "That table by the big chair, Helen. Do you want it to go to storage or to the apartment?"

She paused in wrapping the glass Johnny had used. "Well, what do you think? Is there room?"

His dad looked around the bare dining room as if it were the living room of the apartment they were going to, a thousand miles away. "I dunno. It's not the biggest place in the world." He smiled a little apprehensively. "I'm afraid we're going to feel cramped."

"It'll be all right. If it isn't big enough, we'll find something else. Let's send the table to storage for now."

"O.K."

"Mom, can I go now?" Johnny asked.

"Well, if everything's done."

(Continued on Page 74)

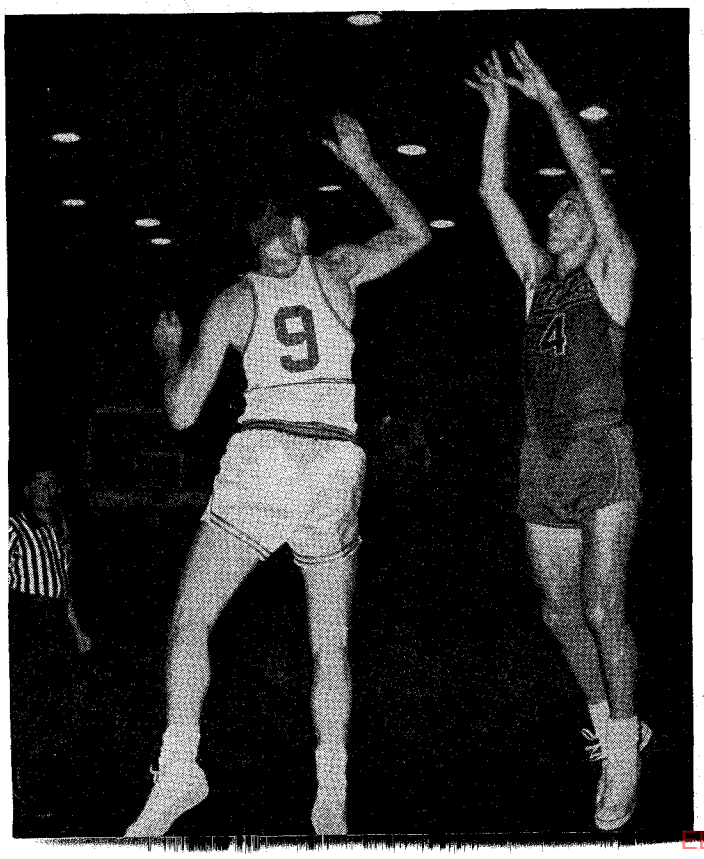
Illustrated by Mac Conner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schayes of the Nats launches one of his "hyperthyroid raids on the basket" in the November 14 game against the Philadelphia Warriors in which he scored his 10,171st point.

Basketball's Toughest War Horse

"I feel I'm cheating when I score from the outside," says Schayes (right), here doing that with a long shot.



"I like to get clobbered because it means I'm getting in close," says Dolph Schayes, the Syracuse Nationals' scarred scoring ace. Here's his special, violent definition of the sport.

By STANLEY FRANK

When huge George Mikan, the Babe Ruth of professional basketball, finally quit playing in 1956, he left behind a career scoring record that many thought would stand up as long as Ruth's total of 714 home runs has in baseball. But now, only two seasons later, a new king is due to take over the all-time scoring crown. Long before the end of the current campaign, Mikan's lifetime record of 11,764 points will be broken—barring injury—by Dolph Schayes of the Syracuse Nationals.

The chances are that most fans will mutter incredulously, "Schayes? When did he get all those points?" This reaction is understandable. Schayes never has led the National Basketball Association in scoring over the course of a season. His style seems out of date compared with the firehouse tactics of other high scorers at large today. Practically the last of the old-fashioned set-shot artists, he doesn't use the one-handed jump toss featured by Bob Pettit and Paul Arizin, and he hasn't the agility under the backboards that gives Neil Johnston and Bill Russell easy tap-in goals.

Every year, however, Schayes winds up being one of the ten men picked for the league's All-Star squad. He has made it for eight consecutive seasons, (Continued on Page 61)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Too Late to Make Up

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

How could they ever take back the words they had spoken to each other?

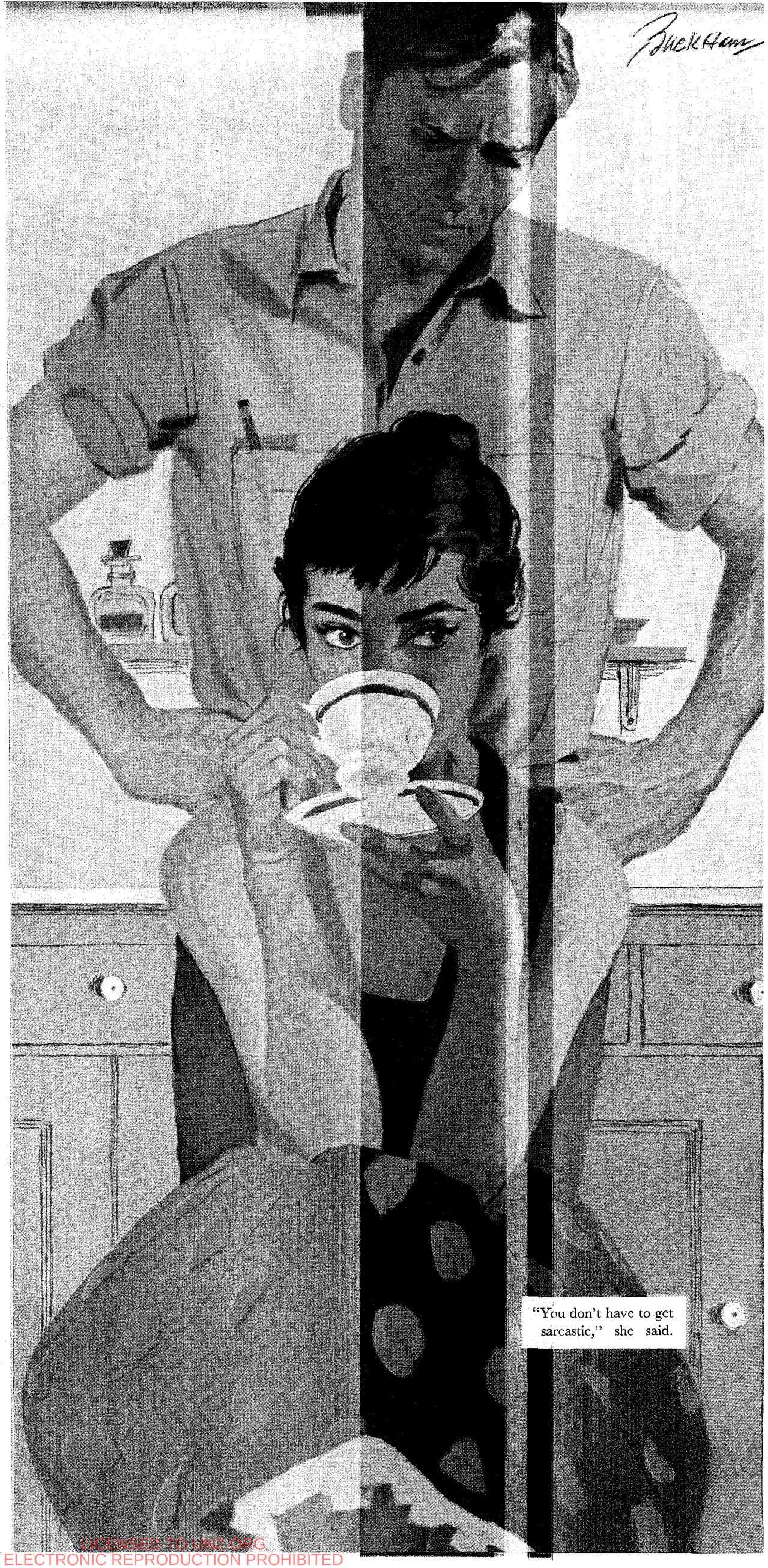
All the way home from work that night Eddie Barrett figured out what he would do, and the more he thought about it, the more he realized it was about the only thing he could do. He had to get out of the house; he had to prove to Kathy that she wasn't his whole life, and he still had plenty of friends left if she wanted to get on her high horse and treat him as if he were nothing.

It wasn't exactly what he wanted to do, because he would rather stay home tonight the way he always did after coming home from a hot day's work in the shop. He would rather sit in the half-darkened living room with Kathy and watch TV or maybe just talk, and then once in a while step into the bedroom to peek in the crib and see how young Eddie was doing.

He remembered that one night they'd gone in together, tiptoeing very carefully so that the floor boards wouldn't squeak and wake him up, and they'd bent down together to look into the crib, and they'd found him staring up at them, eyes wide open and that funny expression on his tiny little face which Kathy had stoutly maintained was a smile—his first smile.

Tonight, they wouldn't do any tiptoeing, and they wouldn't be sitting in the living room together, or out on the stoop, as they did some hot nights, running back in about every five minutes to see if little Eddie was all right. They wouldn't even be together tonight, because they weren't talking; they were two strangers living in the same little apartment in Brooklyn, ground floor of this four-family, two-story house. They were strangers since the quarrel the previous night, and even thinking about that quarrel made Eddie Barrett a little sick.

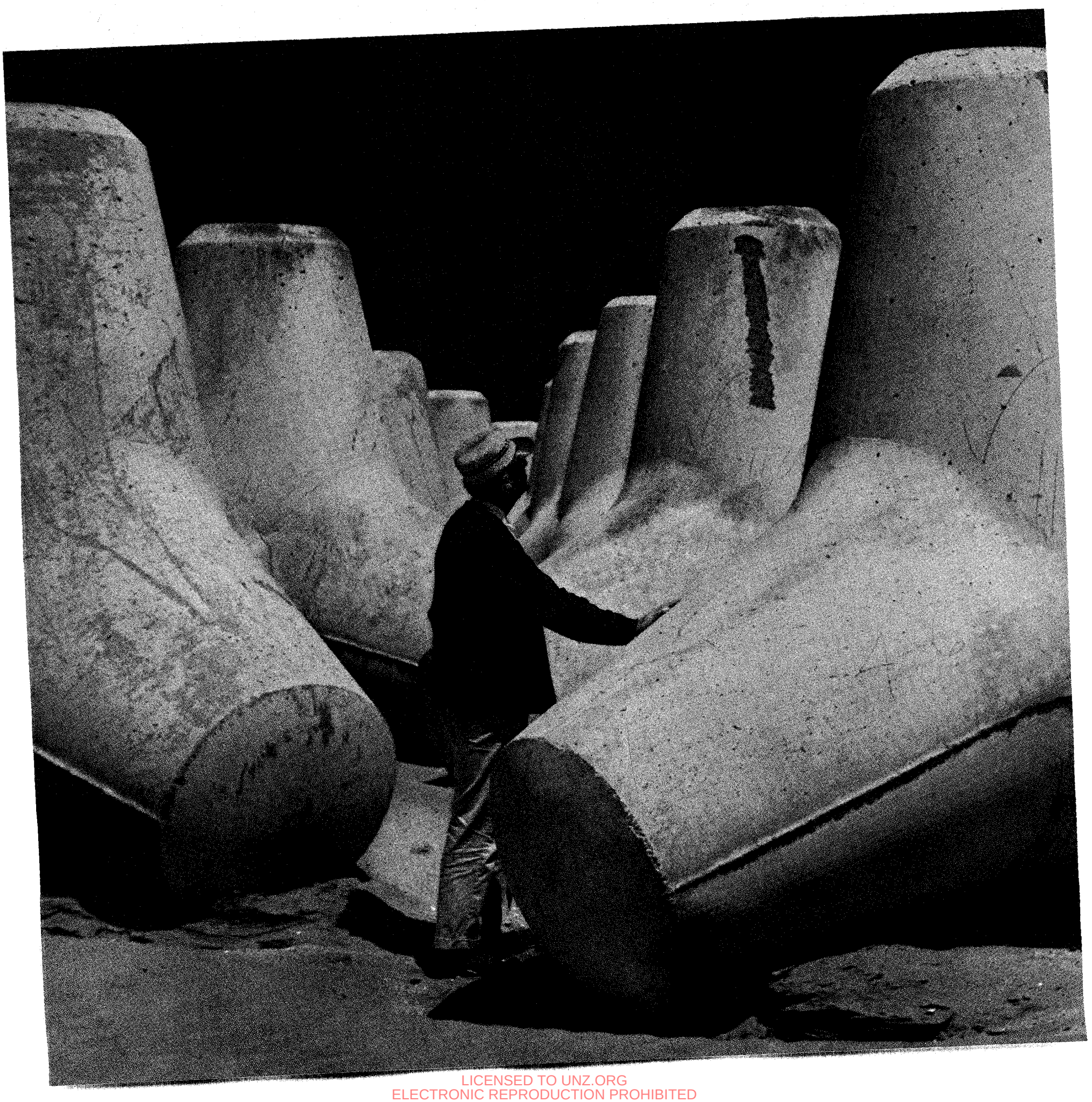
(Continued on Page 66)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time
Face
of
AMERICA

What on Earth?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They are not a bizarre breed of monster starfish, nor the cast-off playthings of a child giant. These are only "tetrapods" (Greek for "four-footed"). Crescent City, a California town just south of the Oregon border, depends on them to protect its breakwater from assault by the Pacific's fierce winter storms. These twenty-five-ton, molded concrete objects, placed in a double layer on the face of the jetty, break up the smashing force of the waves without being destroyed themselves. The French designed them to combat breakwater destruction in North Africa, but Crescent City, with 1900 "pods" jostling the sea, is the first tetrapod town in this hemisphere. Photograph by Art Riley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death in the Deep

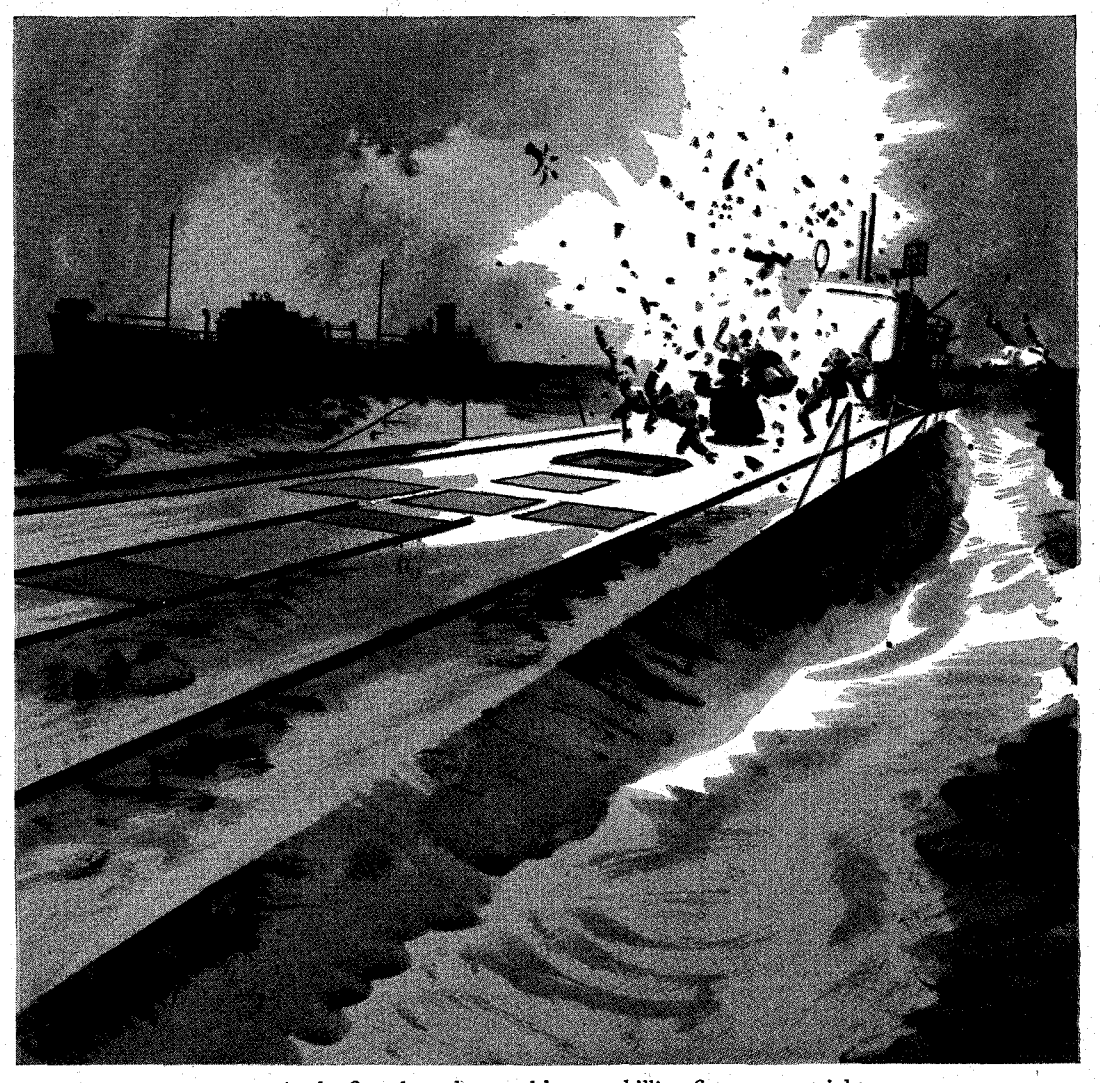
By WOLFGANG OTT

The destroyer held the defenseless U-boat locked in her sonar detection beam. Now it was only a question of time.

In mid-January of 1943, Midshipman Hans Teichmann embarked on his second combat patrol in the war-worn U-boat commanded by the feared but respected Lieutenant Lüttke. No longer were Allied ships sitting ducks, for the convoys fought back with mounting effect. Of every ten U-boats that put to sea, two or three failed to return. But even among the crews that survived, the dangerous game took a brutal daily toll. The men could look forward only to succeeding missions in a war which, to them, was confined wholly to the cold steel cylinder which might at any moment become their tomb. Now, ordered to join a wolf pack to intercept a heavily guarded convoy, Lüttke fired his torpedoes at two tankers, turning the sea into a raging inferno. Then suddenly, out of the smoke which had hidden it, a destroyer came racing toward the sub.

II

"Dive! Emergency!" cried Lieutenant Lüttke. The helmsman threw on the alarm bell. Sixteen seconds later the U-boat was under water. The destroyer ran over her, but dropped no bombs. The men in the submarine could hear detonations in the distance. Other U-boats in the wolf pack had sunk their teeth in the Allied convoy, and the men in Lüttke's sub thought the destroyer would go back to drive them off, but the destroyer remained nearby.



At the first shot, the gun blew up, killing five men outright.

Lüttke had the stern tube made ready for submerged firing. Then he showed the destroyer his periscope. When the destroyer started for him, he retracted the periscope, ordered both engines on flank speed, and turned off at right angles to the destroyer's course. When he reached a bearing of forty degrees, he fired. The torpedo blew off the destroyer's bow. She began to settle forward. In a short time she was gone.

This technique of sinking destroyers on the North Atlantic convoy route was one of Lüttke's daredevil tricks. Not one in twenty submarine commanders would have attempted it. Typically, the captain said not one word about the maneuver to the crew. Lüttke had sunk more than 100,000 tons of enemy shipping, but he never discussed tactics with subordinates.

Before the sub had time to surface, a second destroyer was on the scene. Lüttke decided to attack. "There's a bit of a sea," he said to Winkler, the engineer. "Don't let the periscope dip under."

"Aye aye, sir."

The attack went off according to plan. Once, when the periscope dipped, the captain

© 1957 by Pantheon Books, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the men were holding bags containing their escape lungs. Useless! They were 600 feet below the surface of the sea.

had a few harsh words for Winkler, but he kept his wrath within bounds. He fired on bearing forty-five. His estimate of target speed was correct, but the torpedo broached and ran along the surface. The destroyer had no difficulty in getting out of the way.

"Stand by to fire spread of three," said the captain.

Some depth charges exploded. They sounded frighteningly loud, but they were badly placed; evidently they were dropped only to keep the sub at a distance.

While Lüttke was trying to get fire data for the spread, the periscope dipped under the surface. Midshipman Hans Teichmann was watching the depth gauge and knew what had happened. Others in the control room saw it too. The captain's voice trembled with rage as he told Winkler what he thought of him. The jittery engineer ordered full climb on both stern and bow planes, and asked for more speed.

"All ahead two-thirds," commanded the captain. Slowly, with icy politeness, he asked the engineer, "Do you think you can perhaps get us back to fourteen meters before the day is out?"

"I've set both planes on full climb, sir."

"Who the hell cares what you've done?"

"Screw sounds are getting louder," the soundman announced.

Ten seconds later, Winkler reported that the periscope was clear.

"Get down to forty meters quickly. All ahead, full. Get down there or he'll ram us." The captain spoke quietly, but faster than usual.

"All hands forward!" cried the engineer.

The men rushed forward as fast as they could. With the shift in weight, the U-boat's bow shot down like a plummet.

"The stern's out of water," said the captain. His voice was hoarse. He was in the conning tower at the periscope.

"Submerged stations," the engineer called.

The bow was still heavy. The men slipped on the deck plates trying to get back to their stations, and the delay infuriated the captain.

"Do you know what happens when the acid runs out of the batteries?" Lüttke called to Winkler. The captain seemed to take a perverse pleasure in the engineer's mistakes. He climbed down to the control room and stood behind Winkler.

The U-boat dived. The men heard the destroyer coming closer. The sound of her propellers swelled and diminished and swelled again. When the destroyer was overhead, the men looked up and began to count. A depth charge sinks four meters a second.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The light bulbs shattered; the darkness was complete. The men could feel the trembling of the hull. They were too frightened to think much.

"Take her down slow to a hundred and twenty meters," Midshipman Teichmann heard the captain saying. Lüttke's voice sounded cool and absolutely self-confident. He switched on his flashlight and directed it at the depth gauge. Eighty meters.

"Do we pump, sir?" asked the chief engineer.

"Yes," said the captain.

"Start main bilge pump," said Winkler to the control chief.

Someone called for the extra fuses. The diving planes were put on hand operation.

"Pump in operation," said a voice.

The emergency light over the charts came on. The control chief had put in a new bulb. It was weak, and the light was dismal. The men at the pump worked silently, moving like shadows in the gloom.

When the depth gauge showed one hundred meters, the engineer had the boat back on an even keel. But she kept sinking.

The destroyer was again approaching.

"Give me a sound bearing," said the captain.

"Bearing three three zero," said the soundman.

"Right full rudder, course six zero!" the captain called up to the conning tower.

The needle of the depth gauge stood at 120 meters when four depth charges exploded. They pushed the stern down, bending the hull like a bow. The crash was indescribable.

"Engine room taking water!" shouted the machinist.

"Winkler, go aft and take a look," said the captain calmly. "I'll take the wheel till you get back."

(Continued on Page 63)

Illustrated by Noel Sickles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Candid Scrapbook

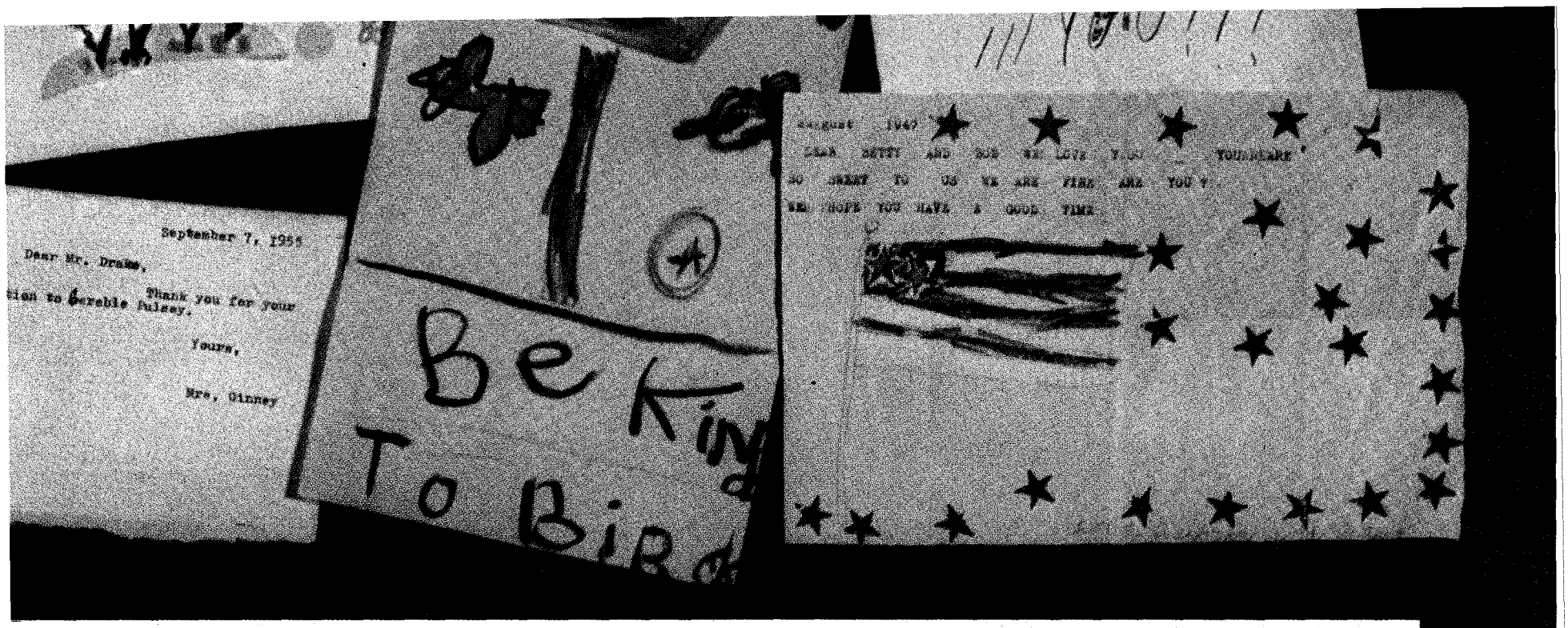
One family carefully hoarded its children's impassioned jottings and spontaneous outbursts into a permanent treasure-trove of youthful candor.

By ROBERT DE ROOS

The de Roos family today: (from left) Barbara, 17; father Bob; mother Betty; and Betsy, 14.

The impish years, when Betsy (left) was 2, and Barbara 5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


September 7, 1955
Dear Mr. Drake,
Thank you for your
Yours,
Mrs. Olney
Be Kin
To Bird
August 1949
DEAR BETTY AND BOB WE LOVE YOU YOU HAVE
SO SWEET TO US WE ARE FINE ARE YOU ?
WE HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME

"You forget things so fast, things you'd swear you'd never forget," my niece, Peg, said the other day. "Like the time Debby had all those imaginary friends."

She shook her head, wondering that such a hectic and important time of her life had almost escaped. "Golly, the special meals I cooked for those darned invisible people, and now I can remember only one of them. Debby said he was an Indian, and I was reaching for the curry recipe when she told me his name was Cheefer, that he was an American Indian and would eat nothing but pemmican."

Feeling like a fathead—as you do when you start a sentence with "you ought"—I said, "You ought to keep a family journal."

We have kept one in our family. At any rate, we have a mass of stuff—notes, drawings, letters and hastily jotted memos—which purports to be a family journal. Inconsistently kept, jumbled together in an old school binder, it still gives us an occasional hilarious hour.

Without the journal, I would have forgotten long ago the time Julie, an eleven-year-old cousin, came for Sunday supper. I asked her how she was. "Not so well," she replied. A bit aloof, almost snappish, I thought, but she had reason. It turned out she was suffering from one of the rarest maladies known to medicine. "I have hot thumbs," she told me, "but when I tell anybody, they just laugh."

Keeping a journal sounds like a chore, and I suppose you could make it into a real job. That is not the idea. Ours is little more than a random sampling of the ephemera which made certain days a little more special than some others. Nice thing about a journal is that you don't have to worry about how it looks or sounds, because it is not for public consumption. I'm glad I made a note on the day Barbara was three. She wandered into our bedroom after a bath, with her incomparable child's body as bare as could be. Standing in the doorway—I can see her now—she raised her arms, palms up, like an acrobat awaiting applause, and cried, "Look, daddy. No shoes!" Journals are always doing things like that for you. Somehow they magically fill up with the most evocative prose, reviving a hundred half-forgotten moments. They evoke emotion, and that is all the very best writing can do.

Our children are seventeen and fourteen now—grown up—and go around discussing with a professional air the proper shade of lipstick and the cut of a dress. But it was not too long ago when Betsy penciled an appeal to a higher court for relief from a harsh bedtime. Her trouble was large letters and a narrow paper:

(Continued on Page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEST OF THE LAW

Claypool ordered the renegade to get out of camp. "Return," he warned, "and I'll shoot you on sight."

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"I'm a tracklayer, sir," Bednigo protested to the general, "not a giver of parties."

But Bednigo knew he had no choice. For the time being, he must put aside his work on the Union Pacific, the great new railroad that General Dodge, chief engineer, was building across America. For the sake of the railroad, he must become major-domo to the joy-riding society friends of Thomas Durant, a financier whose maneuverings endangered the whole Union Pacific project.

The situation was distasteful. Durant's lovely minion, Miss Potter Nourse, had tried to bribe Bednigo to betray General Dodge. Another Durant agent, one Wesley Maury, sold guns to the murderous Indians who marauded the railroad. All this Bednigo must put from his mind and play the genial host.

"You dolt!" Hepsie said icily. "You clumsy, blind clod!"

Illustrated by Sam Bates

IV

Two river steamers bearing Thomas Durant's hundred and fifty junketeers came steaming against the Missouri's surging current to the wharf on Omaha's river front. It would be safe to say that the entire population of the new city gave up its concerns to witness the arrival of so many distinguished names. There was not enough room for the two vessels to tie to the dock bow to stern, so one of them made fast to the pilings while the other fastened its lines to the starboard side of its consort. A uniformed band upon the upper deck played the boats to rest, and then, down the gangplank filed the distinguished, silk-hatted delegation, while the local population burst its throats with welcoming cheers.

General Dodge, wearing the full uniform of a major general in the Union Army, showed none of the disgruntlement he felt as he stood at the foot of the gangplank to greet the arrivals. Tom Durant, bearded, handsome, flamboyant, was the first to step foot on shore. He was a big man, dressed in the height of fashion, who looked like a personage and was well able to act the part. On his heels came George Francis Train, with wife and maid, never a man to be pushed into the background. He looked at the assembled crowd with shining eyes and an oration bubbling within him, but, to his disappointment, there were no ceremonies there warranting its discharge.

Durant presented as many of his guests as could be kept in line, and was very cordial. General Dodge maintained a reserved dignity. It was rather humorous to any who understood the situation—two opponents, even enemies, meeting thus in public and each putting forward his nicest manners. Durant would have displaced Dodge had he dared to do so; Dodge, though only chief engineer of the road, was in a position so secure that he could defy Durant, the vice president, if such necessity should arise. The one was a promoter, with an eye solely to cash in hand; the other was a builder, with eye only upon accomplishment.

Bednigo Claypool was present but invisible. He was seeing to the unloading of crates and cases and boxes and bottles of choicest foods and wines. These Easterners had come to the plains to rough it in the tradition of Lucullus. Even Bednigo, who had feared the worst, had not apprehended such a mass of luxuries as confronted him. His was the responsibility to transport all this and the party, with brass band and cooks and entertainers, to the prepared encampment on Loup Fork River.

The delighted, excited party was successfully decanted in mid-afternoon at the orderly camp on the Loup Fork. Already savory odors arose from the cook tents. It titivated the adventurers to learn that they were standing on the rim of hostile Indian country, and that not fifty miles to north, to south, to westward prowled bands of Redskins, raiding, killing, plundering. It did not dampen their enthusiasm for such pioneering even when news came in from the end of the track that savages had swept down upon a surveying party near Lodge Pole Creek, destroying their stakes and driving back the expedition, with loss of life.

A menu of that first meal, preserved for posterity, discloses that the party had to content itself with such crude fare as beef, mutton, roasted antelope, Chinese duck, Roman goose, peas, tomatoes, asparagus, salad, potatoes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pickles, pineapples, strawberries and other fruits, and such a list of vintage wines as staggers credulity. And then, after such alfresco meal, served at long tables in the open air, there were a huge bonfire and dancing and a band concert.

Bednigo, overseeing all this in an executive manner, had been given no leisure to observe or to identify the guests. It was not until the entertainment was well under way that he saw Tom Durant dancing vigorously with Potter Nourse. At this he was not greatly surprised, but he was indeed astonished to see Wesley Maury, accoutered in the height of fashion, hobnobbing with no less a person than Mrs. George Francis Train.

It was half after ten when the evening came to an end and the merrymakers retired to their tents. But General Dodge, with some ironical intent, had arranged for one more caper to round out their first night beyond civilization.

Major North was still encamped across the river with his Pawnee scouts. When the tired Easterners were sound asleep at three in the morning, these Indians, in savage accouterment, descended upon the camp, yelling and discharging firearms into the air. For an instant there was panic, until the guests were reassured, though somewhat uncomfortable in their night garments, and feasted their eyes upon a barbaric war dance around the fire. A breakfast followed at dawn and the Pawnees retired from the camp laden with gifts.

But there was an incident of this friendly raid which attracted no attention and found its way into no record. Bednigo Claypool stood before his tent as the braves swarmed into camp. War whoops sounded, gunshots cracked. From somewhere—he could not determine where—a bullet knocked the hat from his head and creased his scalp. For a space of time he was stunned and fell to the ground. Presently he staggered to his feet, blood streaming down his face, and retired to his tent to repair and to conceal the damages. Having done his best, with grim face and aching head, he thrust a long-barreled Navy Colt's into the waistband of his trousers and walked to the blazing fire around which the Pawnees were capering.

He found Maury, not in dishabille, as were so many of the audience, but fully and meticulously dressed. He stood just on the edge of the glow from the fire, gesticulating in the restrained manner of a cultured gentleman, gaily explaining the figures of the dance to Mrs. Train, to Potter Nourse, to John Sherman and to the martyred President's son. His grace, his fluency, his wit were charming his little audience.

Bednigo was in no mood to observe niceties. He touched Maury on the shoulder, not gently. "A word with you, Maury," he said grimly.

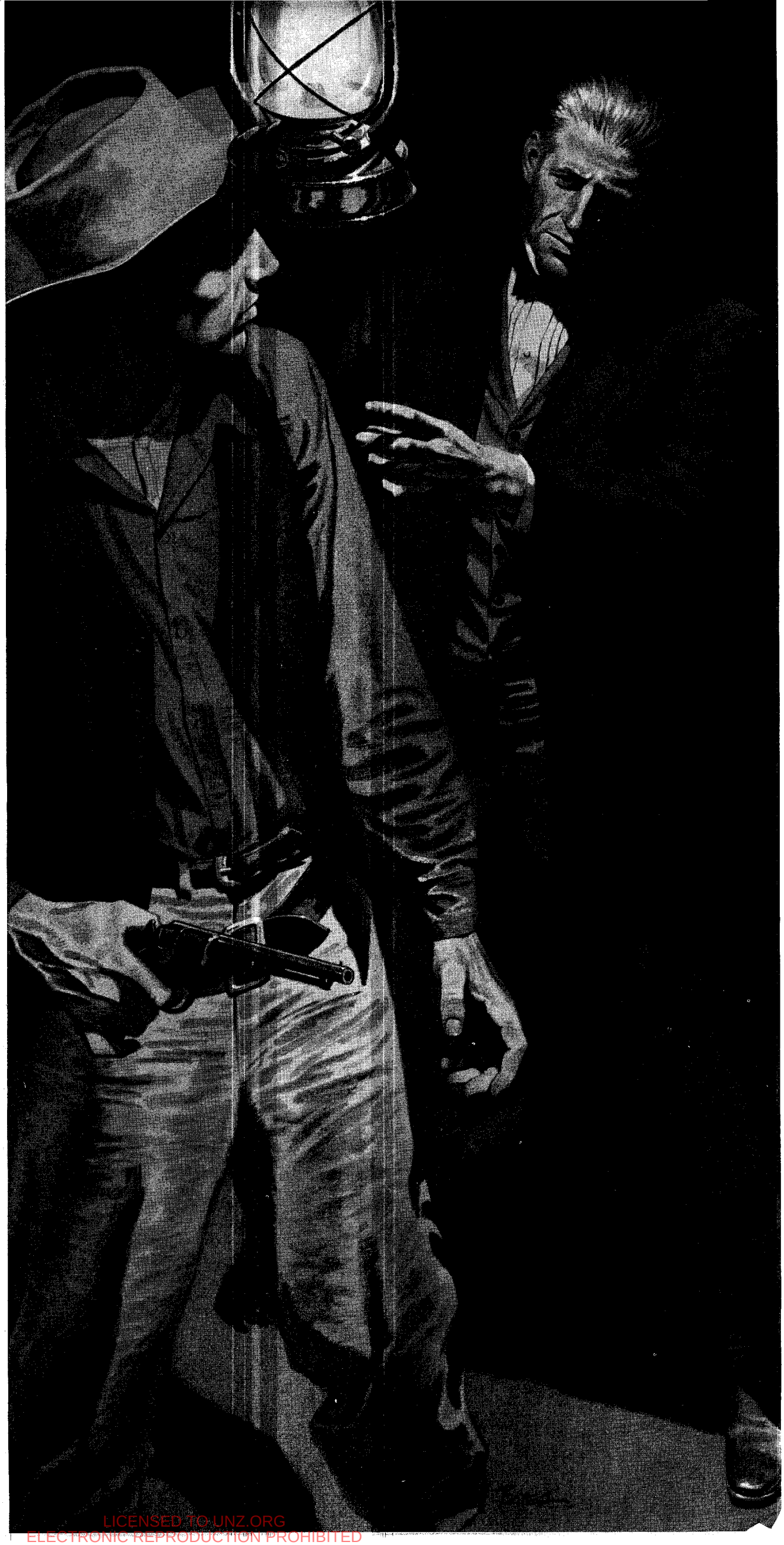
Maury turned, his right hand instinctively dropping to the tails of his coat.

"Don't!" Bednigo said.

"What's this? What's this?" demanded General Sherman's brother testily.

"A matter requiring Mr. Maury's immediate attention," Bednigo answered.

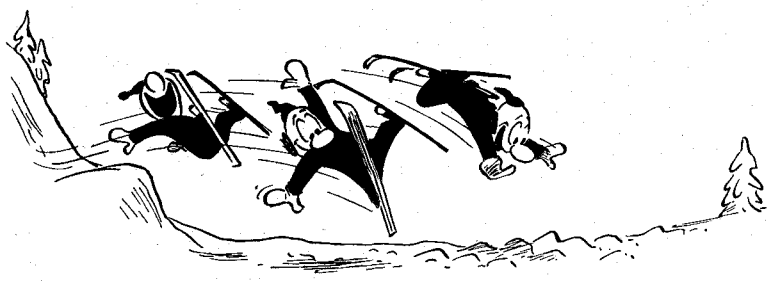
"Go away, young man," Maury said in the grand manner. "Can't you see I'm occupied? Don't annoy me!" (Continued on Page 43)



"Claypool," Maury said softly, "for this I'll kill you."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



Resolution, 1958

This year I'm being sensible
  About my resolution.
No silly pledge of abstinence
  Or such self-persecution.

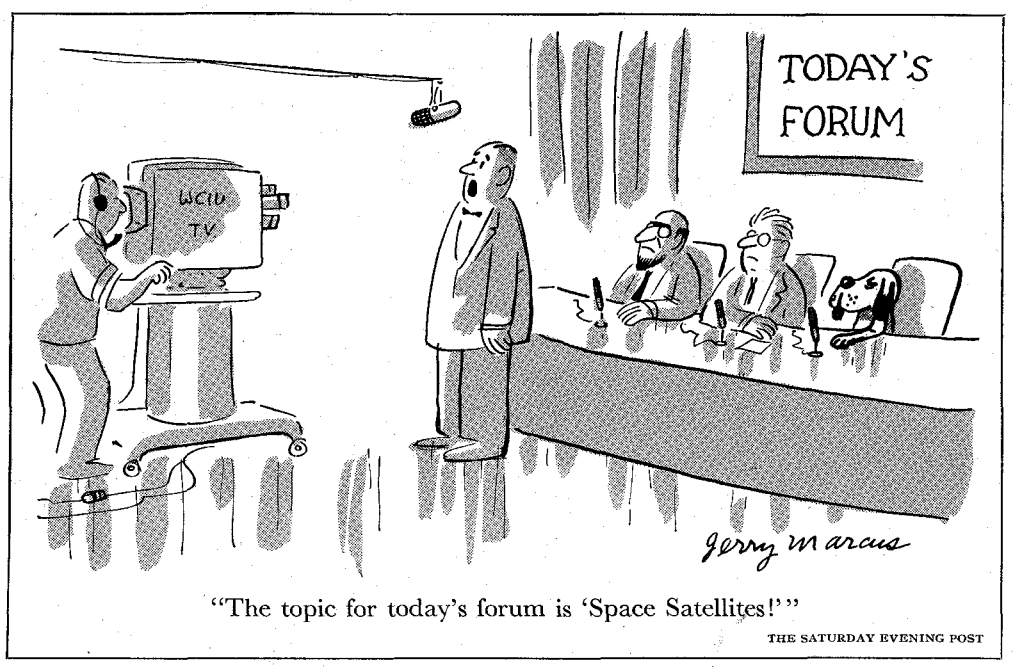
My list is strict but rational;
  No fly-by-night delusions.
It's righteous, moral, well thought out,
  With logical conclusions.

RESOLVED: I shall not beat my wife,
  Or scorn a man's conviction,
Or sell atomic secrets,
  Or encourage dope addiction.

I shall not deal in postal fraud,
  Or undermine the Coast Guard,
Or pass a bill that's counterfeit,
  Or sell a dirty post card.

In short, I pledge important things
  Both meaningful and deep,
With moral tone—significant—
  (And easier to keep).

WILLIAM BRAMLEY



"The topic for today's forum is 'Space Satellites!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some Real Snazzy TV-Drama Endings

"There he goes. Wave to him, son. Wave to him. He's a great man, son—a truly great man."

"Who was the Masked Rider, you ask? Let me put it this way: Perhaps in some strange, unexplainable way he was part of the snow on the highest mountains, the echoes of the deepest canyon, the glow of the distant sunset, the ——"

"I'm not afraid any more, darling. And I know that I'll never be afraid again."

"A moment ago I thought that I was right, but now I can see that you've been right all along, sis. I'm going to finish college and receive my doctorate. I'm going to make you proud of me, sis, because ——"

"Just like old times, eh, Farrar? Atten-SHUN! Forward ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

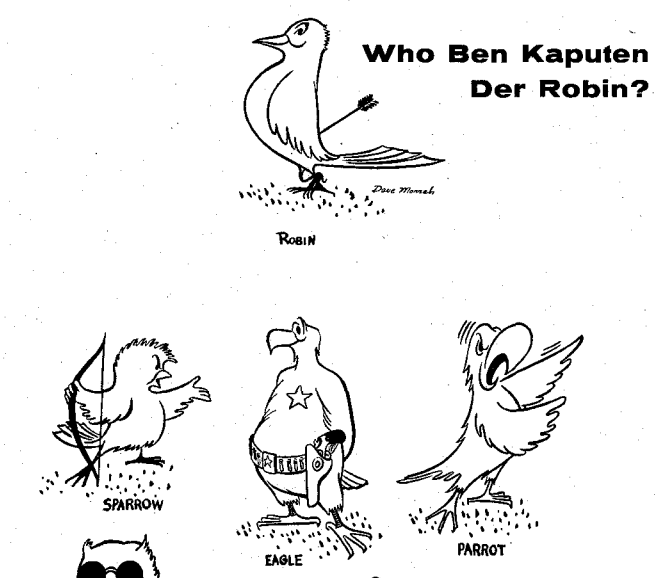
I Suppose the Greeks Had a Commercial for It; or, Hail, Solon! How's Thy Colon?

At times I fear that my normal nostalgia is transcending the norm,
That it is becoming nostomania, which I am told is nostalgia
  in excessive form.
On the other hand, as into my psychoses I probe,
I conclude that I may not be a nostomaniac, I may simply be
  an enteronophobe;
I may simply resent the destiny
Which my submission to TV has made my living room so intestiny.
In my youth, when, instead of dialing ME 7–1212 for the time of day,
  you just asked it of a wonderful woman named Central,
Nobody under ninety publicly discussed the condition of their entrail.
In the '20's, about which there has perhaps been too much tall talk,
I feel there was something to be said for our small talk.
At the risk of appearing to be a gout-ridden old meanie,
I claim that the modern phrase, "Out of the stomach and into the bloodstream,"
  is inferior to Mr. Woollcott's phrase,
  "Out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini."
(Apropos of which, I'd be today in a better financial position
If a martini cost only what Mr. Woollcott paid for his during Prohibition.)
Well, to make a long colon short, while the little ones watch
  their favorite after-dinner show, I bandage my eyes
  with my napkin and dream that I am weekending
  with Lillian Russell at Lake Placid,
And the genial announcer announces to me that my napkin could be eaten through
  by two teaspoonfuls of concentrated stomach acid.
It was obviously the television, or gastroenteric, age
  that was foreseen thirty years ago by the humorist, Doctor Traprock,
  clairvoyant, clear-voiced, no Delphic stammerer,
When he penned his prophetic best-seller, Through the Alimentary Canal
  with Gun and Camera.

OGDEN NASH

RHYMERS MEIN GROSSFADER MADE

Who Ben Kaputen Der Robin?



Who ben kaputen der Robin?
  "Meinselfer," ein Sparrow ben claimen.
  "Mit tooken der deadischer aimen,
Ich ben kaputen der Robin."

Who ben observen der killen?
  "Meinselfer," ein Owler ben hooten.
  "Mit eyepeepers watchen der shooten,
Ich been observen der killen."

Who ben arresten der Sparrow?
  "Meinselfer," ein Eagler ben shrieken.
  "Mit smartischer hiden und seeken,
Ich ben arresten der Sparrow."

Who ben defenden der schtunker?
  "Meinselfer," ein Parrot ben shouten.
  "Mit ranten und outen-gespouten,
Ich ben defenden der schtunker."

Who ben demanden convicten?
  "Meinselfer," ein Raven ben croaken.
  "Mit pointen und smoothischer spoken,
Ich ben demanden convicten."

Who ben der judge on der bencher?
  "Meinselfer," ein Ducker ben quacken.
  "Mit gaveler downer-gewhacken,
Ich ben der judge on der bencher."

Who ben uplousen der tryen?
  "Meinselfer," der Robin ben trillen.
  "Das dummox ben missen der killen,
Und Ich ben uplousen der tryen."

DAVE MORRAH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caterpillar reports on the greatest construction job in history

ırk Press

NIGHT FINAL
Closing Market Prices

Y, DECEMBER 27, 1957

10¢ in zones 100 miles from city limits

FIVE CENTS

REPRIEVE

4,000 people doomed to die each year will be saved by new Interstate Highways

Here's the most amazing lifesaving story you will ever read. Big Caterpillar earthmoving machines are at work this very minute building a system of highways which will save 4,000 people from highway deaths each year. Perhaps you.

The secret is something known as "controlled access." It is being built into every mile of the 41,000-mile system of freeways which will take you to practically every city in the nation. This is the Interstate Highway System, one part of the $50 billion highway program now underway.

"Controlled access" means that there will be no death-dealing intersections on these new freeways. No railroad crossings. No traffic lights. No driveways. The only roads leading on and off this magnificent highway system will be access roads designed for safe merging of traffic.

As a result, you will move faster—without aggravating starts and stops. The roads will not become obsolete almost as soon as they are finished. And you will live longer because you will be safer. "Controlled access" reduces accidents by two-thirds. Personal injuries will be reduced 90% on the Interstate System.

When this greatest construction job in history is completed, the most mobile nation on earth will be able to get up and travel—faster, farther and more safely than ever before.

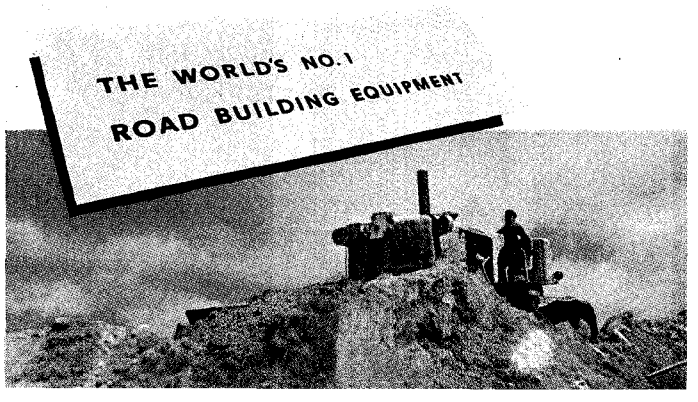
What every citizen should know

Will this great new Interstate System serve your town? When will it be finished? How can you, as a private citizen, help? You'll be proud of your nation when you get all the facts in the free booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write to Dept. 11, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why are so many girls called Linda?
Who lives on Boozy Ridge?
When are some names
illegal? Here are the
reasons behind

THE NAMES WE GO BY

Some of the world's most colorful names are simply the literal labels that pirates, pioneers and sailors have left behind them.

Some 100,000 Elmers may still be extant, largely because of an all but forgotten hero of the Civil War.

By J. C. FURNAS

I am a namester. Ever since I was ten years old or so, I've been unable to take names in stride. I've spent inordinate amounts of time mulling over names that don't fit or that fit too well—names of places, trains, streets and people. It's an entertaining pastime and sometimes it's even useful. I first became a devotee of namesmanship when I found on a huge map of Indiana so many implausible names for obscure settlements: Straight Line, Cumback, Home Place, Windfall, Beehunter, Aroma, Steam Corner, Oolitic, Surprise, Fickle, Correct, Tocsin, Lapel and such resounding homemade gibberish as Salamonia and Majenica. An actual or potential namester—and there are many of them—can't let such names slip by without accounting for them or at least marveling at them.

It takes so little to make a namester's ears twitch. I once visited an Arizona town called Snowflake and learned, to my delight, that it got its name not because it is especially snowy there, but because the two Mormon families who founded it were named Snow and Flake. I once came across mention of an Underground Railroad station at Poke Patch, Ohio, on Dirty Face Creek. I once investigated a place in Mississippi called Hot Coffee. It seems that the owner of a local crossroads store used to keep coffee on the back of his stove for the benefit of his lumberjack customers coming through on raw mornings. His advertising signs on the roads leading to his place were beat-up old coffeepots hung on poles.

Being a namester lends a certain zest to travel. I once planned, and may still make, a motor tour of central England via Wrangle, Spital-in-the-Street, Goole, Fangtoss, Dishforth, Blubberhouses, Buttertubs, Ramsbottom, Loggerheads and into Wales to Cross Foxes.

Learned namesters are organized in the American Name Society, of which Professor George R. Stewart, of the University of California, scholar and novelist, is current president. The society also admits amateur hangers-on, including a veteran radio announcer, a partner in J. P. Morgan & Company, the dean of the University of Virginia (School of Business Administration), an arctic explorer, and a few writers. Its quarterly publication ranges from monographs on Some Semantics of Onomancy and The Names of Thomas Dekker's Devils to C. S. Forester's account of how his immortal Royal Navy officer came by that name of Horatio Hornblower.

Academic namesters are known as "onomatologists." Thousands of do-it-yourself practitioners of namesmanship just nibble inquisitively at names in private and might well lay back their ears and bolt if called by even the alternate term "nomenclaturists." But freelance or organized, the namester's eye bright-

Drawings by Carl Rose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whenever a young mother-to-be shows up in the genealogical room of the New York Public Library, the staff automatically reaches to the given-name shelf.

ens when he learns that Bombay, Michigan, was originally "Bums' Bay" because all the neighborhood loafers hung out there. His antennae tingle when he finds on a map of Scotland small islands named Muck, Eigg and Rum and a nearby arm of the sea called the Sound of Rum. And he gets his first merit badge for working out the problem of what made the name Elmer so popular in your great-grandfather's time.

Actually, Elmer's career was a two-stage rocket, showing how some names spread in double and triple layers through the years. The first burst of Elmers paid tribute to two brilliant brothers, Jonathan and Ebenezer Elmer, eminent Revolutionary leaders who managed the New Jersey equivalent of the Boston Tea Party. Then, as the name was petering out toward the 1860's, it got a new lease on life from admirers of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, friend of Lincoln and hero of the Fire Zouave regiment who, just as the Civil War opened, was shot dead by a citizen of Alexandria, Virginia, from whose house he was removing a Confederate flag.

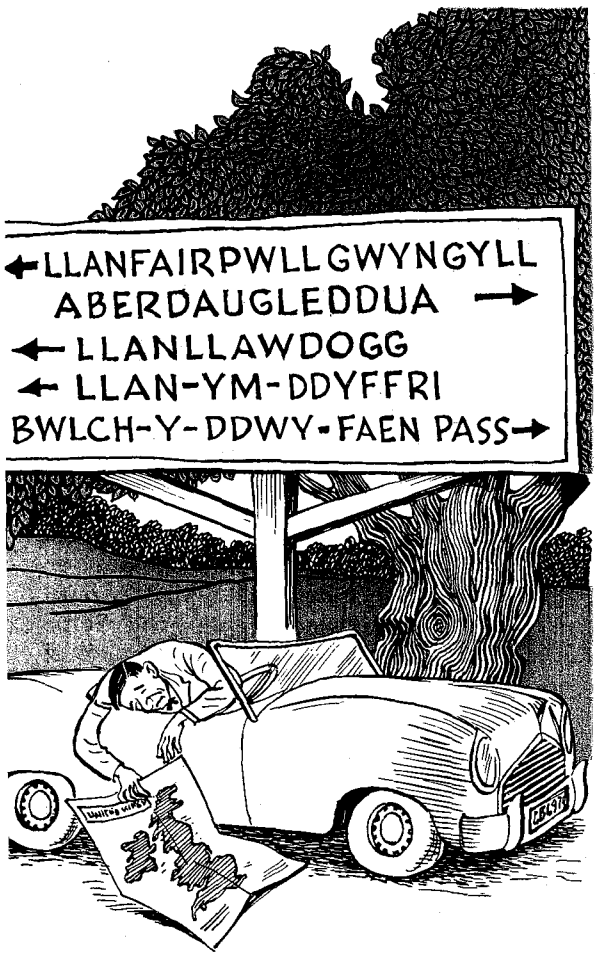
As famous in his day as Nathan Hale, he is now known only to Civil War buffs. But a recent survey made by Elsdon C. Smith, whom the New York Times once called The Grand Panjandrum of Names, suggests that some 100,000 Elmers may still be extant. Let one of them become famous and, due to suggestible parents, away will go Elmer in a third burst of speed.

Namesake tracing is a basic but tricky branch of namesmanship. According to recent Gallup polls, the name Linda has overtaken Mary—unbeaten up to now—as the name likeliest to be hung on a new-born girl. First beginning to move in the 1930's and making the first ten in 1946, Linda came on steadily and is now pulling away. Maybe the combined glamour of Linda Darnell and Linda Christian had a part in this. My own bet, however, is that radio soap opera, long addicted to calling sympathetic girl characters Linda—the cream of them being Linda Young of the indestructible Pepper Young's Family—is primarily responsible. But these things won't pin down as obligingly as Elmer does. The combined ingenuity of all namesters now active could hardly explain why the first ten choices now run Linda, Mary, Deborah, Susan, Carol, Patricia, Catherine, Margaret, Barbara, Karen; whereas forty years ago it was Mary, Ruth, Anne, Helen, Margaret, Ellen (a switch on Helen), Catherine, Dorothy, Elizabeth, Frances.

The late H. L. Mencken, greatest of amateur namesters, wrote rashly twenty years ago that frothy spellings of girls' names, such as Edythe, Jayne and Sadye, were on their way out and, he implied, a good thing too. Yet at least two Jaynes are now conspicuous in the entertainment world, and we also have the reverse switch: the cult of Maggi, Patti, Joni, Jeri for girl singers and others.

This tendency to use "i" as if the compositor had run out of "y"s may have been inspired by the Lili Marlene song after World War II. But here again the female slant on names is probably too oblique for analysis. In great-grandma's day "Maria" was the accepted way to upgrade Mary. Later, the French "Marie" made Maria as outmoded as black jet beads. By now French infiltration has shoals of mothers persuaded that "Jeanne" for Jane, "Helene" for Helen, "Suzanne" for Susan, and "Diane" for Diana do something extra for a girl. Diane and Suzanne were, in fact, among the five girls' names most admired by Pennsylvania State University students a few years ago. Yet I once knew a French actress who changed her name from Jeanne to Jane, because in the French theater it's the English twist that lends more chic.

Though namesmanship is practiced largely for offbeat fun, it has some practical angles. The discovery that there are nineteen places named Lebanon in the United States once gave me the plot twist for a short story that sold with gratifying readiness. And a namester is seldom stumped for a name for his offspring. Non-namesters often resort to the special collections of books on given names that large public libraries maintain. Let a pregnant lady steer her way into the genealogical room of the New York Public Library and the librarian reaches for one of those books automatically. Some 10,000 expectant mothers a year apply to an eminent manufacturer of baby supplies for a free list of 2000 names for baby—slightly more of them (Continued on Page 71)



"Yes, but where's Llanfairpwyllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobllantysiliogogoch?" asks the tourist in Wales.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to drive safely on superhighways

Q Is there anything *new* that all motorists should know in order to drive safely on today's superhighways?

A Yes! For a quick run-down on turnpike driving do's and don'ts, read "SUPERHIGHWAYS—HOW TO DRIVE THEM" by Paul W. Kearney. Write Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut, for your free copy of this valuable 16-page booklet.

Protection against the financial loss that results from accidents is part of motoring safety, too. See your Hartford Agent and make certain you have the right kind of car insurance and enough of it!

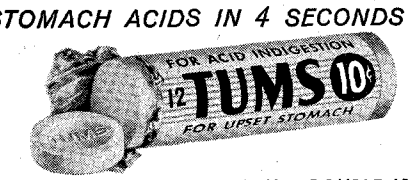
Year In and Year Out You'll Do Well with the

HARTFORD

Hartford Fire Insurance Company Group
Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey
Hartford 15, Connecticut
New York Underwriters Insurance Company
New York 38, New York
Northwestern Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Twin City Fire Insurance Company
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

HEART burn?

GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!



PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

Do You Need EXTRA INCOME?

YOU can profit, as do thousands of others, by using our money-making plan. Our subscription commission offer is enthusiastically used by folks in many communities. You can offer and profit from *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, Jack and Jill* and many other popular publications. Write today for our easy-to-follow plan and supplies. No obligation. Address your request to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
283 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-24yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
Write for free folder, REX, Monticello, Illinois.

Our Candid Scrapbook (Continued from Page 31)

Dear Mother—
May I watch Mil
ton Berle? If I co-
uld watch Milton B
erle, I would only wat
ch hafe of it. So pl
ese Mother?

A journal is mostly for family, of course, and the children enjoy its backward glances as much as you will. Occasionally, however, friends rate an entry. Like young Kristin, who had just returned from Mexico and was asked to report to her third grade. This is her report in full:

MY TRIP TO MEXICO
One day we saw a little boy with no pants on. One time a drunk man tried to get into our car and one night my Daddy got tight.

A journal catches everything. From a practice letter laboriously hacked out on the typewriter—"Dear Mr. Drake. Thank you for your donation to Cereble Pulsey. Yours, MRS. GINNEY"—to the fragile thoughts of a ten-year-old girl looking for lost chords among the typewriter keys: "I love Mommu, daddy and Barbara very mush. F The corn is green and tall and taddley. and wavey and yellow and delicious with butter and salt. Barbara got her dress in Mexico. But I got mine in Spain. Your toe nails are red. Trees can be red, green, yellow, brown and orange." And a message of truth for all parents: "a girl is as good as a girl could be a boy is as good as a boy could be." Or the formal business letter: "Dear Sirs: I HATE YOU, Sincerely yours, DONALD D. DRAKE."

Naturally there are letters from camp: "Dear Mother & Daddy, I was sick. I'am in the aquacaed. I'am in two acts. Love, BETSY. P. S. I had a sore throait." "Please send my inner twob." And the unsigned note: "Dear Daddy, How are you. I am fine. Please send candy." Or this cryptic chiller: "When I crossed the river the current wasn't very strong. But it was when Lynn crossed it. That is because the dam broke. Love, BARBARA."

And we'll never forget, although without the journal we might have, the letter we received when the girls were seven and four. It was our first time away from them and we were missing them a great deal. The letter is before me now, just as wonderful as the day it arrived in 1947 and saved our lives. "We love you," the letter said. "You are so sweet to us." This was cheering enough. But the note was written on a piece of school paper, and on it waved a tremendous American flag in bright crayon. The flag had seven stripes, and the rest of the paper was plastered all over with golden stars. A grinning, happy, hooray-for-the-Fourth-of-July kind of letter which makes us smile every time we see it. Smile and remember how we missed the girls in that faraway time.

Once, when I was in a hospital, Barbara drew and colored the swamp people from Walt Kelly's Pogo comic strip. She brought me one every day. "Get well soon," cried one bearing the picture of Pogo. "Move up the road to recovery," said another with a portrait of Albert the alligator. Every day a new card and a new sentiment. But I must have stayed too long and Barbara was drained. The last card said simply, "Love your fellow men."

Most entries concern the children, but one note left by the lady of the house for a consulting carpenter found its way into the journal. "House jiggles," was all it said. I could add that it was a very effective note: for the next two weeks men were under the house grunting and shouting while they installed large timbers and concrete piers. The journal also includes the finally receipted bill—a measly $1500—which stirs a few emotions too. On the other hand, the house no longer jiggles.

Journals are especially recommended for fathers who sometimes miss the delicate and delicious moments as the children test the world. The flushed, damp-hair look of sleep. The pale, fragile, other-worldly look of a little one still unconscious after an operation. A journal note recalls for me the sight of Barbara in that poignant moment when she made her first conscious sound. That first tiny "ooh" and the look of wonder and discovery on her face as she tried this new thing again and again. And the time Betsy, then four, disappeared from the "rude bridge" at Concord, Massachusetts, while I was explaining the valiant stand of the patriots against the redcoats. We were very frightened until she appeared from behind the Minute Man statue. "I was just looking for the red goats," she explained. Clearly.

Betsy has so far outgrown such childish ways that just last month she decided her future. "Joan," she announced, "is going to raise dogs when she gets big, and Sue is going to have a horse ranch. I am going to have a boy ranch."

For some reason, our children have always been great communicators, strewing the house with notes, sometimes imperious ("Please put the long blue dog on the pillow of my bed facing toward the door"), sometimes plainly sentimental ("You are the nicest Daddy in the hole wide wold"). The turned-down bed is a frequent channel of communication. In the early days the messages were usually just a hand-colored card with "I luve you" in water color or crayon. Or, "Thanks Mommy for pining up my hair and the stilts." And later, "Dear Mommy, Thank you very much for letting me borrow your slippers, cap with a bill and the white scarf. Love and Kisses, BETZEL."

You see how it goes? Nothing important, but precious mementos, nevertheless. A four-year-old entry reminds me of the game we played often then. A nonsensical rhyming game which started when I mentioned a certain girl as a Cal gal—or, properly, a student at the University of California. That set off a minor competition, and each new brainstorm would be presented at the dinner table—for example: hot pot; cool pool; rump bump—for the boxer's almost nonexistent tail; male whale; sump pump; red lead.

The prize communication in our journal, I suppose, was formally addressed to Mrs. Robert de Roos, bore the house address and was slipped under the bedroom door. Ten-year-old Barbara, driven near distraction by the seven-year-old delinquent we had foisted on her as a sister, filed her indictment. It is a scorching document. Every older sister will know just how she felt and will instantly recognize the parlous conditions in our home.

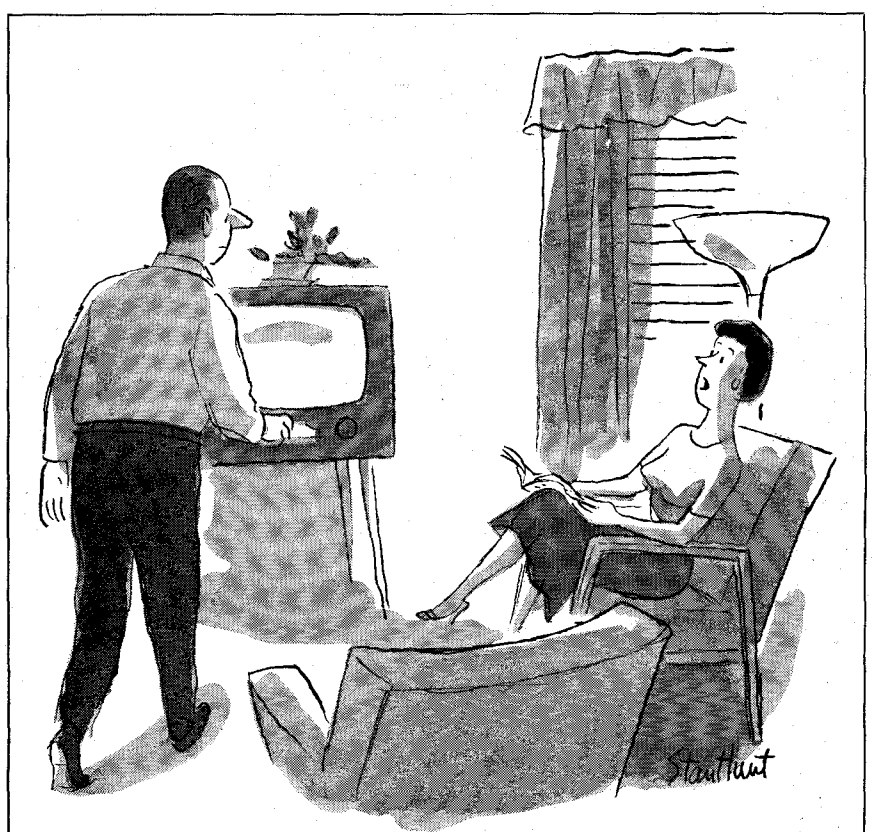
Barbara wrote:

"*Dear Mother*, Betsy has been rude 20 times and these are the things she has done.

1. Putting feet on dinning room table!
2. —— dittoe!
3. —— dittoe!
4. —— dittoe!
5. —— dittoe!
6. Thew my good lace away!
7. Locked door!
8. Pulled buton off my nighty!
9. Putting almost everything I own on my bed!
10. Calling me nams!
11. Practily making me a slave!
12. Making secruts!
13. Fighting!
14. Turning T. V. off and on!
15. Talking back!
16. Talking teraball about other people!
17. Interupting!
18. Saying um when telling stories!
19. Left food on table!
20. Pounding me on the back hard 6 times!

As I say, no one has to keep a journal. But things like these should be saved if for no other reason than to remind you of the wondrous floor show your children give you while they are growing up. Don't make it too much of a chore. Just gather the stuff together, and it will jell into a journal. Keep in a safe place. Maybe in the socks box. For a gray day.

THE END



"Don't turn it on, dear. It's been such a lovely day, let's not spoil it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Call on Edie Adams and Ernie Kovacs

(Continued from Page 17)

question about a number of things. To begin with, I asked him if he thought television had begun to develop its own clichés.

"It has," he said, "and a humble 'Thank you for letting me into your living room' is one of them. Nobody means it, but my mother believes it. Sometimes when I am around, I tell her, 'Don't take it so big, mom. It's just something the man's saying.' But she always contradicts me with a firm 'He does too mean it!' One day I said, 'O.K., if you like it so much, I'll say it myself.' And that night, when I went on the air, I said, 'Thank you for letting me into your living room, but it's a shame you couldn't have cleaned it up a little.' My mother was outraged. 'How could you have said such a thing?' she asked me reprovingly.

"My mother's idea of a good TV program is where you come on and say nice things about everybody, and somebody sings nice songs; and you go into the audience and kiss a few nice elderly ladies and tell them they look great on their ninety-second anniversary. It is also my mother's idea of a great show if somebody in a soap opera is having a miserable time.

"Then there's the cliché camera shot of a TV personality who opens with his back to the viewers. He turns and says, 'Oh, hi!' as if you've startled him and he's wondering how the hell all those cameras got into the room. And there's the guy who's always working the Lord in on his TV show. Personally, I think it's pretty reprehensible to say, in effect, 'The good Lord willin', I'd like to tell a few off-color jokes,' as some folksy TV characters do."

"How did you write a novel in two weeks?" I asked.

"Just to keep the record straight, I wrote it in thirteen days," he said. "But to answer your question, I'm used to writing that way, for I've never developed the habit of lying around sleeping and staying healthy. For eight years I wrote a daily one-hour show, and that was quite a chore, especially since I was the only writer I had. I whipped up a fifteen-minute skit, a ten-minute skit, a five-minute skit, assorted blackouts.

"While I was on locally, the network shows used the things I wrote nationally. That was fine as long as I was local, but when I went national and wanted to use my own material, I was told, 'No, we've already done that.' It was the same as if I'd done a trick in my kitchen with an egg, and one of my guests who'd been watching me had run into the living room and had done the trick for my other guests before I could do it myself. Then I come out of the kitchen and do my egg trick. Nothing. I'm dead."

"But a book in thirteen days!" I said. "That's fantastic."

"When you're writing about a subject you know because it's all you've done for eight years, it's spontaneous writing," he told me. "You don't even have to do research."

"How about characterization?" I asked. "For, after all, there are characters in your book."

"I wrote my book this way," he explained: "I had no plot. I wrote the first line. Then I wrote the second line. Then I wrote the third line. I kept on that way. Some days I wrote forty pages, some days two. At the time, I was negotiating a contract with N.B.C., and I'd run over to see them or I'd be on the phone, talking."

"How about revision?" I asked.

"I never revise," he told me. "The TV shows I wrote went straight from my typewriter to the copy makers. I don't change a thing. I figure the first things a man says are his spontaneous things."

I wanted to know how he decided how long to make his book. "I know it sounds ridiculous," he said, "but I asked myself, 'How long was The Gray Flannel Suit? and how long was Don't Go Near the Water? They are good books, so I'll make mine the same number of pages.' Then I had an even better idea. I told myself, 'I'll make mine as long as From Here to Eternity.' At that point I had six hundred pages in mind. Then I got a hurry-up call to work in a movie, so I made the book shorter."

"How many pages did you lop off?" I asked.

"About a hundred," he said. "It was just as well. I would have talked too much if it had run as long as I originally planned."

"Another Kovacs statistic which fascinates me," I said, "is this: I've heard that your cigars cost you hundreds of dollars a month."

"They cost two bucks apiece," he said. "But the number I smoke a day varies. Yesterday I was up at eight A.M. Then last night I was playing poker, and I didn't go to bed until between nine and ten this morning. That's a longish day. I smoke a lot on a day like that. I also chain-smoke. I'd say I average eighteen cigars a day. What that totals I don't know."

"Eighteen times two is thirty-six dollars," I said. "Seven times thirty-six is two hundred and fifty-two. Fifty-two times two hundred and fifty-two is $13,-104. That's what it sets you back each year. Do you have them made specially?" I asked.

"Usually when somebody asks me if I have my cigars made specially," he replied, "I say 'yes' to stop the guy from saying, 'After all, Sir Winston Churchill does.' But, as a matter of fact, I don't. Are you a cigar smoker?" I shook my head. "That's a shame," he said, with genuine sorrow. He thought of something else. "I never use a lighter," he told me. "I use kitchen matches and, as a result, I've developed a sulphur allergy in my skin just under my right-hand pants pocket."

"Why matches?" I asked. "Does sulphur go better with a cigar than a lighter?"

"It isn't the sulphur," he said; "it's the wooden matchstick. It gives you time to light up properly while it burns. I like to light a cigar without putting it into my mouth at all until the ash has eaten an eighth of an inch into the tobacco. Then when I puff it, it's the greatest fragrance in the world."

"I know one or two wives who think you're likable," I said, "but they say, 'I don't know how Edie Adams stands his mustache and his cigars. Ask him how she puts up with them.'"

"You tell those wives Edie is not only fond of cigars, she's an expert at buying them," he said. "She knows how to roll them between her fingers for crispness. She knows filler. She knows how to look at the leaf and what fragrance it should have. The English actress, Hermione Gingold, smokes cigars too. She won't smoke a cigar that's too fresh. It must be cured. Hermione and I sit in Sardi's puffing away, and she'll say, 'Delightful cigah!' As for my mustache, I've had it for twenty years. It's not something I've slipped over on Edie."

"You mean it's not something she had trouble getting used to?" I asked.

"If she did, she never mentioned it," Kovacs told me. "Once when I talked of shaving it off for a movie, she begged me not to."

"Tell me about some of the characters you've invented," I said. "The other night I saw you doing Colonel Dovetail."

"Percy Dovetonsils," he corrected me.

"How would you describe Dovetonsils?" I asked.

"He's a beautiful soul who hasn't quite made it over the line into this rude, virile world," he said.

"Dovetonsils' eyes get me," I said. "They must be painted on the glasses you wear when you play the part."

"They are," he said. "A story goes with those eyes. Years ago, when I was in Philadelphia on WPTZ television, I used to do two hours in the morning without a script. Just fast ad-libbing. It was murder, because I was on five days a week."

"What did you call yourself?" I interrupted. "An announcer, a disc jockey?"

"It was a morning wake-up show," he told me. "Horrible term, isn't it?"

"Did you spin records and tell jokes and keep the citizenry posted on the weather?" I asked.

"I spun records," he said. "Only on mornings when I felt good I spun fewer records than I did on other mornings. I not only did those two morning hours locally, I had five half-hour shows in the afternoons and evenings as a replacement for the network show, Kukla, Fran and Ollie. I was on the air almost thirteen hours a week. Sometimes I used to leave the station at four in the morning and come back at seven A.M. I was a dead duck and I had a migraine headache for three years straight. Then one day my boss called me and said, 'I saw your show this morning. You weren't funny.'

"'Do you know how many hours I'm on the air each week?' I asked. 'As much as some stars are in a whole season. I have no secretary. I run contests. I do my own typing, my own writing. I write out the weather charts and select the music. Do you honestly believe that there's a human being who's not encased in wax in the Smithsonian who can be on thirteen hours a week and still be funny?'"

"And what did he say?" I prodded.

"He said, 'I'm afraid you'll have to pick up your program, Kovacs. It sags.'"

"We were talking about Percy Dovetonsils' eyes," I said.

"I was knocking myself out so hard that various friends and fans mailed me gadgets they thought would help me get a laugh," he said. "Any time things got dull the floor manager reached into that pile of stuff, grabbed up something and tossed it to me. One day he threw me a pair of glasses. I put them on, took out a book of poetry, opened it at random to a page on which was printed, 'How can I leave thee? How can I from thee part?' and I read it. A year or two before, I had used a character on radio whom I called Percy Dovetonsils, so I bestowed that name on my new poetry-reading character."

"Those glasses give you a wonderfully fatuous, vague expression," I said. "But how do you see through the big, soft, doe-like eyes painted on the inside of those specs?"

"There's a pinhole in each," he said. "I can see through that."

"Who are some of the other characters you've invented?" I asked.

"There's Charlie Clod, a take-off on the old Charlie Chan pictures. Clod uses a lot of trite aphorisms."

"Such as 'Confucius say ——'?" I inquired.

"Not quite that bad," Kovacs said. "But pretty bad. For instance, 'Man who put head inside of cannon like to shoot off mouth.' But old Clod thinks he's very clever and he giggles as he says them."

"Some people think you have a macabre sense of humor," I said. "But thus far the things you've told me don't sound grim."

"I used to do things like introducing the strongest man in the world," Kovacs said. "I'd have four gray horses on stage, two at each end of a rope. The strong man would be in the middle, wearing a leopard skin and holding the ropes. Then I'd have a man with a whip, and I'd say, 'Whip up the horses.' The camera focused on me, you'd hear the whip crack, you'd hear hoofs pounding, then you'd hear a horrible ripping sound, and I'd turn my head so I wouldn't have to watch.

"The things I do on TV don't look too good when they're written down on paper," he went on. "Take a long pantomime skit I did about a man entering his club. The sound man had nine turntables and a whole section of the studio roped off for his sound effects alone. When I walked in I had sponges in my shoes that went squish-squish. When I opened a book labeled Camille in the club library, all you could hear was a woman coughing. Then I picked up a book about digging the Panama Canal. You could hear the sound of steam shovels and a mosquito humming and a slap when a hand killed it; then more digging. I took down a life of Thomas Edison and as I opened the book a photoflash went off inside it. But the big thing about that skit was that I had had a whole room built askew, at an angle of fifteen degrees. Then I had the cameras reversed fifteen degrees, so the room looked level to the viewers, but when I poured milk into my tea, it went into my lap instead of my cup. It was weird to see."

"Building such a room must have been expensive," I said. "Can the networks afford people with ideas like yours?"

"Frankly," he said, "they can't. I was offered a couple of regular shows, but in each case the below-the-line budget—that's the part which includes the sets—was so small I knew that I couldn't build the things I wanted to build."

"What were you doing when you first met Edie?" I asked.

"I was on TV in Philly," he said. "She came over from New York to audition for our show. She got a job with us. After that we started going together."

"That's a Reader's Digest version of your romance," I said. "There must be more to it than that. What was it that appealed to you about Edie?"

"She's honest," he said; "she's good, she's beautiful. Only, thank God, she doesn't know she's beautiful. You watch people come into a restaurant, and most of them assume a 'making an entrance' air. They're sure every eye is focused on them, although no one really gives a damn. Edie just comes in the way she is: bubbly, cheerful, natural and unposed."

"You mentioned conferences with N.B.C.," I said. "What came of them?"

(*Continued on Page 42*)

... ...

Class of '58

The year lies open and
unmarked before us,
A student's brand-new
copybook, wherein
Time bids us write. We
pause a solemn moment,
Sharpen resolves like
pencils, and begin.

R. H. Grenville

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mercury
AMERICAN AIRLINES

LUXURY LEADER
IN THE
WORLD OF FLIGHT

Seen with the smartest travelers at th

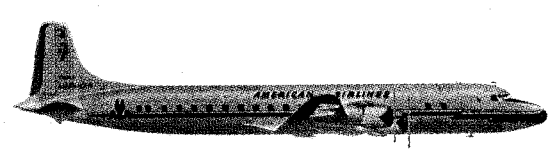
The respected Mercury label tells very simply th
you have impeccable taste in air travel. You choose
fly in distinguished company on the luxury leader i
the world of flight. You enjoy deluxe accommodatio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AIR TRAVEL IS AMERICA'S BEST BARGAIN
Since 1941, the index of retail prices for other products has risen almost 85%, while the total increase in the cost of air transportation, despite constantly improving service, has been less than 4%.
CONSUMER PRICES
AIR FARE
1941
1956

A celebrated New York rendezvous—the Palm Court in the stately Plaza Hotel

nartest places–The Mercury emblem



board America's fastest airliner, the DC-7. You ap-reciate the superb Mercury menus, and the thought-ul service. And you are practical, because there is o extra fare on American Airlines' famous Mercury.

AMERICAN AIRLINES

America's Leading Airline

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 39*) "Nothing," he told me. "I wouldn't sign. I can make more money if I don't. And I can have a larger variety of things to do. The way it is, I can do shows on TV or a picture, whichever looks best."

"But you're on a TV panel, What's My Line?, once a week," I said.

"Only if I'm in town and I feel like it," he said. "The contract doesn't lash me down. The first three weeks I wasn't on the panel because I preferred to take Edie out to dinner. We went to Luchow's. Since being on What's My Line? paid me seven hundred and fifty dollars an appearance, those dinners were fairly expensive. Each one cost me about seven hundred and seventy-five bucks."

I must have looked my surprise, for he told me, "You get so little out of being alive; then suddenly one day you wake up and say, 'I wish I'd enjoyed myself more.' Edie and I are enjoying ourselves right now."

"I have to go now," he said. "I've got a date with a man to see about having a chilled-steel jewelry box made for Edie, with compartments and drawers in it. It's to be a surprise for her. But she will be here any minute, and you can talk to her yourself."

"I want to ask her why she flew to Los Angeles every Saturday night while you were in Beverly Hills making a movie," I said; "then flew back the following night."

"The girl is an angel," he said. "Each time she arrived she was grinning from ear to ear and lugging a suitcaseful of my favorite cigars."

I heard his wife greet him in the hall on his way to the elevator. There was a subdued murmuring; silence; then the murmuring resumed. When she came in she was smiling. After we said hello and she'd asked me if I wanted lunch and I'd told her I was more interested in talking to her than I was in lunch, we got around to her weekly round-trip plane flights to Los Angeles.

"What time did the theater break?" I asked.

"The theater usually broke at eleven-five," she said, "but with a bad audience it broke at eleven o'clock and with a good audience it broke about eleven-fifteen."

I didn't realize that applause or the lack of it made that much difference. "What causes the difference between a sluggish audience and a good one?" I asked.

"Someone made a survey to find out," she told me. "He asked one member of the cast of each New York show to keep a chart of evening and matinee audience reactions, and rate them from 'terrible' to 'super.' The survey revealed that the stock market and the weather both influence audiences. Even such things as the Rikers Island plane crash affected audience response."

"Did you have a cab waiting to rush you to the airport?" I asked.

"I had a hired car waiting outside," she told me, "and although I took time to get my body make-up off, I didn't have to rush to reach Idlewild. The plane didn't leave until twelve-thirty. I arrived in California at six A.M. and I'd get to the Beverly Hills Hotel about seven-thirty. Ernie and I'd say hello; then we'd head for the hotel's swimming pool. I had eleven hours with him. We sat around the pool all day; then, after a while, we had dinner. The eastbound plane left at eleven o'clock."

"That adds up to more than eleven hours," I said.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"More like fifteen hours," I said.

"Either way it was worth it," she told me.

I asked her something I had already asked Ernie. "How can you love a man who smokes cigars all the time and has a mustache?"

"All I know is I miss his cigars when he's away," she said. "I leave them around because I like to smell them after dinner."

"I like them, too, except when they're dead or dying," I said.

"Ernie's good about that," she said. "He can't stand a cold cigar." So that was what cigar addicts called a dead cigar, I thought. It figured. "In fact he can't sit down if there's a cold cigar anywhere in the room," she went on. "He puts it in the wastebasket; then he puts the wastebasket out."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said fervently.

"You can't feel more deeply about it than Ernie," she said. "When a cab driver's smoking a cigar he doesn't like, he opens the window and fans smoke out while he gasps deep breaths of fresh air. If it's bad, he gets out several blocks before he planned to."

"I don't want to sound either cynical or oversentimental," I said, "but it's clear to me that you're more in love with Ernie than most women are with their husbands. I don't know how I expect you to answer this implied question of mine, but I can't help mentioning it."

"I don't know how much other women love their husbands," she said, "so I can't give you either a qualitative or a quantitative analysis of my feeling for Ernie."

"Among my own acquaintances are lots of wives who love their husbands," I said, "but I'm not sure they'd fly to California every Saturday night for weeks to spend a few hours with them. Maybe it has something to do with being young. How old are you?"

"That is a professional secret," she said. "In my first show, Wonderful Town, I was sixteen. In Li'l Abner I was seventeen. Perhaps in my next show the producer will want me to be eighteen. I don't want to spoil any illusion I may be asked to create. Let's say this: Let's say I haven't passed the thirty mark."

"There's not much goes on around here that Martha doesn't know."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What about your first brush with television?" I asked.

"I was at the Juilliard School of Music, studying to be a concert singer," she said, "but I had never advanced further than singing before women's clubs, although I was very big in the Hackensack and Tenafly Women's Clubs. Then, one day I realized that few of my fellow students had got any further than I had, although many of them had been there longer. So it occurred to me I should get out and perform. One way was to enter amateur contests, and any time I heard of one I entered it.

"I had done many things during my summer vacations. I had played in stock. I had been a camp counselor in dramatics and music. One summer I taught an exercise-diet course at a New Hampshire hotel. When my next summer vacation rolled around—it was 1950 or 1951—mother and daddy said, 'Let's have no more of these odd-ball summer jobs of yours. Either do something constructive or go back to a regular school and learn to be a schoolteacher,' so I went back to a regular school, although I still worked in amateur contests.

"One of the contests I entered was the Miss U. S. Television contest. It was a beauty contest in addition to being a talent contest. I got into the finals. Mother and daddy were away and I was staying with my brother and sister-in-law, so my parents didn't know I was on my way to Chicago on transportation money borrowed from my brother. When they found out, they didn't like the idea of their little girl doing a thing so bold and brazen. Then I won, and suddenly what I'd done was fine. I wasn't a bold, pushy hussy any more.

"After that I didn't finish school and become a teacher," she said. "Instead, I signed with a New York pop voice coach. It was quite a switch from the Juilliard, where the dedicated worshiped *bel canto*. I got the impression, although it was probably exaggerated, that at the Juilliard you weren't supposed to move your eyes or change your expression when you sang, but when my pop voice coach taught me to sing a rhythm song, she said, 'You gotta swim, honey.'"

"What did she mean, swim?" I asked.

"She meant I had to move my hands and arms in time to the beat. My pop teacher also said, 'Honey, it doesn't matter if you sing on key or off key. Just move your mouth around over your face and look sexy.'

"I kept on being an avid amateur contestant, until I worked up to being on one of Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts shows. After that I had eight or nine job offers. I even remember the song I sang on that show. There was a Patti Page recording of Would I Love You, Love You, Love You? and I sang it and gave my 'luve you-u-u-u, luve you-u-u-u, luve you-u-u-u's' all I had, which wasn't too much. One of my offers of a job came from a man named Ernie Kovacs I'd never heard of. He was employed by a Philadelphia TV station. I went down to Philly, tried out and got the job.

"'Of course, you have a large repertoire?' Ernie asked me. I had memorized only three songs, but I said, 'Naturally. Anything you'd like me to sing, just mention it.' After that, I was scared to death. I'm nearsighted, I couldn't have read the lyrics of a song if they were chalked up on an idiot board, and I didn't want the viewers to see me wearing glasses, so Ernie says he first remembers me showing up very early in the studio and going over and over lyrics so I could remember the words. Nerves like mine will never be known."

"Tell me about your nerves," I said. "I can work up quite an inner jangle myself."

She ticked off the symptoms. "Sick at my stomach, headache, hives. Then time went by, our show came to New York, and we were on an hour every day for DuMont. It was there that I heard that two men, Chodorov and Fields, were writing a musical version of My Sister Eileen. It was to be called Wonderful Town and would star Roz Russell as Eileen's big sister. George Abbott was directing it. Finally, after they had auditioned three or four hundred girls, they looked me over. Apparently there is a right time psychologically for an actress or a singer to audition," she said. "By the time they saw me, Chodorov, Fields and Abbott had seen everybody in town. There was practically nobody left. I can just imagine them saying to each other, 'Let's make up our mind on somebody.' And I was the girl.

"I learned a lot from that show. I didn't know upstage from downstage, but I had George Abbott and Roz Russell as my coaches, and they taught me how to discover things for myself. I found myself saying, 'Eileen would do this,' and Roz would say, 'Now you're getting it.' And I remember George Abbott saying, 'Play it honestly.' I tried. Wonderful Town ran almost two years," she said. "But I never missed a performance, no matter how I felt."

"Li'l Abner is practically a track meet," I said. "Especially with that hurdle step the cast does. I used to be a hurdler myself and just watching all you folks tired me out."

She placed a finger delicately on her right thigh. "I pulled a muscle during a rehearsal," she told me. "I had a knot here for weeks. That was when the choreographer, Michael Kidd, advised me to warm up before each show. I'd bend all the way down and try to make my chin meet my knees, at the same time keeping my back straight. Then I'd count eight before I came back up again."

Our conversation did an abrupt transition. "When Wonderful Town closed, I went to Dallas and played in it at the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State Fair, with Imogene Coca," she said. "Then Ernie and I flew to Mexico City and became man and wife."

"Just like that?" I asked.

"Well, not quite like that," she admitted. "There seemed many reasons why we shouldn't marry. Ernie had two children by a previous marriage, and I asked myself how I could possibly give Ernie's children and Ernie and my career all I should give them. I didn't think there was enough of me to go around. And oh, I forgot, just before I went to Dallas I'd gone off to Europe to forget about Ernie or, if I couldn't, to give myself a chance to think about him coldly and clearly.

"When I told Ernie I thought I ought to go, he said, dramatically, 'Go!' Yet he showed up at the dock with my relatives, and it was all very emotional. I stayed in Paris two days. I spent most of those days on the phone, talking to Ernie. Then, after only four days in Europe, I flew home."

"You should have known then," I said.

"I did know," she told me. "I had this Dallas thing booked, but afterward we were married."

"Tell me about your Marilyn Monroe imitations on TV," I said. "That was the first time I was conscious of you. I remember thinking, 'This girl's a better Marilyn than Marilyn.'"

"That imitation started as a party bit," she told me. "I used to do Marilyn singing lieder. Then I expanded my imitation. At first it was mostly gestures and pantomime, but gradually I put on a blond wig and a fox fur, and I had her reciting Shakespeare. I was on the morning show for C.B.S., with Jack Paar, and he said, 'Anything you want to do, do.' It was then I introduced my Monroe take-off. Afterward the crew held the camera while I ducked under it and put on another wig so I could be all of the Gabor sisters rolled into one composite Gabor, with a light Hungarian accent. Ernie's father has a Hungarian accent, but his is a dark Hungarian accent."

"I've never heard of a dark accent," I said.

"That's the way I describe it," she told me. "Ernie's father is from Budapest, and he has a very 'da-a-ark eksent.' Then I ducked under the TV camera again and came up as a punch-drunk lady wrestler, or as Shirley Temple, or as Mary Pickford with a flash."

"How do you mean a 'flash'?" I asked.

"A flickering light," she said, "so I seemed to be moving through an old-time movie. But my Monroe imitation wasn't really noticed in a big way until I played the Persian Room at the Plaza. A man had called and said, 'Polly Bergen is sick. Come right down and do the nine-o'clock show,' so I went on for her. Ed Sullivan came to the Plaza and saw me and asked me to do Marilyn on his Sunday-night show. It was on the Sullivan show that it became really big. It brought so much mail I had to repeat it two weeks later.

"The Marilyn I did was the Marilyn who is always busy being Marilyn. But I like the real Marilyn. She's a talented comedienne, and someday everybody will find that out. She has a childlike, 'Oh, really?' quality; a marvelous, fuzzy-toy appeal."

"What led up to your part as Daisy Mae in Li'l Abner?" I asked.

She told me, "When I was in Wonderful Town, I heard about a Li'l Abner musical, and I wanted to play Daisy Mae. I heard that the producers wanted Marilyn Monroe for it, and I thought, *If they want Marilyn, maybe they'll take a first-string Monroe imitator.* I called everybody and asked them to watch my second Sullivan show. I called Michael Kidd, the choreographer, and Al Capp, who created Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae. They must have thought I was O.K., for I won the nod."

I asked, "Why were you tagged as the fairy godmother in the TV spectacular Cinderella?"

"I think it was because I did a thing for the Theatre Wing, and Oscar Hammerstein, one of the producers of Cinderella, was there," she said.

"What do you mean a thing for the Theatre Wing?" I asked.

"The Theatre Wing has an annual do in January, and a lot of talent who happen to be in town go on and do what they want to do. I did a take-off on the movies made in the 1930's—the ones you see on the late, late show. That era has always intrigued me."

I thought: So to people Edie Adams' age, movies made in the 1930's were quaint. What did that make me? An Ancient Mariner? An elder citizen? I'd seen those films when they were first released.

She said, "With six boys behind me singing, You Ought to be in Pict-yours, I did a whole series of take-offs on those old movies. I waved a fan and used the choreography they used in those days. The six boys did a two-rhymed couplet, while I did quick changes and came out in new costumes. Among others I did Dietrich and Jeanette MacDonald. The other night I saw Jeanette's 1935 movie, Naughty Marietta. She had on a misery cloak."

I had never heard the expression before, but she explained it to me: "It's a cloak like an opera cape someone always wears in such tragedies as Mayerling or in horror pictures like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But to get back to Oscar Hammerstein wanting me to play the fairy godmother in Cinderella; he had a new conception of a fairy godmother. Instead of being all sweetness, light and flutters, he wanted a gay-blade fairy godmother, bored at being back on earth, but still fond of Cinderella. Mine was a practical, down-to-earth, 'come on, girl; pull yourself together; things aren't going to get done unless you do them yourself' type godmother. I wanted to use a pool cue or a golf club for my wand, but they said no; however, I did manage to give my wand a kind of high-school-drum-majorette twirl."

"What about going barefooted for so many hours every week on stage in Li'l Abner?" I asked. "Did you pick up splinters?"

"Calluses, yes; splinters, no," she said. "When I went for a pedicure, the pedicurist looked at me in a startled way and brought out his pumice stone, and I said, 'Leave my calluses alone. I need them for protection.'"

"In addition to all of these other things you do," I said, "I gather that you give a lot of attention to Ernie's two young daughters, Betty and Kippie."

"Whatever they like to do I like to do," she said. "We cycle in the park and sometimes on Sundays we go to the ballet. We have trouble keeping Kippie's weight down, because she'd eat candy all day long if we'd let her."

"I understand her problem," I said. "I'm a big hot-fudge-sundae man myself. Do you have trouble with your own weight?"

"I have to watch it," she said. "On the other hand, Ernie doesn't like me thinner, or shall we say flatter. In Li'l Abner, since I was going to appear in such abbreviated costumes, I thought I'd best reduce a little, but I must have gone too far. When I began to deflate, Ernie complained that I was scrawny, and I had to put it back on again."

"How does a girl go about losing weight below her waist and not losing it above her waist?" I asked.

"That's just the trouble," she said. "You can't call your shots. On the road it was all lost, and Ernie said I wasn't a full-blooded American girl any more. He used to feed me ice cream, but that made me sick and defeated his purpose."

Looking at her, I thought of some of the things Ernie had told me about her. "You may not believe this," he'd said, "and I don't care whether you do or not, but when I go to Hollywood and see the women out there, I come home convinced I'm married to the most beautiful woman I know. When I tell Edie that, she says, 'You just say that because you're in love.' But it's true. I've looked those dolls over out there, then I've looked at Edie, and she not only has physical beauty, she has an inner beauty that shines through."

"I've known a lot of couples who were fond of each other," I'd told him, "but I'm moving you two to the head of the class."

"You may think I protest too much about it," he said, "but I'm Hungarian and I'm extroverted, so bear with me. I've known Edie six and a half years and I look forward to a date with her the way a bachelor would. When I meet her after the theater, and I've just done a television show and millions of people have been watching me, I put on a better suit, because I'm picking her up. If I met her as a stranger at a party, I wouldn't have the nerve to go up to her and say hello. I'm not very clever with women anyhow.

"I hope we never lose the way we feel about each other," he said. "But I've got to stop this kind of gab. If you talk about such a wonderful thing too much, it begins to sound phony."

West of the Law (Continued from Page 33)

"The matter is pressing," Bednigo said.

"You speak," Maury jeered, "as if it were a matter of life and death."

"You would do well to consider it so," Bednigo replied.

The words and tone—the threat—could not be misunderstood by Maury. He did not venture to face up to it. He waved a careless hand at his little group. "Something quite demanding," he said lightly. "I'll finish with this agreeable messenger promptly and return to this delightful company."

"Bednigo!" exclaimed Potter Nourse, her lovely eyes wide with alarm.

He surveyed her with a sardonic gaze and spoke cryptically—at least cryptically to all present save Potter and Maury. "I'm sure," he said, "the little dicky birds will be singing gaily in the dawn. Unless Mr. Maury prefers a dirge."

Maury surrendered. He turned and stepped beyond the circle, followed by Bednigo. "To your tent," Bednigo said.

Maury led the way to his shelter in silence.

"Inside," Bednigo commanded. The young man with the powerful hunched shoulders stood in the opening. His Navy Colt's was in his hand.

"Are you," Maury asked unsteadily, "going to shoot me in cold blood?"

"My blood," Bednigo said, falling, as was his custom in tense moments, into the vernacular, "hain't so chilly right naow. But, on the other hand, I been't riled sufficient for killin'. Haow 'd ye git here, Maury—walk, ride a horse or by train?"

"I rode," answered Maury.

"Pack what ye want to take with ye," Bednigo commanded.

"Take where?" Maury asked.

"Jest away," Bednigo said. "I'm tee-total busy, Maury. Got no time to be vexed by you. Pack 'n' skedaddle. I don't care where." He dropped his New England speech. "You will take yourself out of this camp and you will not return to it. If you do so, sir, I shall, without compunction, shoot you on sight."

"Oh, now, Claypool," Maury protested in an effort to save face, "don't be absurd."

"There's mighty little absurd about being dead, sir," Bednigo said, and Maury was not so fatuous as to doubt that he meant exactly what he said.

"Claypool," he said softly, "for this I'll kill you."

"Calc'late you'll try," Bednigo answered. "Dunno's I blame ye. Git to whizzin'." He indicated Maury's saddlebags. "Where's your horse?"

"In the corral," Maury said.

"Hyper," ordered Bednigo.

They strode to the corral. Maury caught his piebald pony, saddled it and mounted.

"Any message for Miss Nourse?" Bednigo asked thinly.

"None," snapped Maury.

He jerked his horse's head, kicked viciously with spurred heels, and disappeared amid a thunder of hoofs. Bednigo stood watching, immobile as a statue. When the sound of hoof beats died in the distance, he retraced his steps to the blazing fire. It was not difficult to locate Potter Nourse. Men were gathered about her like flies about a dollop of honey.

He awaited opportunity and then said in her ear, "Maury will be seein' you later. Consid'able later. He was called away kind of hasty."

She turned to him, and unmistakable admiration shone in her eyes. "You don't shilly-shally, do you?" she said.

"Seldom, Potter, seldom," he said tersely. Then he grinned broadly, boyishly. "You better practice throwing dishes," he advised. "Your aim don't entitle you to no medals." He continued to grin. "Sleep tight, Potter," he said and walked away among the cluster of tents.

He turned in to get what few hours of sleep might be possible before the duties of a new day required his attention. It seemed to him that he had only closed his eyes when General Dodge summoned him. He threw on his clothes and stepped over to Dodge's tent. The general sat in a camp chair at an army folding table, and his handsome, mobile face was working with rage.

"I've come to the end, Claypool!" he said harshly.

Bednigo figured that it was an excellent moment for silence. He waited. "One of the commissioners," Dodge said, "a friend of mine, was just here. Durant is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about to violate every agreement he made with me when I took this job. He's about to issue orders changing locations, altering my line over the Black Hills, making Laramie City the mountain-division point instead of Cheyenne."

"And so," Bednigo said nasally, "you calc'late to quit in a huff!"

"The condition is intolerable."

"Then don't tolerate it."

"He's vice president of the road, a tremendous stockholder ——"

"And who are you?" Bednigo asked. "You're the ablest railroad builder on earth. You know the conditions out here. You are a close friend to Grant and Sherman and Sheridan. And Grant's about to be elected President. You have the confidence of Congress." Bednigo swept his arm around the encampment. "What's all this circus, sir?"

General Dodge shrugged.

"It's a confession of weakness," Bednigo said emphatically. "He's at his wits' end for cash; he's got to have favorable publicity. He's got to have grants from Congress. Forget you're an engineer, general, and look at it as a politician."

"What's the difference?" Dodge asked.

"An engineer," Bednigo answered, "sees nothing but practical problems, and directs all his attention to doing his job. A politician looks back over his shoulder to see who is sneakin' up to ambush him. So he lays ambushes himself. There's a heap sight more to building a railroad across a continent than laying rails. A railroad is politics. It can win elections. It can fill dishonest pockets with cash in exchange for votes or influence."

"I abhor that part of it," Dodge said.

"Without it," Bednigo persisted, "you never would have got the railroad bill through Congress. The Union Pacific was conceived in politics." Bednigo knew that this might be a crucial moment in his career. What he did or said now, what General Dodge did or said now, could make or break his future. "General," he said pleadingly, "you lay rails and leave me handle politics. I got a knack for it, General Dodge."

"And," Dodge said, staring into Bednigo's eyes, "as a politician, what would you advise me to do?"

"Durant's juggling a dozen balls," Bednigo said. "A position like his is always precarious, delicate. His whole juggling act can fizzle at one false move. He knows it. So he'll put on a blustering front, but inside he'll be timid."

"That could be true."

"Correct, sir. Find out which of you will step backwards. Force a showdown."

"When, Bednigo?"

"Now, while the gilt balls are in the air and he dassen't drop one."

The general was silent for a time.

"To follow your advice might mean utter ruin," he said.

"Or complete victory."

"It could be," the general said, "advice deliberately calculated to overthrow me."

"So it could, sir," Bednigo replied with raised brows. "When are you going to trust me without reservation?"

For the first time that morning, General Dodge smiled. "Probably never," he said. "I never can find my way through the labyrinth of your mind." He hesitated. "In public or private?" he asked.

"Before eminent witnesses," Bednigo answered.

Dodge had faced up to the emergency. Bednigo, knowing his superior, had little doubt that the general's courage, his fortitude, his integrity would have forced him to the course he was about to follow, even with no advice from Bednigo.

"Order up an engine and my private car," directed the general. "We'll take some guests down the line."

In an hour, an engine with steam up stood on the siding. Coupled to it was Dodge's far from sumptuous private car. For his guests on the trip the general had invited Durant, John Sherman, the garrulous George Francis Train, Senator Wade and two of the Government commissioners. The guests arrived together and were made comfortable.

"Gentlemen," General Dodge said conversationally, "there will be little to see for some miles, so the time seems apt for the clearing up of a situation which exists between Mr. Durant and myself."

"Why, Dodge," Durant exclaimed genially, "what other than the pleasantest relations could exist between you and myself?"

"That will be made clear. It seemed expedient to invite the gentlemen present to listen to what I have to say."

"Proceed, general," John Sherman said in his stiff-necked, dignified manner.

"When I took this position as chief engineer of the Union Pacific," Dodge said, "it was only after a conference with Mr. Durant in which definite agreements were reached. The most essential and important of these was that I should not be hampered nor interfered with in my work and in my decisions by Mr. Durant in his capacity as vice president of the road. Mr. Durant has seen fit to violate every portion of that agreement: to order changes in my plans; to alter lines I have decided upon; to give encouragement to disreputable characters to the great detriment of the work; to hamper me in every possible manner. I venture to doubt if Mr. Durant believes in the efficiency of his changes, but has directed them in the hopes that I will resign my position in order that he may replace me with Colonel Seymour, his personal consultant."

Grenville Dodge paused and looked from face to face. He saw embarrassed men and offended men, but in the cold eyes of John Sherman he saw a glint of frosty humor and was encouraged.

"Gentlemen," he said gravely, "I am announcing to Mr. Durant that I shall not resign. The men working on this construction will take orders from me and not from you. My plans will be carried out without alteration, and you will not again interfere. If you attempt to do so, there will be trouble, big trouble, from the Government, from the army and from the very men themselves. I trust I am sufficiently emphatic."

He stood up and smiled pleasantly. "I imagine you gentlemen will be thirsty. Will you state your preferences?"

For a moment there was silence; not even Durant spoke in protest. Then there was a nervous clatter of overbrisk conversation. Bednigo, in the rear of the car, grinned wide as a Cheshire cat. It had been a complete victory for General Dodge.

Durant's joyriders returned to the East. The end of the road had been visited and hunting parties had slaughtered buffaloes and antelopes rounded up for them in such closely packed herds that even the least accurate shot could not miss his kill.

General Dodge, *in absentia*, had been elected to Congress from an Iowa district, and presently was to journey to Washington to occupy his seat. Which did not mean that he relinquished control of the railroad situation in the West. Bednigo Claypool, based now upon Fort Kearney, occupied himself with track laying under those construction geniuses, Jack and Dan Casement. Winter was not far distant, but no man foresaw the disasters that inclement season would bring upon them.

Fort Kearney seethed and boiled as the offscourings of the West poured in to ~~fleece and rob~~ and murder mule whackers, railroad laborers and miners. Speculators with some color of honesty did a thriving business in town lots. The center of turmoil was the Big Tent. From a platform a German band blared dance music, which did not interrupt nor disturb the hundreds of avid men crouched over gambling tables where monte, faro and rondo coolo were the popular games. This Hell on Wheels had sprung up almost overnight and poised there, impermanent, an ambulatory town, ready to fold its tents and move on to the next point as railroad construction advanced.

It was noontime; Bednigo occupied a chair at a table in Mrs. Beebe's eating establishment, which was larger if less substantial than her place in Omaha. It consisted of two connected tents, one roomy enough to accommodate a score of rough tables; the other was the kitchen and living apartment for Mrs. Beebe and Hepsie. Meals were far dearer than they had been in Omaha, where one could purchase a ticket entitling the buyer to eat twenty-one times for three dollars. There were no meal tickets here and a dollar entitled one to little more than a cup of coffee and an egg.

Bednigo looked up from his fried antelope steak to see Mrs. Beebe in argument with a burly, bearded man who wore openly on his hip a long-barreled Navy Colt's revolver. He was making some demand, not request, which Mrs. Beebe refused vehemently.

"You'll change your mind," the man said harshly. "I'll be back."

He lounged out of the tent. Bednigo got up from his chair and walked to where Mrs. Beebe stood guardian over the till.

"What," he asked, "was that?"

"Dratted collector!" she snapped.

"Collecting what? You owe somebody?"

"Don't owe a shillin'," said Mrs. Beebe. "He's collectin' for The Partnership." She capitalized the words.

"What's The Partnership?"

"It claims to run things," Mrs. Beebe told him. "It's got collectors 'n' plug-uglies. It levies on everybody. No matter who you be, if you take in money in this taown ye git assessed."

"In return for what?" Bednigo asked.

"Ye pay," said Mrs. Beebe furiously, "not to git molested!"

Bednigo had heard of some such system, but was unaware that it operated with such barefaced openness.

"I thought they only gouged gamblers and women and such like. Not decent merchants and businessmen and such as you."

"Everybody. Even the undertaker," Mrs. Beebe said. "He kin afford it. He's doin' a land-office business."

"But," Bednigo said, "you just refused to pay."

"If 'twas me," she said, "I'd pay 'n' avoid trouble. It's Hepsie. She won't let me. She says no livin' man is agoin' to mulct her."

Bednigo nodded. "And nothing has happened?" he asked.

(*Continued on Page 46*)

What Would You Have Done?

Before the New York Giants-Chicago Bears pro championship game last December thirtieth, a freezing rain blanketed Yankee Stadium with thick ice. Superintendent Jim Thomson, who had promised a dry, fast field for the game, was prepared for the rain—but not the ice. The field was protected by $22,000 worth of new nylon covers. Beneath the ice-laden covers, the ground was still dry. But the ice presented a baffling problem. To melt it away with a flood of hot water would leave the field waterlogged. To paint yard lines on the icy covers and play on top of them, as someone suggested, would destroy the covers without affording a dry field. Looking over his resources, including material for spring grass planting, Thomson found a solution. If you were in his place, what would you have done?

Thomson, a farmer at heart, remembered that he never had seen ice around a manure pile. Manure not being available in New York City, he used his spreaders to scatter commercial fertilizer over the ice. The fertilizer, on hand for spring planting, fortunately contained chemicals similar to those in manure. It pulverized the ice. With ice, fertilizer and covers removed, the game was played on a dry field. The Giants, incidentally, won 47–7.

Frank Graham, Jr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Christmas! Bah! Humbug!"

THE man in the wheel chair leaned into the microphone. "Christmas!" he snarled. "Bah! Humbug!" And, as they had in Christmases past, millions of young listeners chilled at the mental picture of the baleful Scrooge.

It was a Christmas institution, back in the Forties, this annual reading of Charles Dickens' classic. Its reader was something of an institution himself. In his turbulent lifetime he had been an unsuccessful painter but a good amateur second-baseman, a composer whose music was played by the New York Philharmonic, and a model for Frederick Remington.

To most people, though, he was Lionel Barrymore, the actor, and they loved him.

He was both crusty and kindly (he loved reading "A Christmas Carol"), adventurous, stubbornly independent in thought and outlook. And game as they come. Although an accident in 1936 imprisoned him in a wheel chair, he went resolutely on—working in motion pictures and making public appearances for nearly twenty years more.

No question but that Lionel Barrymore was one-of-a-kind. Yet the qualities so richly combined in him exist in a large measure among all the 170 million of us who call ourselves Americans.

They're why we are what we are, why our country is one of the strongest on earth. And why there is no wiser investment than an investment in America—through U.S. Savings Bonds, which guarantee the safety of your savings up to any amount, and the rate of your return. Start buying Bonds today, through Payroll Savings or where you bank. And hold on to them!

Now Savings Bonds are better than ever! Every Series E Bond purchased since February 1, 1957, pays 3-¼% interest when held to maturity. It earns higher interest in the early years than ever before, and matures in only 8 years and 11 months. Hold your *old* E Bonds, too. They earn more as they get older.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS BELONGS IN U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 44*) "Not yit," she said. "That feller just told me it was his last time of askin'."

Hepsie came in from the kitchen in her shapeless dress and apron, hair painfully drawn back from her face. She no longer waited on table. The business had waxed to a point where she must give full time to managing the kitchen. She walked purposefully to Bednigo's table and greeted him with businesslike briskness. She was oddly sexless. Bednigo believed it was a deliberately contrived result. She concealed any physical desirability she might possess and made a business asset of homeliness. Potter Nourse had averred that Hepsie had an alluring figure. It was well disguised if it was true.

"Mr. Claypool," she said in an impersonal voice, "I am in need of advice."

"About these threats that are being made?"

She shook her head impatiently. "Those," she said, "I can cope with myself. Will it be convenient for you to give me some information after supper?"

"If," Bednigo said, "I know anything useful to you."

"Thank you. At eight-thirty. Here."

She marched back into her kitchen, leaving Bednigo to stare after her, nonplused. Here was a girl—he knew she was younger than she looked—unprotected in what probably was the toughest community on the continent, saying calmly that she could take care by herself of the threats of the toughs who dominated the town. The male population had been cowed by them, but Hepsie was not cowed. She was confidently defiant. It was not protection she wanted from him, but information.

He looked quizzically at Mrs. Beebe. "What's she up to?" he asked. "What does she want to know?"

Mrs. Beebe replied peevishly. "Suthin' to do with makin' money," she told him. "She don't put her mind to anythin' else. There ain't no more woman to her than there is to a hickory stick."

Bednigo spent the afternoon in conference with burly Dan Casement. Afterward he went to his quarters and—he could not have explained why—he took unaccustomed care of his personal appearance. He shaved, put on clean linen, shined his boots. The town was commencing to come to life as he sallied forth into its garishness. That it was tough, lawless, was none of his business. He was there to lay rails, not to reform a frontier town. Unless and until lawlessness interfered with the laying of rails, it was no affair of his. He walked to Mrs. Beebe's tent and exercised his teeth on buffalo steak, sitting back comfortably when he was finished, until the restaurant emptied and the hour set for his interview with Hepsie arrived.

Not long after eight-thirty she invited him through the kitchen to a sort of room partitioned off for her personal use. Mrs. Beebe came in either to act as chaperon or to take part in the talk. Hepsie gravely proffered a cigar, which Bednigo accepted with a grin.

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," he observed experimentally.

"What's that—Choctaw?" asked Mrs. Beebe brusquely.

"Mr. Claypool," Hepsie said dryly, "is experimenting to find out if I am educated. Why should that interest you? You need not fear the Greeks even bearing gifts if you apply a Latin maxim of the law. *Caveat emptor*."

He held up his hands in surrender. "Don't shoot. I'll come down," he said.

"Mr. Claypool," she said, all business, "you are close to General Dodge. You met and talked with those important men from the East who came here to see the railroad."

He waited for her to enlarge upon this preamble.

"Will you," she asked, "explain the Crédit Mobilier to me?"

He stared at her. When first he had encountered her, she was a waitress in a rather shabby victualing place, with nothing to distinguish her or make her interesting. Now she emerged as a puzzle and as a personage. She understood classic quotations and replied with Latin maxims. She was not afraid of the threats of border ruffians. She wanted information now about one of the most adroit financial devices ever invented by predatory man for the purpose of bilking the public.

"Where did you ever hear of Crédit Mobilier?" he demanded.

"I have ears," she said. "I am interested, so I write friends in Boston. I become more interested."

"And why are you interested?" he asked.

"Because," she said, "I have made some money. I am making money quite rapidly."

"But not rapidly enough," Bednigo said.

She disregarded his interjection. "Please explain Crédit Mobilier to me."

"It's a baby of Tom Durant's," Bednigo said. "Over a year ago he bought a moribund Philadelphia company named the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency and reorganized it as a loan and contract company. He renamed it Crédit Mobilier."

"That I know," she said.

"Stockholders in the Union Pacific took share for share. The Crédit Mobilier contracts to build the railroad, and the Union Pacific has turned over to it its bonds and stocks and contracts as payment for railroad-building work and supplies."

"And Crédit Mobilier," said Hepsie, "makes all the profit that comes from construction contracts."

"Our engineering figures," Bednigo told her, "for building this railroad in the Platte Valley are twenty-seven thousand dollars a mile. Crédit Mobilier is being paid forty-two thousand a mile."

Hepsie leaned forward in eager surprise. "But that," she exclaimed, "is a profit of fifteen thousand a mile!"

"Your arithmetic," Bednigo answered, "is first-class."

"It's dishonest," she said.

"Miss Hepsie," he said, "if the true story of it ever is disclosed the nation will be appalled at the chicanery of it."

She sat staring at her long, slender hands folded in her lap. "A similar profit," she said in a hushed voice, "will probably be made on all the building."

"Probably," he replied.

She was silent, then gave a brisk nod. "Aunty," she said to Mrs. Beebe, "we shall buy Crédit Mobilier stock."

"Me," said Mrs. Beebe, "I don't understand it. It sounds like buyin' stock in a band of robbers."

Bednigo put on a mock-sober face. "Surely," he said, "you wouldn't take dishonest money!"

"The dishonesty," Hepsie said, "is not mine."

"Sophistry," he retorted.

That she disregarded. "How do I go about buying this stock?" she asked.

"How much do you wish to buy?"

"Five thousand dollars' worth," she said. . . . "We can spare that much from the business, aunty."

Mrs. Beebe shrugged. "Hand over fist, we're makin' it," she said disgustedly. "We might's well toss some of it away."

"Surely," he expostulated, "you don't keep such a sum in this place!"

"Certainly not," she said with emphasis. "Twice a week our cash goes to the Omaha bank."

"In that case," he said, "the Omaha bank will buy the stock for you."

"I'm obliged, Mr. Claypool," Hepsie said, and arose as if to terminate the interview.

Her aunt was shocked. "My goodness, Hepsie, ye can't behave this way! You invite Claypool here 'n' pick his brains! You can't send him packin' 'thout even offering a piece of pie! You ain't got no manners whatever!"

Hepsie sat down again and smiled, and the smile softened her face unexpectedly. Bednigo never had seen her smile in that way before.

"Aunty is right," she said. "My only excuse is that I was concentrating."

"You do too much concentratin' on the almighty dollar," Mrs. Beebe complained, "and not nigh enough concentratin' on what a young girl had ought to be puttin' her mind to."

"And what is that, Mrs. Beebe?" Bednigo asked.

"Men," Mrs. Beebe said with a snap. "What else is fit for a twenty-year-old girl to bother about? Men and gittin' pleasure out of life. Gittin' a husband that's a good provider, 'n' havin' babies to clutter up the house. That's ladylike."

"Nonsense," Hepsie said shortly.

"Look at ye!" her aunt went on. "Makin' yourself humble! Practically denyin' you're a woman! Pretendin' to be a stick, but a stick that won't take fire. You got no more sex to you than a Stoughton bottle."

Bednigo's eyes twinkled with humorous malice. "Oh, now, Mrs. Beebe!" he expostulated. "You shouldn't speak that way to Miss Hepsie. You ought to be ashamed of twitting her because she happens to be plain and not beautiful. It isn't her fault. Every girl can't be alluring and lovely. Now, I like Miss Hepsie fine. She'll make some man a good wife, with nothing hifalutin about her. No, ma'am, you ought to be kind of sympathetic with her, instead of harsh."

Hepsie straightened and stared at him with such outraged astonishment as he never had seen before. A flush began at her ears and diffused over face and neck.

"You! You!" she said between her teeth, and was on her feet with one lithe movement of her body. "You sit there!" she commanded. "Don't dare to leave that chair! Don't dare to stir until I come back!"

She flung out of the little apartment. Bednigo did not chuckle. His broad face was comical with feigned astonishment.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "What caused that? Did I say something?"

Mrs. Beebe showed her teeth in a grin of satisfaction that was almost wolfish. "What you said was kind of to the p'int. It gratified me."

"But she's mad at me," Bednigo said.

"That kind of mad is good for her," said her aunt. "Set still 'n' we'll see what comes of it."

While Bednigo sat awkwardly and with apparent apprehension, Hepsie was busy beyond the canvas partition. He could hear mysterious rustlings. Then—it may have been twenty minutes later—the canvas moved and a girl stood in the opening. She seemed a tall girl, though actually she was only five inches over five feet. Her body was encased in a modish gown that did full justice to her striking figure, and dainty feet, daintily shod, were just visible as she stepped. Her hair, not tight now in a bun, but piled high upon a graciously formed head, was a shining nimbus. And her face, to which there was a cameo perfection, was exciting with that thing which the French called *beauté du diable*.

Involuntarily Bednigo arose in deference to this astounding patrician beauty. He gaped. Her eyes fixed themselves upon him disdainfully.

"Plain and not alluring, am I?" she said icily. "To be sympathized with! Fit only to be a kitchen drudge! You dolt! You clumsy, blind clod!" She bit off every word. "Feast your eyes!" she said. "Remember every line and feature. Every plain and homely and unalluring line and feature. And when you remember them, maybe in your coarse, snoring dreams, recall that I am sexless and for no living man, least of all for you!"

Bednigo Claypool bowed. He bowed from the waist with the ease and distinction of a practiced courtier. Then he stood erect, towering over her, arms close to his sides. This dignity, this pose of gentility endured but a moment. His shoulders rounded, his body slumped and he became hobbledehoy.

"Gosh all fishhooks, Hepsie," he said in his most New England nasal drawl, "you sure did give me my comeuppance. Drat it, Hepsie, if you ain't as sightly as a spotted puppy. . . . Um. . . . Calc'late I better be getting along to bed." He turned clumsily, ducked his head under the canvas and bumbled away.

"Damn and blast!" Hepsie said furiously.

Mrs. Beebe was grinning again, and more wolfishly. "Seems as though," she said bitingly, "you come out a full second best."

The sun had just pushed an enormous orange rim above the hills, lighting Fort Kearney with an eerie, unnatural glow. After a night of orgy, the town was, for the most part, sleeping it off. In the Big Tent, three or four blear-eyed swampers were ridding the floor of its litter. Smoke was rising from Mrs. Beebe's chimney and there was the aroma of brewing coffee. A couple of snoring figures decorated the gutters, sniffed at by many-ribbed Indian dogs. It was a town with a hang-over.

Bednigo Claypool, always an early riser, walked briskly along, breathing deeply of the fresh, clement prairie air. It was a quality possessed by him since boyhood that there was no limbo between sleep and wakefulness. There was no drowsy interval. The instant his eyes opened, he was alertly awake. His young, muscled body craved motion, and he walked briskly. It was during these pre-breakfast rambles that he thought most clearly and planned most efficiently.

He was almost at the end of the street. At his right was a squalid whisky shop, one of the meanest in the town, where liquor was ladled out of kegs in tin dippers, and nothing was for sale save drunkenness. Before its closed door, Bednigo paused, for sounds from within interrupted his musings. They were an irritating intrusion upon his privacy. So deep had been his concentration that at first he only resented but did not identify the noises. But, as he halted, the sounds became the *spat* of savage blows, accompanied by gobbled, inhuman cries and curses. Oddly, there were not, as one would expect, squeals of pain or sobs or pleas for mercy. Whoever was being belabored endured the blows in silence.

Bednigo kicked open the door. In the middle of the filthy room a big man with skin of an unhealthy oyster white was belaboring a child. His unshaved chins quivered as he struck, holding the boy by the neck of his shirt so that he could not fall. The child cowered and bled, but made no sound. It was a spectacle not to be endured.

Bednigo, unnoticed by the mountainous man, seized his wrist in a wrestler's hold and twisted the hamlike hand back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the shoulder blades in an agonizing hammerlock. The small boy dropped to his haunches and sat there, dazed. The big man squealed.

"Would you kill the boy?" Bednigo asked without heat.

"Ye'll break me arm!" mouthed the man.

"The snap of the bone would be sweet music," Bednigo said. "Why do you beat the boy?"

"He's a thief! I caught him in the act! . . . Leave go me arm!"

"So-o-o," Bednigo dragged out the word. "A thief. A dangerous robber. And what is here worth stealing?"

"I did not stale," said the boy from the floor. His brogue was rich.

"Is he your father?" Bednigo asked.

"Me fayther was kilt," the boy answered. "By the engine he was kilt, and his body strewed along the line."

Bednigo frowned. "You're Sligo Flannagan's boy? That he had a boy, I didn't know."

"Aye," said the boy.

"What is this man to you?"

"No kin is he to me," the lad protested. "He left me slape here if I would scrub and clane. The food was earned. I did not stale it." The small voice halted and then continued. "The hunger was on me," he explained.

"So you helped yourself?"

"Aye," said the lad.

"And for that," Bednigo said, increasing the pressure on the arm, "you beat the boy within an inch of his life!"

He swung the proprietor of the grog shop around so they stood face to face, and then, without visible anger, judicially, Bednigo belted him once amid his chins, and there was cold rage behind the blow. The man fell, twitching. Half conscious, he fumbled for a bowie knife. Bednigo kicked his knuckles and the blade skidded across the room. He lifted the boy to his feet.

"Can you walk?" he asked.

"Aye," answered the boy, and followed, though shakily, Bednigo from the squalid room. He walked wordlessly at Bednigo's side, but at every step he looked up at the young man, and there was in his eyes an expression commonly seen only in the eyes of adoring dogs.

Mrs. Beebe's restaurant was still without matinal customers when they entered, but Mrs. Beebe was at the till. She advanced briskly and her voice was not sympathetic as she snapped, "Don't let him stand there drippin' on the floor!" But it was with gentle hands that she pushed the boy into the kitchen.

"Hepsie," she called, "here's a hurt child dribblin' blood!"

Hepsie came out of her room, cast a cold glance at Bednigo, and, kneeling, put an arm around the boy's thin shoulders.

"Who did this?" she demanded.

"'Twas Mr. Hartman," said the boy. His worshiping eyes turned upward to Bednigo's face. "He licked him. Wit' but wan blow, he licked him."

Hepsie was washing the lad's freckled face, applying unguents and bandages with deft, gentle fingers.

"What's your name, boy?" she asked.

"Rory," he answered. "Me fayther was kilt by the engine."

"Sligo Flannagan's boy," Bednigo said.

"No mother?" Hepsie asked.

"God rest her soul!" said Rory.

"An orphan and a waif," said Mrs. Beebe tartly. "What's to be done?"

In the boy's blue eyes, as he looked from one to the other, was mute appeal.

"Have you relatives in the East, Rory?" Bednigo asked.

"Not wan in all the wide wor-r-ld," said the boy.

"What to do with him?" Bednigo said. It was a problem. How to solve it he did not know. Back in Connecticut he had seen bound boys. Institutions to care for children were few and poor.

"Sorr," said Rory, "I would stay wid you. It's strong I am and willin'. I would clane your shoes and make your bed. And run your errands." His sky-blue eyes became shrewd. "I know your name, sorr. Aye, I hear talk av ye. In whispers men talk." He paused and touched Bednigo's arm with beseeching fingers. "It is eyes and ears ye stand in need of, sorr. And a boy is not noticed. He goes where he likes and none suspect him."

Bednigo grunted. He studied the gamin face, too wise for its years, and he was drawn to what he saw.

"First," he said, "we will fill your stomach."

Hepsie shook her head. "You are away on the workings," she said, "where he could not go. There will be a corner here where he can sleep. He will earn his keep." She smiled at him and touched his shoulder with slender fingers. He wriggled under her kindly touch. "Would you like that, Rory? Till something better turns up?"

Rory studied her, and then turned to Bednigo. "Is she your woman?" he asked.

"I am not," snapped Hepsie.

Rory grinned impishly. "Ye could fare far and do no better," he said. He waggled his carroty head. "Wit' you I will stay wit' light heart, and the blessin's of the blessed saints be always yours."

"He's kissed the Blarney Stone," Mrs. Beebe snorted.

Rory was not deceived by her austere face and manner. His smile was ingratiating. "Me own mither, God rest her soul," he said, "had no kinder face than you."

"Aw, hush your noise," said Mrs. Beebe tartly, but, all the same, her leathery cheeks were faintly flushed and her steely eyes were soft. "Clear out of the kitchen, the both of ye. Breakfast will be ready in a minute."

Bednigo and Rory went into the dining room. The boy's thin legs dangled and his feet did not reach the floor. He ate prodigiously. When he could hold no more, he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and sat back in his chair. Even as he ate, he had been thinking.

"Wit' the wimmin I will bide awhiles," he said, man to man. "'Tis but a makeshift." And then, with the expression of a mischievous monkey, he sang a stave from a current song, "*For a dollar a day is verr-ry good pay, wor-rkin' on the right av way.*"

"So," Bednigo said gravely, "you would be a railroad man?"

"Whativer you are," Rory said promptly, "that I will be."

Bednigo would not show that he was touched by this suddenly awakened devotion. He made his face stern. "You are an imp," he said, pushing back his chair. "I shall hope to have good report on you."

"Tonight?" Rory asked eagerly.

"Most likely," Bednigo said, and arose to go. Rory stood up also very straight. "The curse of Crummel on all yer inimies," he said, and stood motionless until Bednigo stepped out into the street and disappeared.

Bednigo went down to the station, where, presently, he would catch a work train out to the end of the track. He stood beside the rails watching the activities of the yard, where were piled rails and ties and kegs of spikes and all the variety of supplies essential to turning a magnificent dream into reality. Even now there were doubters who said the thing could not be done and the effort could end only in failure. But Bednigo knew this was not true. He knew that nothing could stay the irresistible reaching forward of those slender steel rails until they had spanned a continent and linked two oceans.

A train of primitive freight cars rumbled in from the East, squealing to a stop as strong men applied the weight of handbrakes. It was not a long train. Mostly it was flatcars, but there were a couple of boxcars just ahead of the caboose.

The engineer swung down from his cab; the conductor, with a handful of papers, hurried toward the station. He passed the spot where Bednigo stood.

"What you got?" Bednigo asked.

"Hello, Claypool. . . . The usual," he said. "And groceries for the town. Mostly groceries in bottles. And a mess of crates for the Big Tent."

"What's in 'em?" Bednigo asked.

The conductor shrugged. "Labeled 'bar fixtures,'" he said, "but they must be buildin' a bar out of cast iron. So hefty we can't scarcely handle 'em."

Curiosity caused Bednigo to walk down the cinders to the car from which an already disgruntled crew was laboring to unload a dozen coffin-shaped crates. One, upended, stood in the door, waiting for a truck to be trundled up. It came and stopped beneath. With shoutings and pantings and heavings, the crew labored. There was a dismayed shout as men scattered. The ponderous crate teetered an instant on the brink and then toppled. It crushed the truck to kindling wood and itself burst open under Bednigo's eyes and its contents spilled helter-skelter on the ground.

"Bar fixtures!" snorted the engineer.

The bar fixtures were army-issue rifles! Bednigo did not know the source whence they came, but he was well aware of the destination for which they were intended. They would pass into the hands of licensed traders, who would sell them, at an enormous profit, to Sioux and Crow and Cheyenne—to be used in their warfare against the invading whites! It was treason. It was dealing with the enemy. But it was sanctioned and made legal by a Cabinet member who hated the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and lived but to spite the generals who had helped Lincoln to preserve the nation, one and indivisible. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Dodge were anathema to Browning. The man would stop at nothing in his campaign to thwart them.

Bednigo's face went white. Here was boldness past all belief—here was a callused effrontery. Maury—for it could be none other in Fort Kearney—was using the very railroad whose savage enemies he was arming to transport arms to those implacable tribesmen!

Bednigo heard the crunching of footsteps behind him and turned from the wreckage of the crate to look into the sardonic eyes of Wesley Maury.

"You," Bednigo said softly, "are getting overbold."

"I'm an honest trader," Maury purred, "acting well within the law." He laughed tantalizingly. "I shall put in a claim for damages."

"Then," Bednigo said, still softly, "we shall take no further risk in handling your shipment." He turned to the conductor and said, "Uncouple this car, Morrison. Shunt it onto that siding half a mile back. If the consignee wants this freight, let him unload it himself. The railroad does not touch it."

"You are asking for trouble."

"So you have influence," Bednigo said. "Washington is a long way off."

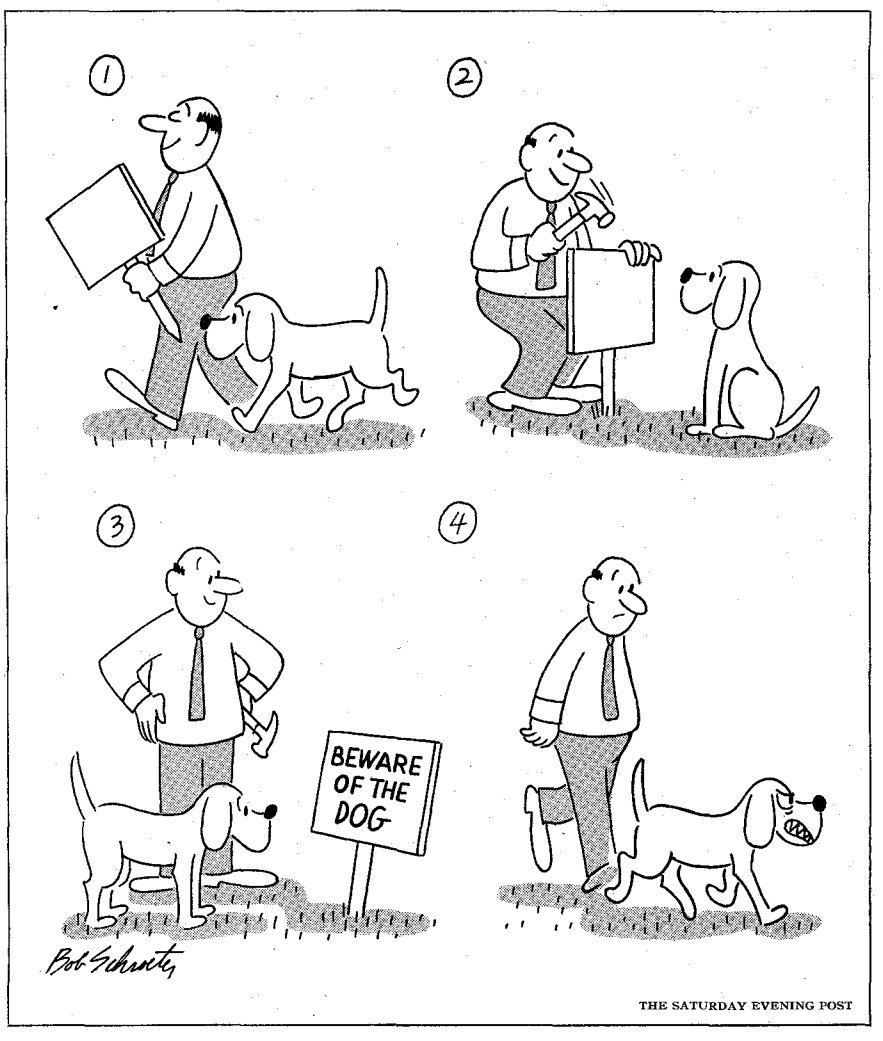
"But I am here," Maury retorted.

"So you are. So you are," Bednigo said almost genially. "Well, sir, while you are here you might do some pondering?"

"Upon what?" Maury demanded.

"An old adage," Bednigo said, turning on his heel. He completed what he had to say over his shoulder. "The adage says, 'There's many a slip betwixt cup and lip.' Get your freight off our car, Maury, or we'll be billing you for demurrage."

TO BE CONTINUED



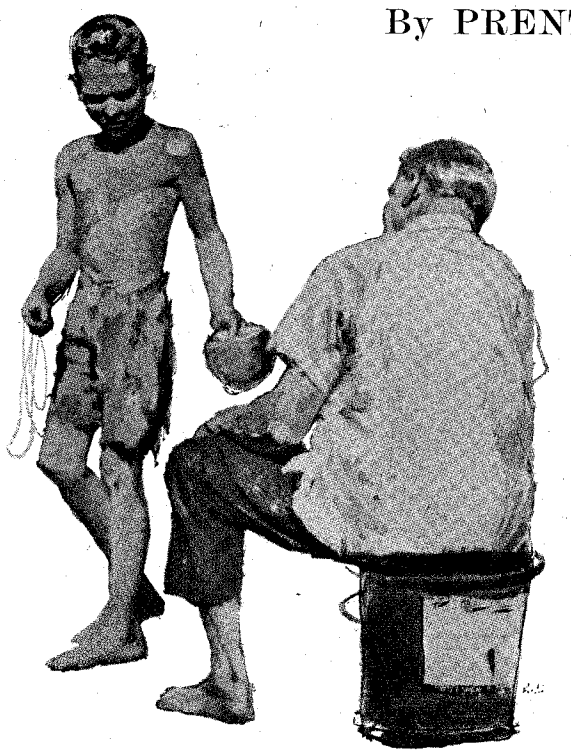
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS SECTION

The Man On The Beach

He caused the death of his son. Now what did he have to live for?

By PRENTISS COMBS



Jed turned to find Pablo at his elbow, those strange eyes on him.

The Puerto Rican dawn came swift as a young boy's growth. The sun balanced itself on the rim of the sea and scoured clean the tarnished silver plate of Boca Roja Bay.

Japheth came from sleep with the ease of age, rolled his head in the palm-swung hammock and looked first, as all fishing men, to the sea. He dropped from the hammock and stood on legs as knotted and tough as ironwood booms and stretched giant-thewed arms to the sky, and the net-hauler muscles valleyed and ridged under his black skin.

Out among the flung reefs the water, at that hour, was so flat and so clear that the boatman, standing out there with net poised for the day's first cast, was likely feeling the strange longing that can fill a lone man on the sea at such a dawn—a yearning to slip down into that peaceful and unhurrying world that he can see beneath him.

As Japheth watched, the boatman spat the shot and flung the net, the shot-weighted circle of threads hanging spider-webbed against the sky.

Beyond the reefs, shielding Boca Roja from the sea's run, two crab claws of rock came almost together. Inside the claws' clutch the bay lay sheet-flat and shimmering. Japheth urged his eyes out beyond the claws, into the sun's glare, out to sky's end. They were out there, the great turtles, the females driven by a vast stirring to find a desert beach and lay their eggs. Japheth could feel them, lying watchful and waiting, driven and fearful.

"I know," he said softly in the strange running calypso of the West Indian Negro. "I know how you are out there, stressed and troubled. You come now. It is all right."

Poor creatures, he thought. *Man, he's no different. He must seek a quiet place sometimes, too, to leach his sorrows and build his strength.*

Down the narrow belt of white beach he saw two trails made during the night. He shook himself and jogged easily toward them. The mother turtle was a huge creature, heavy as two men. Where her need had driven her from the sea to scoop a hole and lay her eggs, she had made a plain and tortured trail in the sand. Her flippers had dug deep and the plowing share of her great shell had lifted and piled the sand. The trail led beyond high-tide trace, up almost within the shade of the sea grape.

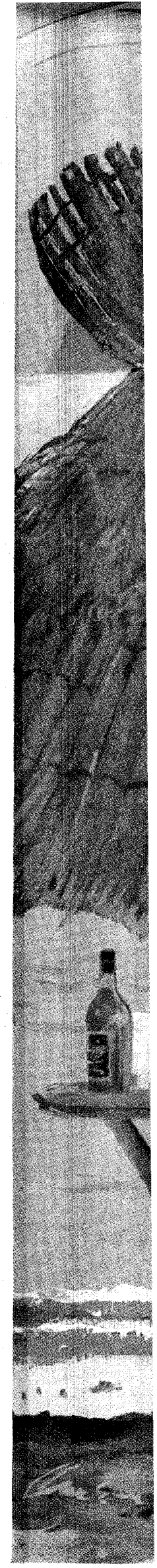
"You did well, mistress," Japheth murmured with a strange pride as his huge foot carefully erased all sign of the track.

The second track was the dragging hand-and-knee trace of a crawling man. A great crannied apron of sandstone shelved into the water there, and Japheth, kneeling to cast among the welter of tracks in the sand, followed the tracks to the apron and found the man in a crevice, face down and arms flung, the sea dragging at the white legs.

Japheth dragged him out onto the rock and turned him. He knelt and heard the man's heartbeat strong against the arch of his naked chest. Japheth, straightening, took his breath and caught the reek of stale rum.

"Now, why is it they must torment themselves so?" he murmured, looking down at the thin body clad only in shorts, the white face troubled and exhausted even in sleep. He got a huge arm under the man's head, the other under his knees, rocked back and rose easily. He carried his burden back down the beach and laid the man carefully in the shelter of the palm-thatched cook shed.

"Pablo!" he called, and a boy's head pushed out from beneath a sail fragment draped tentlike over a clump of sea grape. The hair was salt stiff and streaked



Illustrated by Austin Briggs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He didn't hear his son's cries until it was too late.

Continued on Next Page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Post Novelette Complete in This Section

sun yellow and the face under the hair had the peculiar half-formed quality of a twelve-year-old's. His skin was the shining mahogany of the sunburned Spaniard. The eyes, lifting to Japheth, were grave and adult, wide-spaced and lashed lavishly, the deep blue-green of channel water. "Coffee, Pablo, and better to make plenty," Japheth said.

The boy scrambled from beneath the canvas and came loping forward, light-boned as a gull, dressed only in too-large trousers, hacked off at the knees. He caught himself as he neared the figure on the ground and slowed to sudden, stalking man dignity.

He spoke, using Japheth's English, strangely cadenced, fast-running and soft, instead of the vowel-gobbling Spanish of the Caribbean, "He's hurt?"

"No. His breath is there. He's sick."

"I know. Yesterday in the café I saw him. He drank and then he cried with his head on the table. He slept, and when he came awake Doña Carnita charged him three prices for the bottle he took with him to the beach."

"Poor being," Japheth said. "He does such by his lone self, he is truly troubled."

Pablo knelt at the fire hole and laid strips of dried palm frond, touched them off and eased charcoal lumps on top and cozened the slow glow with a dried sea fan. He filled the smoked pot and set it on the grate, and then spoke.

"On the beach he drank more, and then he cried and hit the sand with his fist."

"You followed him, then?" Japheth asked, his voice shaded with a sad and knowing tenderness.

"I found his clothes in the sea grapes. I was guarding them." Avoiding Japheth's gaze, the boy asked, "Now, why would a man, full grown, cry like that?"

Japheth answered the question carefully, "A man, sometimes he must weep. Some, they cannot cry without the rum to make it easy. Some only can weep inside, without tears. It is no shame to cry. We must all weep sometimes, for a man, he's a tender creature."

"I don't," Pablo said.

"Now, I said," Japheth returned gently, "that some cry inside."

"I don't cry," the boy said flatly, and looked over his shoulder at a far sound. "Here comes Don Leon." He added more water to the pot and spooned in coffee.

Don Leon was a fishing man and old, but the only flaw in him was the stump of a severed hand held tight-folded across his bony chest. He was the oldest man in Boca Roja, his skin burnt black, his thin whiskers white as new thread in contrast. He came at a hurrying half trot, his bare, horn-hard feet kicking up little spurts of sand behind him.

"Why is it the old ones call him *Chapin?*" Pablo asked, watching him.

"I think," Japheth answered, raising a hand in far greeting, "that it is because he is like the *chapin*, the trunkfish, hard-shelled and sweet-cored. A tongue like a piece of shark skin. Much man in his day."

Don Leon came panting up to the fire, raised his stump in short greeting and squatted to study the man on the ground.

"So now you care for drunk *gringos* as well as turtles," he said in biting Spanish to Japheth. "What next—sand fleas?"

He sniffed the coffee coming to the boil and his eyes softened.

"*Ai compay*," he said. "Last night I sat on the beach and thought how it used to be. The big ones coming in and the oil pots smoking on the beach. I could smell the fires and see the red meat. What a time!"

Japheth smiled deeply. "A time past, *compay*. A time now to pay debts."

"Men drank turtle blood in those days. *Machos*, men. And you were the best, *amigo*. Nobody could catch turtles equal to you."

The coffee boiled over, hissing, and Pablo jumped to lift it off. Japheth rose, smiling, and filled a halved coco shell to give to Don Leon.

"A time past. I'm still a man, but old, and no taste for blood."

"I would like to taste it once more," the old man said bitterly. "A few turtles still come. On Isla de Cangrejos they don't, or on Culebra. But here at Boca Roja they come and you guard them." He sipped at his steaming coffee and his voice softened to a half pleading, "There are still a few. It could still be a little as it was."

Japheth cupped his shell and would not answer.

"It may be God's business," Don Leon said. "It may be He wills we take those foolish creatures to the last one."

"It's a balance, then, you speak of, a balance of the sea, and if it is, my hand is on the balance," Japheth said.

Don Leon stared fiercely and then thrust his maimed arm straight out in front of him. "What balance nor what rotten fish head? I don't know of balance. Between man and sea there can only be struggle. If I owed the sea anything, old man shark collected."

Don Leon jerked a contemptuous thumb at the sleeping figure. "And the *americano?* Is he in your balance too?"

Japheth shrugged. "*¿Quién sabe?* In his own sea he may be that."

Don Leon snorted and rose stiffly.

"In all cases, old friend," Japheth said, "idiocy or no, the people of the village would not let me stay here to guard this beach if you had not passed the word. My thanks to you."

"What thanks nor what ragged sail?" the old man said loudly. "They don't remember, those in the village. You remember. The fires bright under the oil pots and the smoke drifting up across the moon. It is for that I told them to leave you in peace."

He stopped and scratched at his beard.

"There is one, that Chapo, he has come back and talks now that you have no right here. He says he will take turtles at Boca Roja." Don Leon snorted. "He would not even know how to get the shell off. I'll hold him in my hand. Don't molest yourself over it."

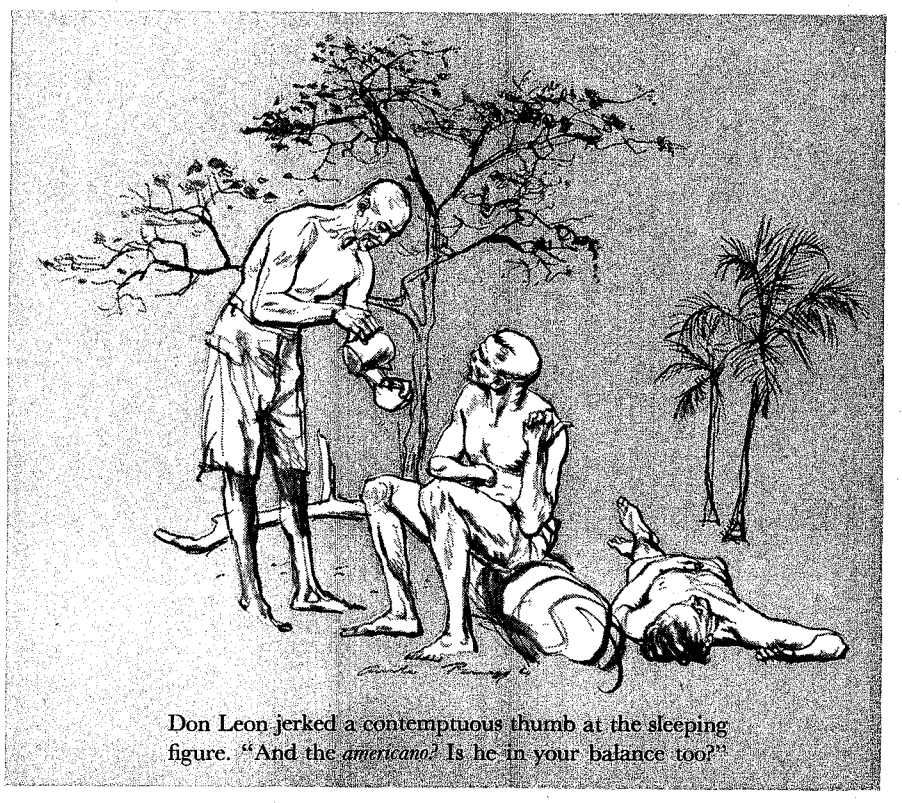
Japheth's eyes shadowed, but Don Leon did not give him a chance to speak. He rubbed a hand through Pablo's hair with rough affection.

"Will you come stay with me for a while?"

Pablo smiled, ducking from under the hand, and shook his head, his chin pointing toward the figure on the ground.

Don Leon's voice was gentle. "A man such as that has nothing to give you, boy. Be content. Come away, now, and forget him."

Pablo dropped to a squat and drew a swift circle in the sand, settling it.



Don Leon jerked a contemptuous thumb at the sleeping figure. "And the *americano?* Is he in your balance too?"

Japheth answered gravely, his eyes hazy with thought: "Now it may be there is a balance. Few fishermen die in their beds. You feel quits and don't fish now, but the sea, she took your hand. Maybe I'm cheating, guarding these turtles, making my peace with the sea."

The old fisherman shook his head irritably. "*¡ Bobería !* An idiocy. There's no peace. You guard the eggs, and when they hatch, the gulls eat the babies before they reach the sea. If some gain the water, the snapper and 'cuda take them. Out of a thousand eggs, maybe one grows big."

Japheth's smile was serene as he refilled Don Leon's shell. "Then it must be," he said slowly, "it must be for that one alone that I guard them."

"Two fool fish in the same net, then," Don Leon said, and moved away. After a dozen paces, he stopped and turned around. His voice was thin. "Remember the big one? The biggest of all? You took him, Japheth. How big was he again?"

"Three hundred kilos."

"I thought he was bigger," Don Leon said, only half hiding his plea. "I thought he was three-fifty."

"No. Three hundred," Japheth said.

Don Leon kicked listlessly at a hummock of seaweed.

"*Mucho carey*," he said finally. "Much turtle. But I thought he was three-fifty." He moved on, his old head wagging.

Japheth let one huge hand rest on Pablo's shoulder. "You should have gone with him," he said. "Don Leon is right. This man has nothing to give you."

"I wanted to give him his clothes."

"You make too much of it, Pablo. A strong tree does not care where its seed came from, and fathers may be only foolish men. I'm thinking now of the children of Alberto. Their father in jail, Doña Isabel begging fish heads to feed them. That is how it is with some fathers."

"I am not a tree," Pablo said. "If my father would have come back, I would have eaten fish heads. He's dead, I know. He's dead or he would have come back."

"Yes. It may be that he is dead," Japheth answered, watching Pablo's eyes fixed unwavering on the *americano's* still white face. "Even so, fathers may be no more than foolish men."

While Japheth went up the beach, Pablo busied himself about the palm-thatched hut, pausing now and then to look closely at the man's still-sleeping face. Once he went into the hut and got a fragment of mirror and looked at himself, then went back again to look into the white face.

Shortly before noon, the shadow shifted and the sun shone in Jed Elliott's face, and he stirred and groaned. It was the sound a man may make when yesterday is drink-blanked and shameful. Japheth, coming up from the beach, heard it and turned his back to busy himself at the fire, not wishing to see the waking face of a man who would greet his day with such a sound. Jed Elliott opened his eyes and looked up into a smooth, brown-gold face, and the eyes in that face were the grave, heavily lashed eyes in a face from his own nightmare. The rigid planes of his face crumpled; then from his eye corner he caught a glimpse of Japheth and his face changed.

He swung his red-shot eyes toward Japheth. Japheth looked at the mouth above the faintly cleft chin and forgot the hard gaze. This was the mouth of a man gently eager, easy to hurt, and no man can hurt such a man so deeply as he can hurt himself.

"Coffee, she cures most ills of man," Japheth said easily, and handed him a steaming shell.

Jed Elliott sat up shakily and ran an unsteady hand over his face. He licked at dry lips with a dry tongue. He got up painfully and took the coffee. He sat on a fallen palm trunk and squinted against the bright sun, taking in the beach wrapped tightly around the whole circle of the bay. A dull pain began to throb in his head, and he accepted that, trying urgently to piece together the flyaway fragments of yesterday and the days before. He recalled the cruise ship leaving without him. He looked down at his bare legs and was sick, thinking that this was a new low. He had never lost his clothes before.

Japheth looked at the man, poking in his memory for a face that had had that expression—that contrast between the eyes and the mouth. The mouth softly pleading, while the eyes were hard, shamed and rejecting. Japheth's heart went soft toward the man sitting sickly on the palm trunk, for it was in the face of his own son that he had seen that. A boy, then, looking as a boy does when he is not able to please, hating himself for it, but begging for love anyway.

The net had been fouled between him and the boy. "Any fool can cast a net," Japheth had said, and the boy had looked at him with eyes hooded and hard, and had answered, low and bitter.

"Then I'm worse than a fool," he'd said, but his mouth was live and soft, and pleading to be loved while he said it.

Not all men can do all things, Japheth thought, and looked again at the man on the palm trunk, wondering what manner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of net he had fouled that his crawling trace should lead into the sea.

Jed Elliott forced down the last of the coffee. "What place is this?"

"Boca Roja," Japheth answered.

"How far from San Juan?"

"Thirty, thirty-five kilometers."

Jed Elliott licked at his lips. "I've—misplaced my wallet," he said stiffly, his mouth sour. "If you can get me back to San Juan, I'll send you something for your trouble. You can trust me for that."

Pablo came carrying a lashed bundle of clothing and dropped it at Jed Elliott's feet. Jed fumbled in the pockets, found the wallet, flipped it open and spread it. He stayed squatted there for a long time, his eyes fixed on the sheaf of green in the billfold.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I thought —— Well, I'm sorry." He went toward Japheth, holding out his hand. "I've been a lot of trouble to you. I'd like to apologize. I'm Jed Elliott."

Japheth took the hand and was pleased at the quick, hard grip.

"No need, now, to be sorry. You are in your house. I'm Japheth and this is Pablo."

Jed Elliott did not turn to look at the boy. "Did I stagger in here last night?" he asked.

"No, I found you this dawn. You were on the beach and it was coming flood tide. I was fearful it would take you."

"Thanks," Jed said, and there was no sound of thanks there at all. "You're not Puerto Rican, are you?"

"I'm St. Thomian, Virgin Islander, but Puerto Rico is my home now since many years."

"I'd like to give something to the boy. How much?" And he still did not look at Pablo.

"No need to pay, sir," Pablo answered in his formal English.

Jed Elliott opened his wallet, deliberately selected a bill, turned and pulled out the waistband of Pablo's trousers. He tucked the bill there, a man wanting a debt paid.

A year, he thought. A year since Jeddy was dead, and still, for a crazy second when he'd looked up into Pablo's eyes that morning, he had been looking up into Jeddy's eyes. A year since Jeddy's death had opened its great wound in his life. A cut is supposed to seal over with scar tissue. A year and no scar tissue had formed yet, because the finger of conscience kept the wound open and raw and making the eyes of all kids an agony to meet.

"That boy's not your grandson?" he asked.

"No. No kin to me. I taught him English and he stays here sometimes, but he is a lone boy. His mother, she was Spanish Puerto Rican, from the village, but she died a while back."

"My father," Pablo said distinctly, "he was American. He was American soldier. He is dead too."

"Now, you only think he is dead," Japheth said gently.

"My father is dead," Pablo said flatly, looking at Jed Elliott.

Jed turned away from the boy's face and looked out over the inlet. *You'd think other kids would be a comfort not a pain.* He sat down heavily, weariness surging through him. Pablo drifted down to a rowboat resting on the beach and sat in it, his thin arms locked around his shins. Japheth busied himself in the *bohio.* When he came out, he found Jed Elliott frozen, his face wiped clean of all expression. Jed raised a silencing hand, and when he spoke, he whispered.

"Listen," he said, and in the following silence he could hear his own pulse. "My God," he whispered, and it was not irreverent.

Japheth's deep voice did not disturb the silence. "The quiet, sometimes, can be a balm."

Jed smiled, the mouth corners turning down bitterly. "It shows that much?"

"All kinds of hurts, all kinds of cures."

"Nice and neat, Japheth. A cure for every hurt. Any conscience balm in your shack?"

"The still quiet, sometimes it can be a balm even for that."

The silence stretched, and Japheth asked his question softly, "Now what is it?" and it was so gentle that it was almost a part of the silence, and Jed did not start. He answered in the same way, not finding it strange to tell an old black man on a remote beach about killing his own son.

"If you kill by neglect, it's not a crime punishable by law. You punish yourself. My boy would be twelve years old now. I never really knew him. Too busy with other things."

Jed Elliott rubbed a hand across his face and went on in the same dead voice. "I was hung over. We went to the beach. Mary, Jeddy and I. He—he said he could swim out to the raft. He was only bragging, trying for attention. I told him to go ahead. To leave me alone."

After a long time, he finished the story.

"He went into the water, and just didn't make it. He called and I didn't hear. By the time I got to him, it was too late."

Japheth's eyes were soft. "Your wife, she blamed you for that?"

"No. I blamed myself. I kept thinking of the last thing he heard from me: 'Leave me alone.' Thinking about how he must have felt, going in the water. I started to drink. Mary took all she could, and then went to get a divorce. I took this cruise."

"I saw your steps out there in the sand. Going into the sea," Japheth said, after a long pause. "Now, a man, he loses a fine woman, he's a lost soul. My Dorrity, she died, but I guess a divorcement is a little like dying."

"Yes," Jed answered. "It's a little like dying."

Japheth's mind went back to the turtles, the huge mother creatures driven by their urgent need to rid themselves of their distress. *Man, he's no different,* he thought again.

"You stay here, Mr. Elliott, and let the quiet work for you. You stay and feel welcome. There's a bunk in the hut."

Jed looked out over the quiet water and saw Pablo hunched in the boat. "Does the boy stay here?"

"He does, but he would not bother you. He's a quiet child. He would only look, only pretend."

"What do you mean?" Jed asked, startled.

"That boy, it molests him, never knowing a father. He looks to each man in his path for whatever father that man has in him. I keep him, and Don Leon keeps him. But he needs more than we can give. You are white, like his father. You will fit his mind's need."

Jed's head set up a slow shake. "I'm empty, I'm dead. I couldn't do it. I've got nothing to give anybody. He reminds me of Jeddy, and I'd only resent him."

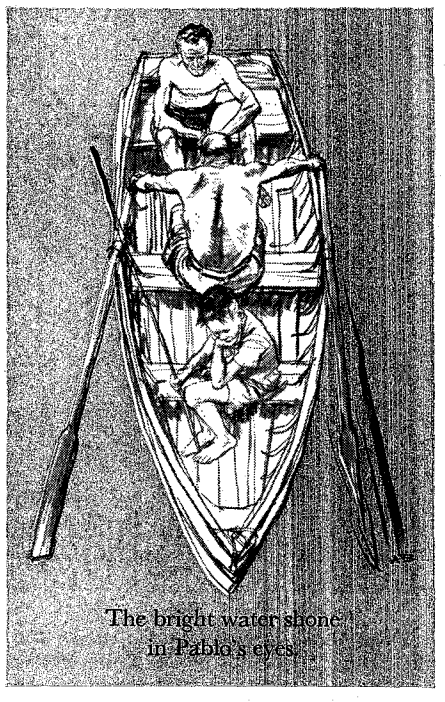
But as he said it, his whole being ached for the quiet and the peace brought from the closeness of the slow sea's rhythm and the dusky quiet of the cool coco grove.

"He would only look. He would take only what you give. Why don't you sleep now, and maybe tonight you will go with us to the far reef to torch lobsters?"

As Jed Elliott slept in the hut, Japheth made torches for the lobster fishing. He wound thin strips of inner tube around a stiff wire. His hands worked, but his mind was inside the hut, trying to feel what that lone man was feeling. A man's family is like a sea anchor; it drags, but it keeps him from drifting. He felt what each fishing man feels when he moves out over the sea. It's an alien place. Jed Elliott was a man so in his own world, a gray shadow in a waste place.

"Like a big mero on a deep line," Japheth murmured to himself. "Holed up in a cave and scared. It will take craft to bring him out."

Looking out at the sea, his hands busy at their task, he thought of the turtles, creatures not rightly of the sea at all, swimming clumsily, seeking and searching, raising their horny heads in the shadowy emptiness to voice their lonely cries into the void of the night. Moans like



The bright water shone in Pablo's eyes.

that poor man, he thought. But the creatures found each other. And the sea was warmed where they met. *God, he is a planner,* Japheth comforted himself, and felt suddenly no doubt that he could care for his creatures, somehow.

A rowed boat on flat water on a moon-sweet night is a thing misted in a bitter-sweet nostalgia. Jed Elliott sat aft, and out of his solitary desolation there swirled a thin, slow music, for in the luminous ghosts which moved beneath the boat he saw the face of his wife, the tender eyes and crumpled mouth as she had told him she was leaving, and his love for her was a bright pain.

Japheth bent and straightened rhythmically as he rowed, and each stroke brought Jed Elliott's face into view. Pablo sat forward, his wiry body bent, hand to chin, the bright water shining in his eyes.

The phosphorescent water ran a quiet foot over the coral reef. Japheth touched a match to the torches and their fierce, sputtering glare lighted the reef surface to day brightness.

Japheth handed Jed a flare and gaff. "The lobster, all day he stays in a cranny with his feelers out. At night he comes out to feed, and the light catches and holds him."

Jed's feet had been bound in crude sandals made from old auto tires to guard against sea-urchin spines. He edged himself awkwardly out of the boat onto the reef, and would have fallen if Japheth had not caught him strongly. Steadying himself, Jed watched the sure way that Pablo secured the boat to the reef.

"You care for him, Pablo, until he accustoms," Japheth said, and moved out into the dark, leaving Jed and the boy alone, caught in the bright cage of the flares, and he wondered if each would hear the other's wail of loneness.

"The sea, she's big," Pablo said beside Elliott, in a small voice.

Deep under them Jed heard the huge, muted voice of the sea in the dark caverns and chambered passages in the reef, a heaving and soughing. Above, the stars seemed close, and between him and the shore the shifting ghosts wandered. He felt suddenly pinned on the reef, hemmed in by the dark at the limit of the torch glare, feeling Pablo standing too close.

"Can you swim, boy?" he asked, and his voice was rough.

"Best swimmer in Boca Roja." No hesitation at all.

"Could you swim from here to the shore?"

"Easy!" Pablo answered loudly, and it was too loud. Plainly beneath the surface confidence ran the dread thread of doubt. Jed's mouth drew down into bitter lines. So easy, he thought, so easy to recognize a boy's bragging if you listened.

Pablo moved ahead and Jed followed cautiously. On the third step he stumbled and his hand, going out blindly, closed on Pablo's shoulder. In spite of himself, for an instant Jed let his hand rest there and closed his eyes, remembering another shoulder and savoring the pain of memory. He opened his eyes and saw Pablo's head swiveled on the slender neck, strange eyes reflecting a tremendous hunger. Jed drew back, but the touch of his hand on the boy's shoulder had set Pablo's mind moving dazedly down some strange bypath, and his voice filled with a soft wonder.

"One night I was alone in my boat and a fish jumped out of the sea and into my boat. Nobody ever before saw such a fish. It was all colors, with long, thin fins that dragged like a lady's fine dress. It was like a fairy fish. I picked it up then, and it died in my hand. Before I could show it to anyone."

It was an offering—and an offering that Jed Elliott could not accept. He drew in a quick, ragged breath as his mind conjured up the image of the boy marveling over the fairy fish in his hands, a fairy fish with fins that trailed like a queen's gauzy gown, all glowing with soft color. An acceptance of the story meant an acceptance of the boy, and he shrank from any such gesture. How did you tell a twelve-year-old that you were an emotional bankrupt? Nothing to give and unable to accept.

Pablo spoke again, and made his offering a thing impossible to mistake. "It turned common brown when it died. I never before told anyone."

Continued on Next Page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Post Novelette Complete in This Section

Jed Elliott felt a panic, sensing the boy too close. He spoke in a half whisper, toneless, flat, getting the thing over and done with, "I don't believe it. You made it up. I don't believe in fairy fish."

Pablo stood rigid, and then moved recklessly across the face of the reef, leaving Jed pinned again in his small cage of light. He watched the boy's torch move straight ahead, falter, dip, swerve and then circle back, as if unable to believe, as if to offer another chance. Six feet from him, the boy stopped and watched with a curious intensity the steadily convulsive efforts of a small, green moray eel to free itself from the gaff tines that pierced it. The light from the torch threw the green, slimy, writhing skin into intense highlight. Above it, the boy's dark-gold face, cameoed in the glare, brooded over the writhings, waiting.

Jed swallowed, watching the eel, and found with a painful wonder that he was not so empty as he had thought. He wished desperately that he had not rejected the boy. He searched numbly for a compromise.

"Maybe that fish," he said slowly and hoarsely, "maybe it was colored that way just to you. Maybe it was the light or something."

Pablo didn't look up from the eel. He shook his head, insisting, "No, it was really so."

Jed licked his lips and forced a compromise. "I guess," he said slowly, "it could have been. I suppose there are a lot of strange creatures in the sea."

Pablo freed the eel with one triumphant jerk, a stab and an upward flash of his arm. Jed watched the action with a strange unease.

"My father, he would have liked that fish," Pablo said.

"How do you know?" Jed asked, his voice hard once again. "I thought you'd never seen your father."

"No, that is so. But still, I know he would have liked pretty things."

Jed Elliott opened his eyes early the next morning to find Pablo standing beside his bunk, shifting a hot shell of coffee from hand to hand.

"What is it like over there in the north where you are from?" he asked, handing Jed the shell.

Jed sipped and answered, his tongue rough, "You wouldn't like it, kid. It's crowded and dirty."

Pablo looked up at the thatched roof and shook his head. "I always think of it different. Like a dream place. Maybe like the sea floor. The sun making the sand all shiny gold. All clean, and all the people nice and—handsome."

Jed looked directly at the boy and spoke deliberately, "Look, the people aren't friendly and they're not handsome. In summer it's hot and in winter it's cold."

Pablo walked to the door, turned and looked at Jed. "Now, that is strange. I didn't think it would be so." On his face there was a small doubt. "Now, maybe," he said slowly, "*it is so only to you.*"

He stood waiting, and Jed answered him, "Look, kid; I'll get my own coffee in the morning."

"It's no trouble," Pablo answered gravely. "*I like to bring it.*"

Pablo slipped through the door and Jed let out his breath slowly, aware that somehow he had come off second best.

Outside, Japheth was boiling the lobster catch in a great kettle. "A fine day." He smiled at Jed. "Boil these in salt water, not too long, eat them with coco butter. We'll have them for lunch."

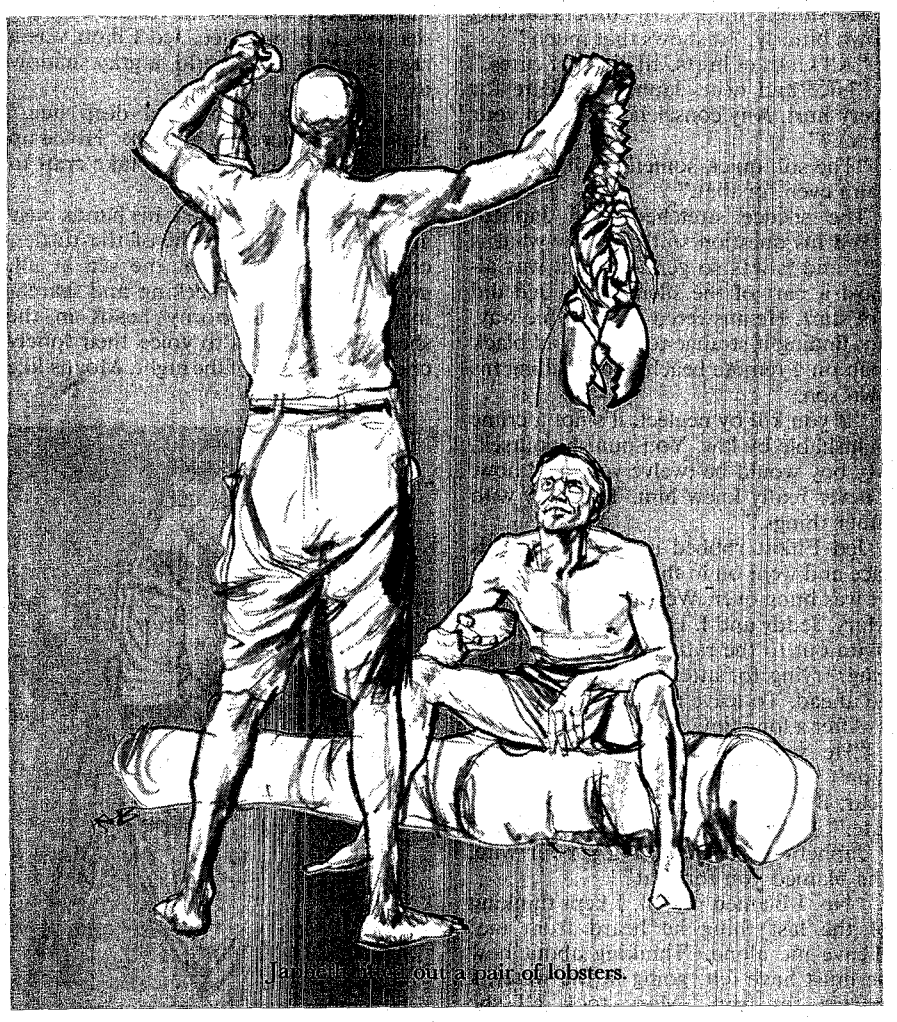
"When do you tend your nets, or traps, or whatever it is that a fisherman uses?" Jed asked. He had poured himself more coffee and had sat on the fallen palm trunk.

"Now I am no fisherman," Japheth said. He rose and lifted out a pair of lobsters, light orange, white meat puffing from out the mailed tails. "I was a turtle fisherman. Now my work is a little hard to know."

He dropped two more lobsters into the pot and went on:

"I killed maybe five, six thousand turtles in my life. I set my traps crafty out in channel water, with burned-wood decoys set to the nets to lure those creatures to foul themselves in my net. Oh, I was a killer of turtles in my time. I killed the big mothers when they came to lay their eggs of a night on the beaches."

He shook his head slowly and squatted to fan the fire.



Japheth lifted out a pair of lobsters.

"Yes, those creatures gave me a fine life. I had a good wife, a wood house with water in the kitchen. I hunted those creatures so that I got me a turtle kind of brain, knowing just where they would lay, to rest and to eat, but in the end I got me a turtle kind of heart too. I came to love them, I guess. So now I don't kill them. I guard them here on this beach. I keep the boys from poking their sticks into the ground to find the eggs, and each day I go about covering the tracks the turtles have made in the night. It was so I found you. Now I don't allow nets to be set off my beach, for they are few now. Only a few left. You may say my work is a turtle guarder."

Crazy, Jed Elliott thought, startled. *The old man is crazy*, and the thought must have been plain on his face, for Japheth looked at him and nodded.

"Yes, it is a crazy way to be, Mr. Elliott, to guard these turtles. But it is a kind of vanity, you see. They cared for me and gave me a life to my content. Now, I like to think, with my needs behind me, that I'm paying them. I like to think I'm the only one in the world cares for them. It comforts me, so."

"I see," Jed said, and said it only to fill the pause.

Japheth smiled. "No, you do not see. But I will tell you how it was."

He told how it was when he came over from St. Thomas, he and Dorrity and the boy. Living in Fajardo, working mate on the fishing schooners and setting turtle nets in the season. Good times came and he didn't work mate any more, for he had learned turtle ways and they kept him. Hawksbill for shell, big greens for oil and meat, loggerheads.

"You have told me about your boy, Mr. Elliott. And it is strange that my own boy should have been part of why I do this work. This boy, he had no turn for fishing. He was a silent kind, curious about all things, but I could not come to know him. We would leave before dawn to row out to the nets, and in that dawn loneness a man will talk to his own oars, but that boy and I, we would sit without speaking. It made me half angry.

"One day we were hauling in a net, and that big boy was clumsy, his mind off some far place, his fingers slipping on the cord. I had my eyes on his hands, you see, and he felt them there. He let go all net and turned to me. 'What is it you want from me, father?' he asked me, and he was weeping. All suddenly I could see he'd been wanting to speak to me, to tell me things, all that time. 'What can I do to make you love me?' That was what he was asking, and oh, Mr. Elliott, it hurt me. He cared, you see. So I told him I wanted from him only what he wanted from himself. He turned his face down, shamed by what he was to say. 'I want to be a teacher,' he said, knowing he was just a poor fishing man's boy.

"'You would have to go to Rio Piedras to the university. It would cost more than a new schooner,' I told him.

"The boy started to gather nets again. 'I know,' he said, and his voice was empty of hope.

"I stood in the boat and saw in my mind all the creatures waiting in the ocean to be caught, and felt my strength on me, and I took my breath and said he would go Stateside to study. All my life I had cheated that boy, and I vowed, then, to make it up to him. It was as if the turtles heard me. They came into my nets and shell went high and I sent him Stateside. He's a school principal over there in St. Thomas now. A man respected. A man to lift my pride."

Japheth's smile, in the rising steam, was misty.

"We went over to see him, Dorrity and me. We came back topside on the mail packet, holding hands tight, so filled with our pride we could not speak."

Japheth swallowed.

"That night, my Dorrity, she died. I lost me that fine woman, my boy was gone, and all suddenly I was just a poor fishing man all alone. I had life, but no salt to sprinkle on my living. I sat up nights to weave more nets to set, to keep busy, but the salt was all gone from that too."

Japheth's deep voice was weary then, speaking from back in the emptiness of those times.

"I was a lost man, walking the beaches of a night till I was so tired I could close my eyes. I would sit in the dark on the beach and weep like a child, Mr. Elliott. One night I was sitting so, and a great loggerhead mother came from the sea. She was brave, that creature. She saw me, but she would not move. Plop, plop, plop, she kept laying her eggs. Those turtles make a noise when they are out of the sea, it hurts your heart to hear it. They're half dying, those mother beings, their weight on their undershell cutting off their air. After she laid her eggs, she had to raise her big body up and let it fall on the place to tamp the sand, and all the time she made that noise. On a still night you can hear the whump of her body for a long way.

"I crouched beside her, watching her like I never before had seen such a thing. I was all suddenly minded of the night when our boy was small and so sick he was surely to die. 'Oh, God,' my Dorrity cried out, holding him tight fast, 'take me, a poor no-'count woman, but leave my boy.' He just had to have him his chance, you see. The mother, she did not care for herself. I looked down at that great, scared brave mother creature, and I thought to myself, *What is a pretty bit of a shell comb beside that, or a bowl of soup, or a tiny bottle of oil for the skin of some soft, pretty woman?* I thought that, and all suddenly I loved her and all the turtles in the sea." Japheth poked in the pot and said softly, "You see, Mr. Elliott, I have found a way to pay."

Jed Elliott picked up a handful of sand and sifted it through his fingers, unable to look at Japheth. In Japheth's story he could see the vague shape of something he yearned to reach out to, but as he looked, it faded away.

"You see, Mr. Elliott?"

Japheth waited, and finally Jed's head shook.

"I don't see," he said. "I can't bring Jeddy back to life and I can't leave the bottle alone. I can't find the coin to pay."

"Now, you stay on here, mon. Maybe you will find the coin."

"I'll make it worth your while. Money is something I do have."

"It will be worth my while," Japheth answered firmly.

So Jed Elliott took up a kind of life at Boca Roja. The sun browned him and strengthened him, and the quiet flow of the days brought no crises to wind him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tight and drive him toward the bottle. Jed spoke little to Pablo, holding him off, but he would turn sometimes and find the ghost of his own son standing at his elbow, and this roughened his tongue when he did speak to the boy.

It is a strange thing that a man must hold some pride in what he does, and so it happened that, as he made the circuit of the beach each day with Japheth, he began to feel a small sweep of pride when

Jed and the boy were caught in the bright cage of the flares

he was first to sight the turtle trails. He scraped and smoothed the sand with infinite care, hiding traces of the nest.

"How soon will they hatch?" he asked one day.

"They are things of the tides. They take two months to hatch with the sun warming them. Tiny things, no bigger than a quarter, scrambling their first minute of life to the strange sea where they don't even belong to be."

"How many does each turtle lay?"

"You watch," Japheth said, and knelt to scrape away at the sand, and Jed was caught in a queer thrill as he saw the hundred or so round eggs cradled in the cup of sand.

Japheth rocked back on his heels, and his voice was deep, "Don Leon, he calls me crazy. Only one of these eggs, maybe, will grow big. The gulls and the fish, they take them, and one strong one grows big. But a man on a lone beach, he must think. That one egg, it may be everything. I might have made a hundred boys in my life, but it was not so. I made only that one, and in his own way he was chosen. He was important. That boy, Pablo, that orphan child, he may be so. His teacher, he came from Fajardo to talk with me. 'That boy he must go away. He should go to San Juan to school.' He told me so."

Japheth's eyes were smoky out over the sea's reach. "That boy, he is smart, but he has something more. He feels! Boys, they may be like turtle eggs. Most are takers, but one in a thousand, he gives. His life can be important."

Jed Elliott would not raise his eyes, keeping them on the bed of eggs, some rigidity in him not allowing him to listen. But, still, when he covered the eggs again, he did so with a great gentleness.

One morning, early, as he and Japheth walked the beach, Jed pointed to a flock of black-and-white gulls, whirling, diving and shrieking over a spot on the beach, and Japheth's breath came in sharp.

"Come, then, mon," he said finally. "Maybe you should see this."

The hatching baby turtles were not even allowed to clear the shell before a screaming gull would plummet, snatching the tiny turtle in its beak. Some made short, scuttling progress toward the water, but before one came even close to the sea, a gull would see him and dive.

"Can't we do something?" Elliott shouted above the screams, hoping desperately to see one tiny turtle gain the sea. But Japheth, his eyes on Jed, only shrugged and spread his great hands, watching Elliott's pained face.

The gulls circled as no more babies appeared, then drifted away. As the last gull was leaving, a tiny green body writhed out from the mass of shell and started a flipper-flying scuttle toward the sea, and the last gull, looking back under his white breast, saw the motion, banked sharply and came back, screaming.

Jed's flung piece of coral took him in the breast and the bird squawked, wheeled and followed the flock. Jed Elliott's face was fierce, his chest heaving as he watched the baby turtle splash into the sea. He turned to find Japheth smiling. He was aware that he had been moving lithely and was feeling a lifting well-being that he had not felt for a year.

"One got to the sea," he said.

"I wonder now," Japheth said, his eyes steady on Jed's face, "is it man's license to meddle in the balance? The gulls, they must live too."

"I'll take the consequences," Jed said.

Don Leon came after the soft dusk had fallen and sat by the fire with Japheth and relived the old days. Jed Elliott sat apart, listening to the soothing run of the soft Spanish, holding a little aloof. After a while he became aware that an awkwardness had fallen over the group. Don Leon shifted his feet. Japheth's broad face was shadowed and he nodded slowly. Don Leon rose and was swallowed by the grove. Japheth continued to sit, nodding somberly.

"What is it?" Jed asked.

"A worrisome thing, Mr. Elliott," Japheth answered heavily. "Because Don Leon asked it, the men have not taken turtle here. Only the boys came creeping in, and it was a game I played with them. Now hawksbill shell has gone high, because the tourists want souvenirs and the hotels want meat. There is a man named Chapo who wants to take turtles again. The people are listening to him, and he is growling in his throat because I am here.

"Now, it is curious, too, that it should be this Chapo. Fourteen years or so ago all the fishermen were growling because some thief was lifting traps. I had fish traps out beyond the reef then. One day I came drifting out of a fog bank, and there was this boy, Chapo, lifting my trap. Only a boy. He wanted to buy a boat so bad the wanting had made him a thief.

"I sat there watching him and feeling a sorrow for him, but I did not speak. He turned and saw me, and we looked at each other for a long time. Then he dumped the trap and rowed off into the fog. I never told anyone. After that the trap stealing stopped, and I was glad then I did not tell anybody. The boy left to go to San Juan, and came back only a while ago. Still thinking only of money."

"What will happen?" Jed asked, his throat tight.

Japheth shrugged. "If the people in the village say so, then I must go. Don Leon is old now, like me, and, before, his word was law. Now he shouts and they must cup their ears to hear. Chapo whispers and they hear. I will have to go, if they say."

"You wouldn't fight?" Jed asked.

"Oh, no. I don't have the right."

It seemed incredible to Jed Elliott that Japheth, strong-rooted as a tree, would not resist.

"What about Pablo?" he asked. "How will he take it—your just going away without fighting for your turtles?"

Japheth rose easily and smiled down at Jed. "Now, haven't you seen?" he asked gently. "It's not me can help or harm that boy. It's only you can do so. Only you."

Jed looked up quickly, and knew that the old man was right. Too many times he'd turned to find the boy at his elbow, those strange eyes on him, and in their depths his own reflection, nine feet tall and clad in shining mail.

"You tricked me, didn't you?"

"Not really a trick," Japheth said serenely. "But it is a strange thing that if two people come together, and each has his need—why, sometimes they can fill that need in each other. I so hoped it would be."

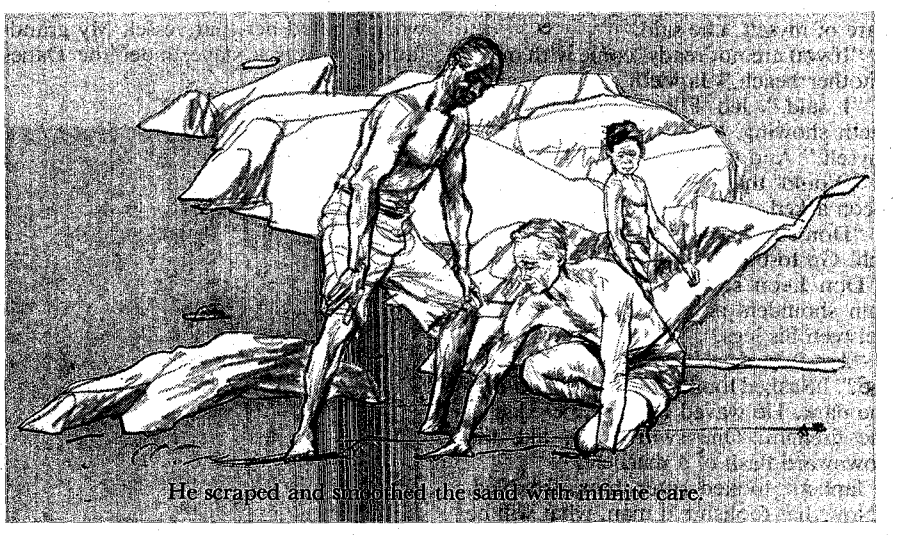
Jed's voice was flat. "It didn't work, Japheth. I'm getting well. If I can lick the bottle, I can go back to my wife. I don't have it in me to try to make over a waif into Jeddy's image. I think I can go back any time."

"Now, you are a fortunate man, Mr. Elliott. Some men, they would not find it so easy to fill themselves with half a loaf."

"She always wanted more children. Now we can have them," Jed said defiantly.

"Babies, they're born young. Not twelve years old."

"What do you want?" Jed asked sharply, and Japheth shrugged.



He scraped and smoothed the sand with infinite care.

"Only what you want, Mr. Elliott."

Jed did not answer. He went in to his bunk and found that sleep did not come easily.

Early the next morning he wakened to hear outside the hut the morning stirring of Japheth and Pablo.

"Here is the coffee for the man," Japheth said.

"No. He doesn't want me to bring it."

"You take it!" Japheth's voice was iron. "He only thinks he does not want you to. Go along."

Jed lay tensely in bed, waiting for a shadow to fall across the doorway. After a long time he got up and went outside, angry at the sense of loss he felt.

"That boy, he heard you last night," Japheth said.

"I don't owe him anything."

"You are meddling with boy stuff, Mr. Elliott. Precious stuff. You are the only one can harm or help him, and you have harmed him. No pain like trying to please and not able to. He is hurt inside."

Jed Elliott would not look up. He poured his coffee.

"You should know, now, about a boy's insides," Japheth said, and there was a hint of brass in his voice, and impatience.

Jed took his coffee down the beach, and it was bitter in his mouth. But still he made no move to leave Boca Roja. He spoke little and began to spend time alone out on the reef with an old face mask he had found.

One morning he ventured to the far reef and swam into one of the great experiences of his life. Looking down fifty feet, in a place where he could never belong, he saw a world beyond his imagining. He felt a brief run of panic, and at the same time felt a part of it. A giant grouper swam out of a hole with slow majesty. Small colored fish swarmed around a *corona*, that mysterious place to which fish come, and for a reason that not even the oldest fisherman can explain. A certain type of coral, perhaps; nobody knows. The fish, all kinds, big and small, gather and become a huge colorful cloud of slow and mystically circulating mass over the spot, and Jed watched, enthralled. As he lay flat in the water, breathing through the snorkel tube, he became vaguely aware that a small fish, eight inches or so, was swimming in front of him. It disappeared and in a few seconds he felt a slight suction on his forearm. He shook the arm and dislodged the fish, but a second later he felt a shockingly strong suction on the side of his chest, and from some innate shuddering horror of slimy, sucking things, a fist of panic formed inside him. Almost retching he forced his hand down, clutched the fish and squeezed it. Breathing hard, he released it and watched with a sick fascination as it leafed toward the bottom, both eyes popped out and an inch of intestine trailing. He jerked his head out of the water and looked up into Pablo's intent face, two feet from his own. The boy had come drifting up in the boat so quietly that Jed had not heard the oars.

"Sucker fish," the boy said. "No need to kill him. He would not harm you."

Jed hauled himself into the boat and sat breathing hard, goose pimples on his flesh.

"Some say," Pablo said slowly, "that the sucker fish, he will go crazed and die if he does not find a bigger fish to stick to. That is why they can't swim so good. Never have to swim, always sticking so."

Jed, head hanging, motioned wearily for the boy to row.

Continued on Next Page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Post Novelette Complete in This Section

"Maybe," Pablo said, still not moving, "he was just lonely."

"Maybe," Jed said, mocking, his voice biting, his eyes hard, "that sucker fish would learn to swim for himself if he didn't try to stick to another fish."

Pablo stared a second, unshipped the oars and pulled for the beach.

That night old Don Leon came panting into the circle of firelight, dropped onto a palm trunk and sawed at the air with his stump, then laid his old head in his arms.

"*¿ Ya?*" Japheth asked. "Is it now?"

"I tried," Don Leon said, his voice muffled against his arms, "but they would not listen. They say they will come tonight." The old man lifted his head and the light in back of his eyes flared fiercely for one brief space. "We could fight. The last fight."

Japheth laid a hand on his friend's bony shoulder. "I'm old for fighting, and there are other beaches to guard."

"They laughed," Don Leon said. "I told them about the babies and the balance. That Chapo, he laughed, and said memories and balances don't boil in a pot."

Japheth growled softly in his throat, remembering Chapo's narrow face straining over a fish trap, years before—a trap that was not his. That still, wary face was the face of a man who could laugh so. A slow anger formed in Japheth.

Jed Elliott sat still, sensing from the interchange exactly what was happening. He looked up to find Japheth's eyes on him, and his own face went bitter and weary, his worn mouth flicking down.

"It's painful, Mr. Elliott, but they say I must go. You say you are well, and I am glad. You go back to that fine woman now."

Elliott nodded somberly. "I can take care of myself," he said.

"If you are not ready, come with me to another beach," Japheth said anxiously.

"I said," Jed Elliott said flatly, his teeth showing, "that I can take care of myself." And the tone was too flat.

"Would the *americano* fight?" Don Leon asked.

"Don't think of it. Don't molest yourself. Go to bed," Japheth said.

Don Leon stood up, threw back his thin shoulders and spat on the ground between his legs.

"Am I so old there's not a blow left in me?" he asked loudly, and moved off into the dark. He waved once at the edge of the firelight. One swift chop, like the downward flash of a machete.

Japheth looked after him, troubled. "Now that foolish old man, what will he do?" he murmured to himself.

Pablo stood up. "If my father were here," he said clearly, "he would do something. He would break that Chapo like a stick across his knee. He was U. S. Army, a Continental, a sergeant. He would do plenty, that man."

Jed's head yanked sharply and he saw Pablo leaning expectantly, his light eyes glowing. Jed shifted his gaze and spoke harshly, "Look, kid; your old man was just a common dogface soldier. He probably deserted the Army when it got tough, just like he ran away from your mother."

Pablo moved so he could look directly at Jed, and then he looked down at the handful of sand that he clutched, loosed the fingers and watched the sand flow back onto the beach. He walked a dozen steps out into the night with a tremendous dignity, and then kicked himself into a furious and scrambling run.

Jed heard Japheth, beside him, fill his great chest. "Mr. Elliott, you have done what a winged angel would fear to do. Any man, he meddles with a boy's dreaming, he is bad."

Japheth rose and stood hugely over Elliott.

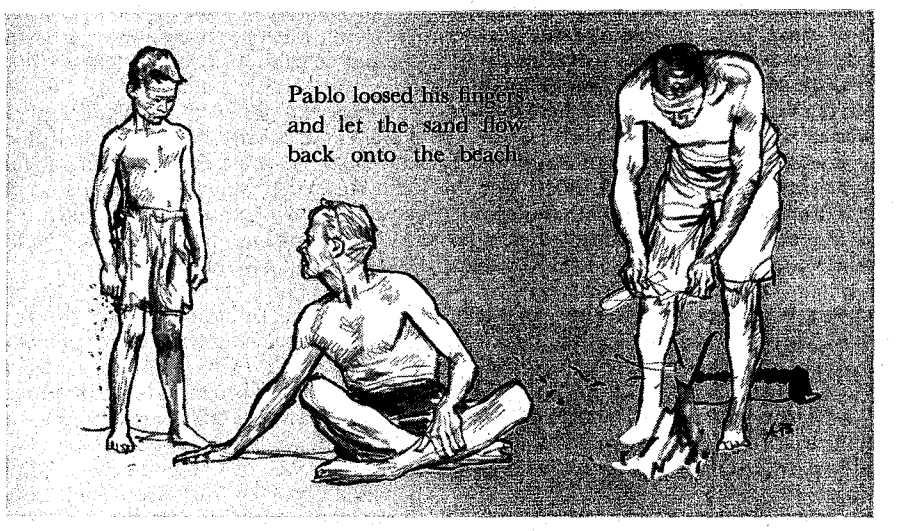
"You are a dangerous, lost man, hurting folk. I will talk to you once more, for you may yet save yourself from yourself. I have told you about my boy and what he is and my pride in him, and you must know it was not always so. I will tell you how it was, and then you can walk away, into the sea, if it must be that, but now you must hear me."

Japheth's voice was deep, holding the strange mixture of fierceness and tenderness that was like the sea itself:

"That boy of mine, like I told you, had no turn for fishing, and when his helpful age came—why, it was his clumsy age too. He was a dropper and a breaker and a mooner, and it angered me. I asked my Dorrity what ailed the boy, and she knew that boy's mind. 'Joppet, mon, he's at his dreaming. Hold to patience, Joppet.' But I would not have it so. I laid him tasks and he would not do them. I laid him the task one day to unfoul a net. I came home and the net was still foul. I caught his arm and I began to talk to him, so angry. I told him what he was—a useless child and a boy no man could pride himself for fathering. He bowed his head to me, but Dorrity, she caught my arm. 'Joppet, will you hold to patience, like I asked?' And I shook my arm against her grip.

"'You will not, then,' she said. She walked to the window shelf and took down the pitcher, and I saw her fingers on it, feeling the splendrous thing it was. 'Joppet, why did you gift me this pitcher?' she asked me.

"I held to the boy's arm, but all that time behind us just went away to the time when I gifted her that vessel. My grandfather, he was a slave under the Danes



Pablo loosed his fingers and let the sand flow back onto the beach.

and he had pleased those Danes and they gave him this lovely pitcher. It was like a song or a faraway piece of sky, thin as the shell of a gull's egg and dark blue as deep water. My father got it from his father and he passed it to me, along with his nets. As a child I used to look at it, holding my breath. When Dorrity said she would wed with me, I cast about to show her how content I was, and I gifted her the only fine thing I ever had. It was that pitcher she held.

"'Joppet, why? Why did you gift me this?'

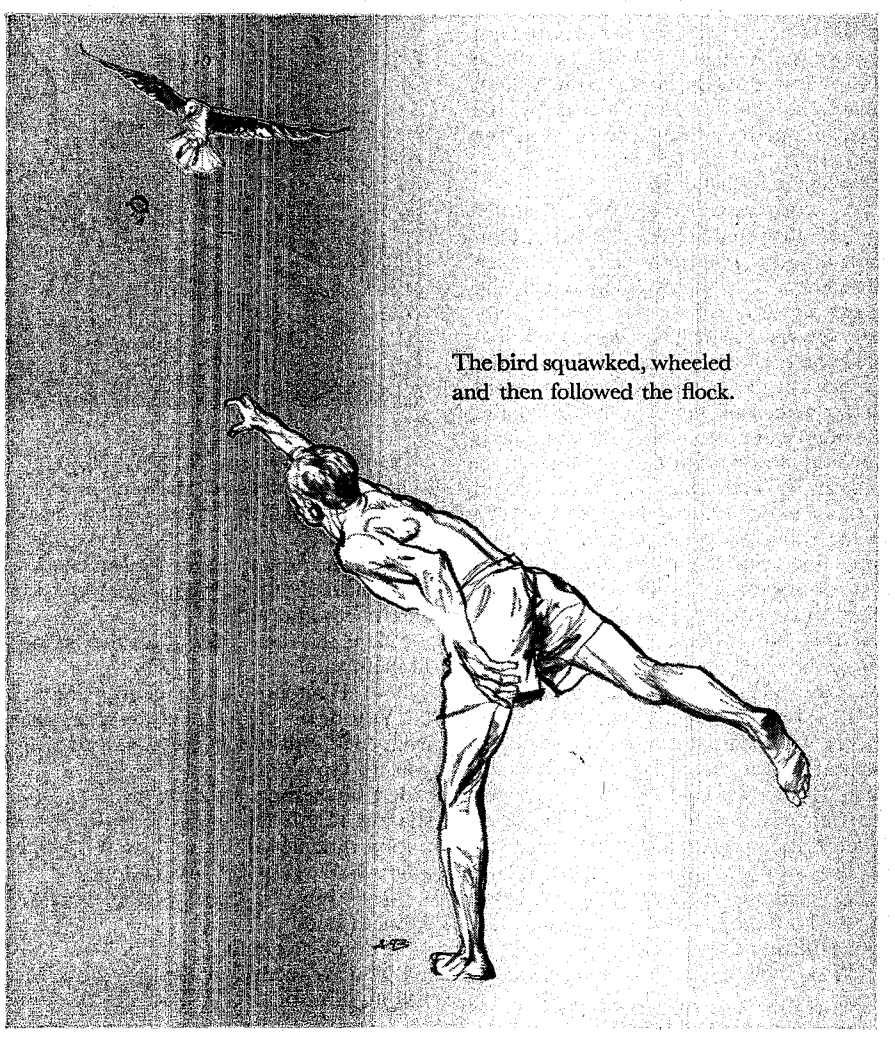
"'Now you know, Dorrity,' I said.

"'You must tell me, Joppet.'

"'Because it was fine, and you were my love,' I said, mouth all clumsy over it, saying it so before the boy.

"'Yes,' she said. 'And it's for that I cherish it, mon, and you know it. But I cherish it, too, for the reason you gifted it to me. I cherish it because it's not perfect. It's faulted. It's so beautiful, Joppet, that times I've been lifted to think of owning it, but it's faulted, and so we cherished it and handled it gently and set it in a high place out of harm's way.'

"'Woman, you are crazed,' I said, not understanding at all.



The bird squawked, wheeled and then followed the flock.

"Dorrity looked at me, and by her eyes I would not have known her. She raised the pitcher up high. 'No, Joppet, love. Not crazed. I just love that boy.'

"She loosed the pitcher and it broke into nothing on the floor.

"'Oh, Joppet, it's like the boy! That pitcher was breakable!' And my Dorrity, she began to weep, like all her world had ended, and she fell down on her knees and wept so, holding those little blue chips so tight they pierced her skin."

Japheth wiped his eyes and his voice was weary and drained.

"I knew, standing there with that boy's arm in my grip, that she spoke true. That boy, he was breakable, just like you found out."

Jed stayed slumped in the sand and Japheth's deep voice went on:

"I wish I had a fine pitcher to break to show you. A man can't be only to himself. He must give. A boy looks to a man; that man, he holds that boy in his hands, and he breaks that boy, he will never forget. Nor never the boy."

In the silence, Jed took a long breath, like a sob, and looked up to see torches far down the beach, moving toward them no brighter than struck matches. But even at that distance a swung jug burned bright gold in the cast flare light, and Japheth moved clumsily around to face them, his movements old and uncertain.

Jed rose and stood beside him.

"Your wife, I know you love that woman, Mr. Elliott. She broke lots of pitchers trying to help you. But you are a man so set on his own misery, you would not look."

Jed Elliott wheeled and walked rapidly into the coco grove toward the village, his mouth dust-dry and a great urgency growing within him.

Japheth watched him go, and then went to squat against the side of the hut, his failure making his throat hurt. The torches came on, then stopped a hundred yards up the beach, grouped and then lowered as the men sat. The jug caught light, passing from hand to hand, and restless laughter came drifting to him.

Don Leon, he would have liked it just once more, Japheth thought. That foolish old man, he might as well be there enjoying it. Loyalty meant nothing. Japheth leaned his head on his folded arms and felt old, old. Old Japheth, he could not even care for the turtles on his beach. How could he care for a creature strange as a man is?

He thought of going to find Pablo, and knew there was nothing he could say to him. Jed Elliott had found a bottle, he felt sure. Now he could not go back to his wife. Japheth sighed, feeling maybe it was no man's license to put a hand on the balance. It could only bring hurt.

"C-a-a-r-e-ey!" The long-drawn, eerie cry from the past jerked his neck muscles. Lifting almost to falsetto on the last syllable, the cry a turtle fisherman gives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when a turtle is caught. Japheth dropped his head, but he could not stop his ears, and the hoarse moans of the mother turtle came plainly to him. There were high yells as they flipped her, helpless, onto her back and the shrill scream of "C-a-a-r-e-ey!" And through those sounds the agonized gasps of distress from the turtle. Japheth turned his mind to Dorrity, and was shamed to think she might be watching, seeing him old and powerless to fend for his creatures. He sat for a long time, his big body inert.

There was a weary scuffling in the sea grapes and Japheth stirred, thinking it was a turtle, but saw Don Leon standing wavering before him, blood running off the wrinkled face into the white whiskers. *Now it is one of my creatures,* Japheth thought, rising.

"Now, old man, why did you try it?"

He led Don Leon into the shack and lighted a lantern and saw the old face gone all babyish, eyes faded and puzzled, all fire gone.

"They chopped her flippers first, Japheth. Like they hated her. It wasn't like it was at all. They don't know."

Japheth brought water and started to swab the blood from his face.

"That Chapo, he hated that turtle. We didn't hate them, Japheth."

"Now, what happened?" Japheth asked, and Don Leon pushed the cloth away, ashamed.

"I'm too old for lies. I went to fight, and then I wanted it to be just once more like it was. I'm close to dying and I wanted that one last fiesta. When they chopped her flippers first, I tried to show them. That Chapo, he just laughed and pushed my face into the blood." There was no anger in the thready old voice. It was the empty tone of a man who sees the end of a long road and doesn't care at all.

"Now, he should not have laughed," Japheth said, his face all hard black shadow and taut plane. He looked down at the thin old bundle of sticks and drew his friend into a Latin embrace, one great hand patting the tired back as a tender man may comfort a child. Then he turned out of the hut and down the beach toward the torches, the long muscles of his thighs pushing him in long, smooth strides. Once he raised his face to the empty sky and searched there briefly, face as proud and stern as an ancient Matabele chieftain's.

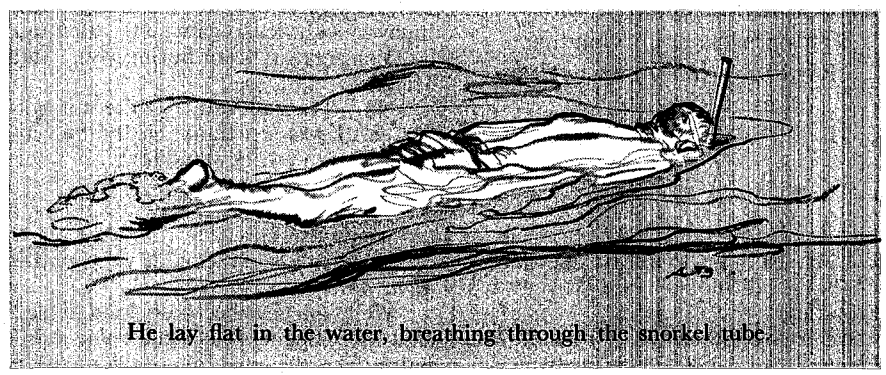
Jed Elliott sat in the dimness of the café and the sweat clammed on his face as he looked at the poured shot of rum before him. All the tricky, twisty little reasonings that come to a man when he can't swallow for the thirst on him came to him. A weak man may heed the tricky reasons, and if he fights against them, he's a man trying to shatter the bottle against the iron of his will. It was the end of everything if he took the drink. That one drink would destroy him. He thought, wryly, that he had tasted peace and had acquired a taste for it, and that taste would not now let him walk into the sea, so he would end as one of the broken things of the world, drifting. One of those who could never go home again.

He cradled his head in his arms and the smell of the rum came to him. He gagged, and inside there was a moaning for it, but still he didn't drink, fighting it minute by minute, and there began to build up in him a dawning admiration for himself, and it is then that the man who lives by the bottle is at his weakest.

Yet, in the end, he had to think of Japheth's story and of what he had done to Pablo, and the enormity of what he had done made his hand stray toward the glass. And thinking of Dorrity and the shattered pitcher, he saw clearly that Mary, in starting divorce proceedings, had broken a pitcher as lovely as Dorrity's, and for the same reason. He wished more than anything else in the world he could take back the words he had said to Pablo. He saw very plainly, then, that each man's heart is a strange combination of beliefs in gauzy images and half truths that sustain him against the world, and these will dissolve before the application of logic, and human charity makes each man respect the foolish props of his brother.

His mind went in agony to examine his own props and found that he had made the bottle his main prop, and while he felt he could live without it, there is a bottom to every bottle and he had found the depths of his own. His mind went out desperately to hold to something, and it was Mary of whom he thought. He thought again of the pitcher she had broken, and saw that the divorce was nothing more than a last effort, made in desperation to bring him back. He edged cautiously around his great need for her and, slowly and painfully, it came to him that the dryness in him, the lack, the loneliness and emptiness were things that could be filled within the soothing circle of his wife's arms, her love sheltering him, her strength holding him, her lips at his ear. He thought of Jeddy, and found that the pain was not the same pain at all.

He pushed the rum away and stood up. It was done, then, and he was well and could go home again. It was not until he was out in the patio that it hit him that he could not go home yet. There could be no rest for him anywhere until he had made up to Pablo for destroying the image of his father. He thought of the boy's story of the fairy fish and felt the special quality of the boy, a bright and fragile thing that made him one of the strange, loving people of the earth who are vulnerable to beauty, and Jed knew he had smashed that.



He lay flat in the water, breathing through the snorkel tube.

And the answer came to him so simply. He should go to school, Japheth had said, and Jed was pleased that it was taken care of so easily. All it would take was an apology to the boy, and a monthly check to allow him to go to school.

The thing settled, Jed nodded and walked toward the hut by way of the beach. He walked next to the bright water and allowed himself to think of his wife and her gentleness and the life they could have together.

Up ahead of him he saw the torches and slowed, bothered that Japheth's life was being destroyed. He decided, suddenly, to give Japheth something—a new boat, perhaps, and a small radio. He walked on, pleased with himself.

He saw the men grouped, shifting around the flat bulk of a turtle, and he could hear the long-drawn, almost human gasps she was making. He was drawn by a force outside himself toward the group, to look over shoulders, down at the creature, and suddenly he was not strong at all.

Three of the thing's flippers were gone and pulsed blood, while the remaining handlike flipper waved and her head writhed on her long neck, beak gaped, making that sound. Through his nausea he saw the small, thin figure of Pablo, swaggering ridiculously, kneel and hold a coco shell to the stream of blood pumping from the turtle. The boy stood up, raised the cup to his mouth and started to drink the blood, his small face twisted and pale, his strange eyes looking directly at Jed. Those eyes were so bright they could have been filmed with tears.

It was a challenge, and a challenge that Jed realized he must pick up if ever he was to live with himself in peace. No apology would do now. No monthly check. It would take an action springing from inside a man. His face gray and sick, he moved forward, praying he would do the right thing.

Inside the circle of meshed men he groped for the machete in the sand, stood beside the turtle and looked at Pablo. A figure shifted in the front rank, moved toward him, as Jed raised the machete and severed the turtle's head with one sure slash. He started toward Pablo, and the figure that had shifted moved to bar him. Jed looked at the thin, high-shouldered figure and knew that the man before him was Chapo.

He felt Chapo's fist take him high on the cheekbone, and he grinned tightly before he struck the one blow, standing flat-footed and braced, the bow of his body lashing. With that single blow Chapo fell like a chopped mast. Jed stepped over him, took the three steps between him and the staring boy in long, sure strides and knocked the shell from Pablo's lax hand. It was not until he had the boy across his knee and felt the flat of his hand stinging from contact with the tight-drawn pants that he realized what he was saying.

"No boy of mine ——" he was saying through his teeth, and stopped with his hand upraised while he whispered the words again, and never had words been so sweet. He set the boy gently on his feet, turned him and looked deep into those strange eyes, and the tears he saw there, the hunger, were answer to everything.

Japheth, the rock planes of his face gone all soft as he watched Jed and Pablo from the circle of men, moved through the group and stood vast and massive in the center. Chapo started to rise behind him.

"Go home, now," he said to the group, and there was no question.

Before Japheth turned to look at Chapo, the crowd had become only torch flares lighting the coco trunks as the grove swallowed them.

Chapo's eyes in his thin and watchful face were not dazed now. He looked at Japheth, and there was a curious flickering and a faint lifting of a mouth corner that told Japheth that Chapo was thinking back to when he had watched Japheth in the fog bank.

"You never told," he said in a high voice. "Why didn't you tell them when you saw me at your trap?" And somehow in his question there was an admission that he would leave Boca Roja, and a strange anger against the charity shown him years before, as if he wanted all men to be bad, so his watchfulness had a validity. Yet he did not use the familiar "thou," but unconsciously used the pronoun of respect.

Japheth shrugged and his eyes drifted again to Pablo, standing close beside Jed, and he answered, using the familiar pronoun, and it was the pronoun of affection, "You were only a boy. A boy, he should have his chance. You go back to San Juan now, and leave me to care for the creatures on my beach."

Chapo got up stiffly, wiping with his wrist at his broken lips, his eyes no longer watchful and wary at all. At the edge of light he turned and raised one hand briefly in a ragged half salute.

Japheth picked up the machete and deftly lifted the plastron of the dead turtle and with infinite gentleness lifted out the eggs from the warm cavity, buried them in a scooped sand cup and tamped the sand. Then, from long habit, he smoothed the place with a huge black foot, covering all traces.

Don Leon limped out of the darkness and stood blinking, his chin quivering, his stumped arm shaking against his chest. Japheth looked at him, smiling softly.

"*La última fiesta, Don Leon.* One last fiesta. You gather the wood while I bring the oil pot. Once more like it was."

Don Leon swallowed, rubbed at one ear, all unbelieving, and his smile came little by little, piece by piece. He started to gather driftwood, the old whitened ship timbers that burn with all colors, and his movements were a little uncoordinated from his eagerness.

It was past midnight and Pablo and Jed sat in the rowboat on the beach watching the fire, smelling the roasting meat and the rendering oil. Don Leon's thin old body was squatted happily beside the fire, looking from time to time at the smoke drifting across the face of the moon, smelling the old smells and singing snatches of old songs in an ancient and happy voice.

Jed Elliott had never felt more exhausted or more at peace. Perhaps it was this that made his voice a little thick.

"You know," he said to Pablo, "if I caught a fairy fish like yours, I would like to show it to my wife. She loves pretty things."

Pablo answered and his voice cracked, "You think she would like to see a fish like that? Really?"

Jed nodded without hesitation. "She loves that kind of thing. Maybe you can find her one some of these days, somewhere. She's funny, though. She loves just looking for things like that. She'll love having you to help her."

Pablo looked up the beach at the fire, not at Jed, when he asked his question, "You want to look too?"

Jed's voice was very low and humble, "I guess I've forgotten what a fairy fish looks like, if I ever knew. You'll have to show me how."

Don Leon poked absently at the fire, the fine taste of the meat going a little flat as he thought of eating one of Japheth's creatures.

"*Ai,* Japheth," he said, "it's good. The last time, and maybe the best one of all." He plucked another piece of meat from the roasting stick and looked at it. "Anyway, Japheth, it's only one. Only one turtle. What is one turtle?"

Japheth smiled, looking toward the boat where Pablo and Jed sat, and he answered in English, so as not to ruin the flavor of the fiesta.

"In his own sea, in his own way, one turtle is everything."

The End

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stranger's Surprise

(Continued from Page 15)

assure you. You did not strike me very hard, and it certainly was worth it."

"Worth it!" ejaculated Mike. "What's wrong with you? I have a lot of patience because it's Christmas, but this sounds crazy. Are you crazy?" he asked. "Escape from Bellevue, perhaps? Do you have amnesia? Or do you know who you are?"

The man smiled. "I know who I am, sir. Oh, I have not introduced myself. My name is Higgins—A. H. Higgins."

"Glad to meet you," said Mike dryly. "My name is Michael Harris. On second thought, I'm not so sure I'm glad to meet you. The setting is rather unusual. Tell me, how did you get there, anyway?"

"I took a cab," said the man, "from the other side of the bridge. I asked the driver to let me out in the middle. He thought it was a bit odd, but I told him that I was waiting for a friend to pick me up in his car. So he let me out and I started to walk."

"But why?" asked Michael. "Did you want to commit suicide?"

"Oh, no, sir," said A. H. Higgins. "I told you, I just wanted to get some attention."

"You could have easily got more than you bargained for," said Mike. "I happen to be a careful driver; I was only doing about twenty-five or thirty. If somebody came flying along at sixty you would have been a goner. Do you realize that?"

"Even that would have paid, sir, as long as I felt it. I mean, just so I would have remained alive long enough to realize that people were standing around and showing me some attention."

"That's a rotten way to die. In order to get attention!" said Mike. "Why are you so set on getting attention?"

"I never have it," he said simply.

"What do you mean?" asked Michael.

"I never gave it any thought until my doctor mentioned it."

"Your doctor? Then you are ill!"

"No, not exactly. Oh, I had sometimes felt tired and listless. Everyone feels that way now and then. Well, the doctor told me my heart was kind of weak."

"Too much work and too little relaxation, I suppose?"

"Almost exactly his words. Only he said 'too little diversion.' I should take some vitamins and get a little attention."

"Did it help?"

"Well, my heart doesn't bother me. I take the vitamin pills, but nobody's shown me any attention. So I thought this Christmas I'd give myself the present of making someone really mad at me."

"Make someone mad at you? Why?"

"Because if someone is mad at you, he's bound to give you some attention," said Mr. Higgins. "Of course, it didn't quite work out," he added a bit sadly, "because you aren't really mad at me, are you, sir?"

"No, I'm not. But that hasn't anything to do with you. I'm just content with the work I've done and the fact that I'm going home."

"That's one of the points I was making," said Mr. Higgins. "When you get home you'll receive a lot of attention, won't you?"

Mike laughed. "Yes. Mostly because of the packages behind me in the car."

"It's worth it," said Mr. Higgins. "I wish I had some packages to pack."

"Don't you have any money to buy some?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Higgins. "I have enough money—I've a good bank account. I just don't have anyone for whom I could buy presents. And since no one has any particular reason for liking me, I thought I might at least get some attention by having someone mad at me."

They were by now well on their way out on Long Island.

"Look," said Mike, "I'm probably taking you out of your way. Where do you live?"

"I live in New York; in Manhattan, sir. But it does not matter. I can always take a train back."

"Why?" asked Mike. "Is it worth the ride you're taking with me?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Higgins. "Not just the ride, but I can't remember when anyone spoke so many words to me in such a short time. I mean, gave me so much attention. You have asked at least six questions which showed your interest in me. No one else has ever shown sufficient interest in me to ask six questions."

"That's ridiculous," said Mike. "It's beyond me."

"I can understand that," nodded Mr. Higgins. "Nevertheless, it is the truth."

"You have a fixed idea there," said Mike. "Let's analyze this question. You say nobody gives you any attention. Aren't you married?"

"No," said Mr. Higgins.

Mike glanced at him. A. H. Higgins was a rather good-looking man, about fifty years old, hair beginning to turn gray at the temples. He was dressed in good taste, businesslike, and immaculately clean.

"Why aren't you married?" asked Mike. "I realize, of course, that it's none of my concern, but since you like attention, I might as well ask. I can't say that you haven't made me curious."

"Your curiosity makes me very happy," said Mr. Higgins gratefully. "It is difficult to explain why I did not marry. I have thought about it often. When I was young, I was too busy. I come from a small family. I studied; worked in the evening in order to be able to go on studying. I never knew my father; he died when I was very young and I helped my mother along. Then I got a good job and felt it was the wrong time to get married; I had to concentrate on getting ahead."

"What do you do?" asked Mike.

"I am a bank manager," said Mr. Higgins modestly.

"A bank manager!" Mike was stunned. "And you don't get any attention?"

"No. I give attention, but I never receive it. People are only interested in a bank manager when they want a check cashed or something like that."

"Why don't you go out sometimes? Have a good time? You make good money, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I have a very good income. But I've never known how to spend it."

"Well, there are ways, you know," said Michael, laughing.

"Oh, yes, I know. But you see, I am shy. It was difficult for me to get acquainted with women. I did not know anybody."

"But your business associates?"

"Well," said Mr. Higgins thoughtfully, "I guess I am not a very gregarious or entertaining fellow. People like to invite bachelors when they can make themselves useful at parties; when they can tell funny stories, or entertain the ladies, or mix good drinks. I was never very good at either category. I was invited to parties once or twice, but I sat around in a corner feeling awkward, knowing I was boring company. Why would people invite a man who bores their guests?"

Mike shook his head. This was a completely new world to him. He had never been alone. One of six children, he was accustomed to company, parties, had flirted with his sisters' friends, competed with his brothers once or twice for the favors of their girl friends and had always busied himself in his parents' home giving and receiving joy and—as Mr. Higgins called it—attention. He often felt he was receiving too much of it; had too little privacy, too little quiet, too little relaxation. But he was too intelligent to complain about love. It was incomprehensible to him that a human being could exist who was so lonesome, so completely isolated that he had to walk along a busy highway in order to gain some attention.

"You see, sir, I am boring you," said Higgins.

"No," Michael said, "you're not boring me; I was just thinking. By the way, what does the A. H. stand for?"

"I'd rather not say, sir."

"Why not?"

"It sounds—silly."

"You can't help the name your mother gave you."

"Well, you have been very kind to me," said Mr. Higgins, "so I guess you won't laugh. The *A* stands for Adelbert; the *H* for Hugo. Tell me, how can a man receive love or attention with a name like Adelbert Hugo Higgins?"

Mike tried for a moment to put himself in Adelbert Hugo Higgins' position; he shuddered. "Tell you what," he said finally; "we're almost home. Do you have any plans for tonight?"

"No, sir," said Adelbert Hugo.

"Would you like to spend Christmas Eve with us?"

"Oh, I would like it very much, but I couldn't possibly."

"Why not?"

"I cannot disturb your family gathering."

"There is no family gathering tonight. It's Christmas Eve and I expect to be very busy trimming the tree. You had any practice trimming trees?"

"No. I often look at them when I eat alone in restaurants and I think it must be a lot of fun. There is one little place where I frequently eat and it has occurred to me to ask the owner if he would allow me to help trim the tree. But I did not think it quite proper."

"No," said Michael, "and there's no fun trimming a restaurant tree. A family tree is much nicer."

"I should say so," said Adelbert Hugo.

"Well, then," said Mike, "that's settled."

"But what will Mrs. Harris say?" asked Mr. Higgins.

"Leave that to me," said Mike. "It will be all right."

In the meantime, they had reached the house. Flax, the German shepherd, came dashing over, barking joyfully. The children ran toward the car, but stopped short upon seeing the stranger.

"Come on in," said Mike. "It's cold out here."

They all went in. Flax looked a bit mistrustful, but, as the stranger had entered with his master, he was too well-mannered to raise his voice to him.

"This is Ad Higgins," Mike introduced, "a friend of mine. I think he'll be one of yours too. He's going to spend Christmas Eve with us and help trim the tree. That is, after you rascals are in bed, of course. . . . Mildred, do you think you can manage an extra plate for dinner?"

"We can always manage another plate for dinner," said Mildred. "Welcome, Mr. Higgins."

"Thank you, madame," said Adelbert Hugo. "It is a great honor for me to share this evening with your family."

Flax must have been the first to realize that Mr. Higgins needed attention. As soon as he had settled back in one of the easy chairs in the living room, Flax came over, sat beside him, wagged his tail and then rested his long muzzle on Mr. Higgins' knee. Rather startled, Mr. Higgins patted the dog's head. "He's a beautiful animal," he said. "I love dogs."

"Do you have dogs in your house?" asked little Evelyn.

"No," said Mr. Higgins regretfully, "I never could manage it. I don't have a house."

"Where do you live?"

Mr. Higgins mentioned an East Side residence hotel.

"Oh," said Evelyn pityingly, "you have to live in a hotel? That's tough."

"Not so tough when you live alone," said Mr. Higgins.

"Alone?" asked Jack, who was nine. "You mean you have no children?"

"No," said Mr. Higgins with a sort of sad smile, "I have no children."

"Don't you like children?" asked Lily, the oldest, with all the dignity of her thirteen years.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Higgins hastened to reply, "I adore children. I just never had any because I'm not married."

Now it was Mildred who looked rather stunned. "You are a bachelor, Mr. Higgins?"

"Yes, madame."

"But you don't look like one," she said smilingly.

"How does a bachelor look, madame?"

"We-e-ell," Mildred said, and stopped for a moment. "Kind of hard," she continued. "You know, bitter—lonely. You don't look bitter and lonely at all."

"I am glad," said Mr. Higgins. "I should not enjoy looking bitter or lonely. How could I, when I'm given so much attention?"

After dinner the children went upstairs and Mildred to the kitchen to help Mary with the dishes. The two men began to trim the Christmas tree. Mike brought out all the packages and started to unpack them. To his astonishment, Adelbert Hugo Higgins proved very adept at setting up toys for the children. In no time at all, he had assembled the entire miniature house for Evelyn and dressed the dolls.

"For a man who has never done this and hasn't any children, you show a lot of experience," said Mike, smiling.

"I have dreamed so often of doing it," said Adelbert Hugo. "You don't know how often I have looked at trains and ——" He stopped.

... ...

In Defense of Living in the North

By Elaine V. Emans

If the day that April came,
If summer and October's flame
All were insufficient reasons
To adore the changing seasons,
Now this limitless expanse
Of hexagonals adance
(Blocked roads, later, notwithstanding),
This process of fairylanding
Earth, this weightless, white descent
Is the final argument.

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What were you going to say?" asked Mike.

"Well, I may as well confess," said Adelbert Hugo with the embarrassed smile of a thirteen-year-old boy. "Once I bought a train set the day before Christmas, and I spent Christmas Eve setting it up in my room, pretending it was for my own son."

"That's Jack's dream," Mike laughed. "He wants a big train with all the gadgets that go with it. I could have managed a small one, but that wouldn't do. So I bought him this space helmet and space suit. I'll try to persuade him that we live in a modern world where we rarely take trains, but I know it won't be the same. The most modern child will still look under the tree on Christmas for an old-fashioned train."

Mildred, finished in the kitchen, came in and admired their work. Mr. Higgins glanced at his watch.

"Oh, it is very late. I have to go," he said hastily.

"Now?" asked Mike, astonished. "What's the hurry?"

"Why don't you stay over?" asked Mildred. "We have a very comfortable guest room. And if you haven't any plans stay here tomorrow and spend the day with us."

"No, no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Higgins. "That day belongs to the family."

"Well," said Mildred with a warm smile, "since you haven't one of your own, we'll adopt you as one of our family. You might as well accept us as foster relatives."

Mr. Higgins seemed to have acquired a sudden cold. He stepped to one side, drew out a large handkerchief and blew his nose several times.

Then he turned back and said, "Thank you. That was the most precious Christmas present I could ever have hoped to receive."

"Then it's a date," said Mildred. "You will stay?"

"It's a date—for tomorrow," said Mr. Higgins. "But now I have to hurry back to town."

Michael tried to protest, but Mr. Higgins' mind had been made up. So Michael drove him to the station after he promised to be there the following day at 2:00 P.M. for dinner.

"He seemed an awfully lonesome sort," said Mildred. "What a nice man."

"Yes," said Mike, "he's very nice."

"I hope you didn't mind my inviting him over tomorrow."

Mike took her by the shoulders and kissed the tip of her nose.

"One thing you have to leave to women," he laughed. "They always have the right intuition at the right moment."

And then he told Mildred the whole story of Adelbert Hugo Higgins.

The subject of their discussion had reached Manhattan in the meantime. He hailed a cab and, for one hour, traveled frantically around New York trying to find a store that was still open or any shop where he could obtain wrapping paper. His quest was in vain. It was nearly midnight when he entered his hotel and walked over to the desk.

"I'm in great distress," he told the clerk. "I need a lot of wrapping paper, Christmas paper and ribbon. The shops were all closed. Would you know who could help me out? Money is no object."

The clerk was unable to offer any advice. "I'm sorry, sir; I have used up my own already. I've got five kids; takes a lot of wrapping paper."

"I know," said Mr. Higgins desperately.

"Let me think," said the clerk. "Perhaps the manager could help us."

"But he must be asleep by now."

"No, I think —— Yes, I saw him go out to midnight Mass with the wife. They'll be back in a short while. I'll call you in your suite as soon as they get in."

"Oh," said Mr. Higgins, "it would be such a favor. Thank you so much."

Half an hour later his phone rang.

"Mr. Hull said he has an idea, Mr. Higgins. Would you care to come down?"

"I certainly will," Mr. Higgins said, and quickly descended to the lobby.

"You've got a predicament there!" said Mr. Hull, the manager, laughing. "You were a little late doing your Christmas shopping. Don't you know you should start preparing in July?"

"I know," said Mr. Higgins, "but this is—sort of an emergency."

"Well," said Mr. Hull, "could you manage with gold-and-silver paper? And green ribbon to go with it?"

"That would be wonderful! The trouble is that I need quite a large quantity."

Mr. Hull laughed. "I don't think you'll need as much as we have. We ordered our supply of New Year's Eve decorating paper for the dining room early. There are rolls and rolls of gold-and-silver paper. You are welcome to take as much as you require. I'll be able to reorder in time for New Year's Eve."

Mr. Higgins expressed his gratitude in a handshake weighted with substantial folding money. He strode over to the supply room with Mr. Hull and five minutes after emerged bearing huge rolls of gold-and-silver paper, tissue paper and gay green ribbon. He carried it up in the elevator as though it were a priceless treasure. In the living room of his suite, he drew the dropleaf table across the room to his easy chair near the window and opened it to its fullest length. Then he deposited his prize of paper and ribbon beside the easy chair. This done, he carefully hung his coat and hat away, as was his custom, rubbed his hands cheerfully and stood in the center of the living room for a while, deep in thought. Having reached a decision, he crossed to the phone and asked for the night clerk.

"I wonder if you could do a favor for me," he said. "I have to deliver a few rather large parcels to a friend's home out on Long Island. I want them to be there by eight o'clock in the morning."

"Eight o'clock, Mr. Higgins?" asked the clerk. "It will hardly be possible to arrange that. I don't know if there's any messenger service tomorrow."

"I don't think there is," said Mr. Higgins. "That's why I wanted to suggest that your bellboy might take them over to Long Island in a cab. Of course there'll be a handsome tip for the favor. But the parcels must be there by eight o'clock at the latest. That's the hour children usually steal down to the living room looking for presents under the tree, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Higgins," said the clerk, laughing. "But some of them get an earlier start—during the night."

"Well," Mr. Higgins chuckled, "we won't count on that eventuality. But I consider eight o'clock a normal time for children to sneak downstairs. I definitely want the packages under the tree by then."

"It will be arranged, Mr. Higgins," said the clerk. "I'll ask Frank to take a cab over at seven o'clock."

"Fine," said Mr. Higgins, satisfied. "He can come up shortly before seven for the packages and money. I shall be up. Thank you again for arranging it."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Higgins," said the clerk. "It's a pleasure. It must be a mighty important family you're going to all this trouble for."

"Yes," said Mr. Higgins seriously, "they are my best friends. Good night—and thank you again. And Merry Christmas!"

He took a chair from his bedroom, went to his closet and, balancing himself on the chair, began to lift down huge, meticulously wrapped packages. There were a lot of packages and he was forced to make several trips. With great care, he transported them to the living room and deposited them on the floor near his chair. He removed the cord, opened the packages, found a couple of towels and, very painstakingly, began to clean each item of the contents.

There were many small pieces—a stop signal, a locomotive, a length of track, a tree, a little station—and so it went on until the table was covered with the pieces and sections of a tremendous train set, replete with tracks and all the gadgets that make a boy's heart beat faster when he sees them in the show windows before Christmas.

Mr. Higgins anxiously inspected each piece, and presently smiled in satisfaction; it was all complete and in the best order. Then, in a small memorandum book, he began to make a list of the Harris family.

"There is Mike and Mildred. And Jack, Evelyn and Lily. And, of course, Flax."

Completing the list, he placed it on the table and began the laborious task of wrapping all the gadgets of the enormous train set in gold-and-silver paper. He consolidated the small packages into large ones and, finally, had two huge packages containing the one gift for Jack.

He took up his list and thought for a long time. Then he loosened the beautiful gold watch from his wrist, wrapped it and tied a green ribbon around it. This done, he checked off the name "Mike."

Mr. Higgins stood up slowly, a little tired now, crossed to the secretary and, from a special niche, brought out an old-fashioned jewelry case. He placed it on the table and unlocked it with a tiny key. A strange, musty odor emerged. Mr. Higgins smiled. It certainly was old-fashioned. It had been his mother's jewelry box. He drew out a bundle of letters bound in a faded ribbon and lifted out a little bouquet of dried yellow flowers—his mother's wedding bouquet. It emitted a faint scent of lavender which came from a little sachet on the bottom of the case. Mr. Higgins removed three small boxes, looked at them for a moment and then, as solicitously as before, wrapped them in the gold-and-silver paper. He made a check mark after the next three names, rose again and took several envelopes and stationery from the secretary. He put a twenty-dollar bill in one envelope, wrapped it with as much care as he had given the others, and finished it off with green ribbon.

His work was finished. The table looked festive, as one would wish a table to look on Christmas Eve. Mr. Higgins took a pen from his pocket and smilingly started a letter.

"To My Friends ——"

He wrote for a long time. Finally, in the somewhat pedantic manner he was accustomed to using in the bank, he signed his name under the letter: "Yours, A. H. Higgins."

With a deep sigh of satisfaction, he slid the letter into an envelope, wrote Mike Harris' name and address on it to make sure the packages would reach their destination, and then stood the letter in full view in front of the packages. Once again he checked the presents against the names on his list. Yes, everything was right.

Mr. Higgins slowly replaced the pen in his pocket, sat back in his easy chair and, for a long while, looked at the table, imagining the faces of the children as they opened the packages. Perhaps he should take them out, personally, at two o'clock, and experience the joy of watching them? No! That would be egotistical. They must find them under the tree in the morning. And it would be a nice surprise for Mildred and Mike as well.

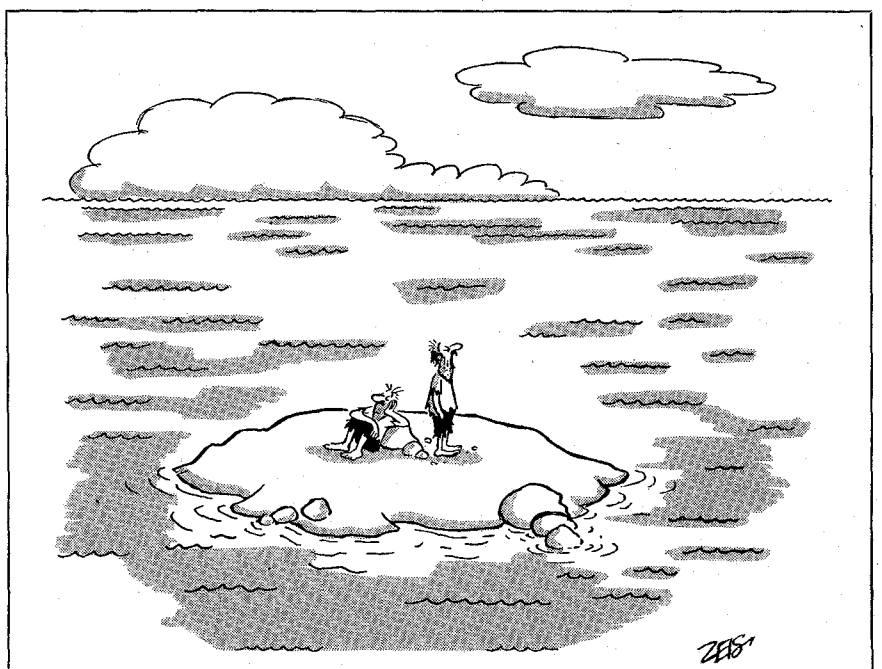
Mr. Higgins glanced at his wrist, then recollected that he had packed his watch in one of the parcels. He smiled happily and leaned back, gazing through half-closed eyes at the colorful array on the table.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Frank the bellboy, knocked on the door of Mr. Higgins' suite. Receiving no response, he returned to the desk and asked the clerk to awaken Mr. Higgins. He did not answer his phone. The clerk went up with the boy and, getting no reply to his knock, opened the door with a pass key. Mr. Higgins was still seated in his easy chair, smiling. The hurriedly summoned manager took one look at him and called the police and a resident physician.

"He wanted these packages delivered on Long Island by eight o'clock," said the clerk. "He asked me to make sure they'd be there on time. He was going to leave the money for a cab and tip. I guess he didn't have a chance to do it."

Mr. Hull picked up the letter addressed to Mike Harris.

"Get a cab and see that the packages are delivered," he said. "I'll pay for it."



"Somehow it just doesn't feel like Christmas."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The doctor arrived, ascertained that there had been no foul play or suicide. "The heart just stopped," he said. "Have you ever seen such a happy face?"

The police came, were satisfied that Mr. Higgins had simply died in his sleep. They left.

The manager felt helpless. "We should notify his relatives," he said to the clerk. "Do you know if he has any family in town?"

"I wouldn't know," said the clerk. "I've never seen anyone visit him. Wait a minute. He said the people he was sending these packages to were his best friends. It's a Mike Harris on Long Island. Perhaps they'd know."

"Good idea," Mr. Hull said, and called Mike Harris.

"I was told that you were a friend of Mr. Higgins," he said.

"Yes," said Mike, still half asleep.

"Would you know where we could reach any of his relatives?"

Mike was suddenly wide awake. "What happened?"

Mr. Hull explained. He added that a bellboy was on his way out with some Christmas presents.

"I'm driving in at once," said Mike.

Mildred wanted to go with him, but he thought it might be better if she stayed with the children.

"I'd appreciate it if you'd wait for me before opening the packages," he said quietly. "We had decided to wait for Higgins, but ——"

"It's all right," said Mildred. "We'll wait for you, darling."

Mike Harris took care of all the arrangements. Counting on Mr. Higgins' orderly nature, he looked in the secretary and found a sealed envelope labeled MY LAST WILL and giving the name and address of his attorney. After he had seen to everything and made certain that Mr. Higgins would receive the very best of all the necessary attention, he drove home and told his family what had happened. The children could not quite grasp the tragedy of it. Evelyn was told only that Mr. Higgins would be unable to come out to Long Island that day.

"It's a shame," said Jack. "I was looking forward to having him with us today."

"I think he will be with us today," said Michael quietly.

They sat around the Christmas tree and, after the family had opened their gifts to one another, they started to open Mr. Higgins' presents with a feeling of sadness. Attached to each package was a little slip: "Please read the letter first."

Mildred handed the envelope to Mike. "Go ahead, dearest, you read it to us."

They all listened as Mike began to read:

"To My Friends. Only a few hours separate me from the time when I expect to see you. I am spending Christmas Eve and the night with you and I want to thank you all for the happiest Christmas I have ever experienced. I know I shall see you at two o'clock, but words would not come so easily to me then. Therefore I thought that you should know before my arrival how I feel about this day.

"The two large packages are for Jack; they contain the train set he wanted. Jack, I have had this set packed away in my closet for quite a few years. I always hoped that one Christmas would come when I could unpack it and give it to a boy dear to me. You see, if you dream long enough, wishes come true. And, with that feeling, I place the train, with all the little gadgets, train stations and village stores, under your Christmas tree. Have fun with it. I hope it will make you happy.

"It was too late to shop for Christmas presents. Were I to buy them tomorrow, it would be anticlimactic. There is no fun wrapping Christmas gifts after Christmas. I wanted that dream to come true tonight. I managed to get the paper, but not the presents. Therefore you will all have to forgive me if you receive gifts which, in a way, are secondhand. Nevertheless, they are infinitely more precious to my heart than anything I could have purchased from the finest shops. I do not mind parting with them. I have had these heirlooms for many years. I always hoped for a day when I could offer them to someone dear to me. I do not think that I have many years of searching left. You have given me so much. How could I begin to think or bargain whether or not you are the ones to whom I should pass on these little memories of mine?

"Mike, I received this watch from my mother on my graduation. I always wanted to buy a new one, but it is such a good watch, faithful, always giving the right time. There was no real excuse to buy another. I hope every time you look at it will be a happy hour for you.

"Mildred, the brooch is also from my mother. I know you will cherish it as I do. Among the trinkets my mother left me was this little gold locket. It will look so pretty on Lily. I know my mother would have wished her to have it. The gold ring with the stone is for Evelyn. It will be too large for her, but she will grow into it and, one day, I hope she will wear it with joy and, perhaps, say 'This is from Uncle Ad Higgins.'

"I dislike giving money as a Christmas present. But, unfortunately, Flax, there was nothing in my closet or in my mother's jewelry box you would have enjoyed. So, the contents of your envelope are for the best steak available in town and a nice, soft collar that will feel good; and, sometimes, you might sniff it and just wag your tail a little while thinking of me.

"I want to say one thing more. I have received so much that I should feel ashamed if you were to thank me. When I see you today at two o'clock, you would make me very happy if you would not say anything. Just let me feel as though I had been with you to open these packages, as I will be in spirit, thinking of you while you open them. Until we meet again, my dear friends, yours, A. H. Higgins."

Mr. Higgins would have enjoyed all the love and attention he received, not only on Christmas Day but also on the day of his funeral—and on many, many days to follow. They often spoke of him, and when someone asked, "Who is A. H. Higgins?" they said, "Our best friend."

There was only one incident which Mike never mentioned, even to Mildred. He was driving home from the funeral when, in spite of the fact that there was no traffic ahead, he stopped his car abruptly. A few moments later, ignoring the horns of drivers behind him, he moved slowly off. A short distance away, as he rounded a curve, he was forced to stop again. His side of the highway was blocked by a wreck involving several cars. It must have just occurred, for the ambulance had not yet arrived. He walked forward to see if he could be of assistance, but the highway patrol had the situation in hand and was trying to clear the lane.

Turning back, Mike found the driver of the car behind his waiting for him.

"I owe you an apology, Mac," the man said, laughing nervously. "I was sore as hell when you stopped back there and I had to slam on my brakes to keep from running into you. Why, we might have piled right into this! You couldn't have seen the wreck before the curve. What made you stop all of a sudden?"

"I don't know," said Mike. "My motor just conked out."

He couldn't very well have told him that he had stopped abruptly because, just in front of his car, he had suddenly seen A. H. Higgins' smiling face, had seen him waving, calling for attention.

New Clues to Human Behavior (Continued from Page 19)

were interviews in rowboats, while visiting nesting sites, walking around the lake or while Doctor Lorenz scattered grain at his feeding stations.

His eyes were never off the geese for long. He was always watching them, even as he talked. Something might be happening, maybe some quirk of behavior he had been quietly expecting for months, maybe the unexpected. Here at the Max Planck Institute for the Physiology of Behavior he is launched on a fifteen-year research project to study the full life cycle of the wild goose. For seven years now he has been patiently building up his flock—Canadians, graylags, white-fronted, bean, swan and snow geese. It was this emphasis on breeding that led to several new discoveries in the amatory ways of geese.

Operation Goose is no mere naturalist's whim—Konrad Lorenz is anything but a savant with a one-track mind. While meandering among the geese—several young goslings have been "imprinted" on him and follow him constantly as foster parent—he can talk wittily on topics as far apart as Shakespearean puns and Huck Finn. A Viennese, a happy blend of Teutonic thoroughness and Frenchlike charm, he takes his work seriously and himself lightly. One of his special prides is his flowing, accent-free English, which he learned as a student at Columbia University in 1921. He also speaks Russian, acquired when he spent four years as a PW in Soviet Armenia. Drafted as a medic into the Wehrmacht, he was captured at Vitebsk in 1944.

As readers of his book, King Solomon's Ring, are already aware, Konrad Lorenz is himself a very rare bird, a topflight scientist who has managed to slip away from the laboratory and academic podium to live in the field like the great nineteenth century naturalists—England's Darwin, France's Fabre, America's Audubon. Konrad Lorenz's own special technique, which has since become the standard practice of most ethologists, is keeping animals and birds in a free state, with no controls other than his acquired knowledge of their desires, needs and habits. This looks easy, but it is fantastically difficult. Yet it is a must, if the animal under observation is to give out with its full repertory.

How long does it take to acquire such mastery over wild creatures? Only a lifetime. From his early boyhood days at Altenberg on the Danube, only about fifteen miles northwest of Vienna, but on a great bend in the river where wildlife abounded, young Lorenz lived in a natural paradise and learned amazing tricks with animals. At the age of four he wanted to be an owl, because owls stay up at night. But he deserted owls when he discovered they couldn't swim. His lifelong affection for aquatic birds was established when he was five. "I became imprinted on ducks by imprinting a duckling on me," he says, telling how he spent one whole summer becoming the foster parent of the duckling Piepsa, walking barefoot through ponds to gather mosquito larvae on his legs to feed her.

This naturalist bent was encouraged by his father, Vienna's famous orthopedic specialist, Dr. Adolf Lorenz, founder of the school of bloodless surgery—how to do bone operations without the scalpel. His dad insisted that Konrad become an M.D., however, rather than a mere zoologist, which explains the long background in anatomy, physiology and biology which gives depth and validity to Lorenz's present work. During his student days at the University of Vienna, and for a later decade when he was a professor at the Anatomical Institute, Altenberg remained the Lorenz family summer home. Konrad married his childhood sweetheart, a girl from the next village, and she kept her job as chief gynecologist at Vienna's Brigitte Hospital when he quit academic work in the mid-1930's and set up as a full-time ethologist.

The Altenberg home by this time resembled a menagerie, with a colony of jackdaws nesting in the chimneys, geese strolling through the parlor, a capuchin monkey named Gloria frolicking in the study, plus sundry ravens, peacocks and aquarium fish. These animals and birds had the freedom of the house. Visitors to Altenberg were amazed that the only cage visible was one that Frau Lorenz, a true martyr to science, erected to enclose the baby carriage. At his Altenberg station, Doctor Lorenz had just built up his first flock of graylag geese when his work was interrupted by World War II.

Although he was reported lost on the Eastern front, word of Lorenz's prewar experiments had got round in the scientific world. When he returned to Austria on a PW train late in 1948, he found, to his pleasant surprise, that the English novelist, J. B. Priestley, had donated his Austrian royalties to help him set up shop again. When, in 1949, the West German Max Planck Society offered him a million-dollar institute and free choice of a staff of co-workers, Lorenz was able, under ideal conditions, to launch his Operation Goose. The institute here has succeeded in uniting under one roof the life dream of two old friends. While Doctor Lorenz is concerned with animal behavior as a whole, studying it in as natural an environment as possible, his friend and colleague Prof. Eric von Holst heads up a department analyzing, by the methods of electro-physiology, the more basic functions underlying animal behavior, taking place within the central nervous system.

What is most amazing when watching Konrad Lorenz at work is how simple he makes it all look. Standing on the beautiful lake shore here at Seewiesen, the visitor has to do a constant mental double-take to realize he is watching a silent miracle. For these are wild, uncaged, free-flying geese, controlled by nothing but the arts of friendly persuasion, by the fact that Konrad Lorenz knows more about the habits of geese than geese do themselves. The lake's surface is dotted with some forty packing boxes on piles, excellent offshore nesting sites. Several feeding trays are spiked with special delicacies, such as dried

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fresh-water shrimp. There is also an anti-fox fence that gives some protection around the incubator and nursery, but when I noticed it did not extend around the lake, Lorenz laughed and explained, "Of course! I don't want any of my geese to grow soft." When the fox shows, the whole goose colony deploys into a curious wedgelike "mobbing action," resembling a human lynch scene, and this applied mass psychology sends Reynard high-tailing back into the woods.

Doctor Lorenz, from early in February to late in September, manages to crowd two full working days into one calendar day. He is up and out at dawn, busies himself until noontime with a hundred chores on the lake, feeding goslings, tending the incubator, rowing, walking, and sometimes even swimming with his geese. Lunch is followed by an hour's nap, then his "second day," a long afternoon of similar chores. Despite this record of activity, he refers to himself as "one of Nature's baskers, lazy as a crocodile." This steady routine has, in fact, become one of the cardinal rules of comparative ethology. He explains why:

"In humans, such a simple thing as a yawn is socially infectious. The same holds true for most of the instinctive activities in social animals. Whenever I imitate the sound and movement of wild geese, I gain considerable influence over their behavior, inducing fly-ups, alarm reactions or greeting ceremonies. For I am regarded as a resident supergoose, much as a dog regards its master as a super pack leader of its own species. But geese have much less learning ability than dogs, so the human must, to achieve contact, spend much of his time in their company, walking, swimming or resting with them."

Why all this intense study of geese? The layman reader may well be a bit perplexed at today's strong hints among scientists that animal study can give clues to some of the springs of human behavior. Mankind, from the fables of Aesop and La Fontaine, from Swift's Gulliver's Travels to Walt Disney's Donald Duck, has had the fond habit of reading human traits into animals. This is artistic license, but very bad science. Man has what no animal has—a soul, a creative intelligence—he can use reason as a tool to dominate nature and environment, and this sets him off from the animal world. Put simply, no goose has ever kept a colony of professors.

What Konrad Lorenz and his school of researchers are after is not evidence of human traits in animals, but rather the opposite. Their work is already shedding much light on the animal, even gooselike traits hidden away in the biological psyche of human beings, the prehuman factors that link us all in the chain of creation. The innate behavior of a young gander when he goes courting is so similar to that of a young human blade as to be highly humorous.

Konrad Lorenz is too careful a scientist to draw any sweeping parallels between geese and humans, and he stresses that it has taken him years just to establish the distinct differences in the behavior of ducks versus that of geese. One evening, however, as we were watching a battle of ganders on the lake, he began to muse out loud:

"In our own species, this aggressive drive is something that goes very far back into our prehuman past. Any skillful manipulator of mass emotions, by dummying up the right scapegoat, can induce alarm, hysteria and war in man, the political animal. It is sad but true that hitherto demagogues seem to have had the best working knowledge of this. Bad-behaviorists themselves, they stumbled upon the deep, nonrational urges in the human animal. Latent in all mankind are the terrible drives of a very irascible ape, and they can get out of control. The more we discover about these things, the more we learn about why animals act the way they do, the more we know about ourselves."

One such discovery, which keeps ethologists from being complete pessimists about the future of the human race, is that in most of the higher social animals the aggressive urge, such as combat in males, is tempered by a powerful inhibition against killing a fellow member of the same species. Moreover, this inhibition is strongest when the defeated combatant makes the instinctive gesture of submission, or "says uncle." A vanquished timberwolf bares its throat as a suppliant, and its wolf rival cannot strike home. A trounced dog will roll over on its back, a helpless position, but it saves him. A gander beaten by a stronger gander ends the battle by exposing the back of its head, the most vulnerable spot, and the battle is over. Thus the Biblical advice about "turning the other cheek" is profoundly true. "But this is only true of social animals," says Doctor Lorenz. "The wolf is chivalrous, but not the turtle dove. I once made the mistake of putting two turtle doves into the same cage, and one flayed the other almost to death, with no hint of mercy."

This questioning of the familiar, and steady observation of how animals do act, is a habit Konrad Lorenz was born with. It was at the University of Vienna that he first began to realize how much that was printed in books about animals was, from his own boyhood observation, demonstrably not so. Except for the work of a few naturalists, animal behavior as a special field of study had fallen between the biologists and the psychologists, each insisting it lay more in the other fellow's field.

Having watched animals for thousands of hours himself, Lorenz during his work on anatomy was already convinced that behavior patterns were as important as bone structure in describing any species. He feels that these patterns are not something that animals may or may not do, or do in different ways, but something which animals of a given species "have got," in the same way that they "have got" claws or teeth. Geese, when they gabble, are not really talking to each other. They have some fourteen exclamations, but these are all interjections. Their real language, what Lorenz calls "social releasers," are visual gestures and movements, some of them very hard for the human eye to catch, and these releasers set up responses, or "releaser mechanisms," in other members of the species.

For example, in all species of geese the sexes resemble each other so closely that not only humans but geese themselves have one devil of a time telling a goose from a gander. Usually, in the initial stages of courtship, a gander makes a certain V-like neck. Only the male does this. But sometimes it can be skipped or missed, and several young ganders here, like Hartchi and Paulchen, have convinced themselves that certain other ganders are females, which helps not at all in the propagation of the species, but has opened up a field for important behavior research. Just why "nature goes wrong" is not known, but human psychologists are watching this phase of Doctor Lorenz' experiment with keen interest.

The best introduction to goose sociology comes when one stands with Doctor Lorenz before the feeding trays and he explains the constantly unfolding drama of the order of rank. Just as there is a distinct "pecking order" among chickens, the goose colony has a most elaborate, although sometimes changing, hierarchy of rank or precedence. Happily married couples and those blessed with numerous progeny rate highest. A wife automatically enjoys the rank of her husband. Bachelors rate low and bachelor girls lower still. A newcomer from another colony or a gosling born here is not accepted until he fights his way up the social ladder, usually by successful courtship, a dusting off rival ganders. Nothing adds more to a gander's social prestige than to be the father, as Professor Lorenz puts it, "of many cantankerous sons." Families tend to stick together for one or two years, last year's offspring often helping to rear this year's goslings.

During the breeding season, the time of my visit to Seewiesen, territorial nest battles took precedence over pure prestige showdowns. The valor of any gander increases the closer a rival or intruder approaches his nest or when he is leading young, and the younger the goslings the fiercer the gander.

The leader of the colony is always a male that has bested all rivals in combat, and he retains that position until dethroned by a stronger contender. The relative standing of any two ganders will be shown instantly by which yields to the other, anywhere and any time they meet, as the result of an earlier battle. Such

NEXT WEEK

PABLO PICASSO:
The Private Life of the World's Most Famous Artist
Eight Pages of Photographs by David Douglas Duncan

Ginral Lee, the Cunnel and Me
Untold True Tale of the South Pacific

I CAN ALWAYS ESCAPE
By Glenn Ford
A Movie Star's Unusual Way of Life

The Low-Down From Leo
A Post Editor's Intimate Interview With Durocher

WHAT A WAY TO TREAT A DOG!
Finery for Well-Heeled Poodles

San Francisco's Magic Fog
Strange Things Happen When the City is Socked In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shindies are always climaxed by the winner's *Triumphgeschrei*, the "cry of triumph," delivered with outstretched neck and beating wings.

As Doctor Lorenz points to one such fracas out on the lake—a young bean-goose gander being trounced by an older and stronger snow gander—I note a shy Canadian, yielding to everybody on the lake, and slowly making her way toward the shore. Quietly she sidles up to Professor Lorenz and gives a soft, mellow greeting "Huunn-huunn," a modified form of the triumph cry. He returns it. This is Minna von Barnhelm, a two-year-old, hand-raised Canadian. This year all her brothers and sisters have married. She is alone and lonely, way at the bottom of the order of rank, a young old maid. She wants to be loved, and has transferred her affections to Professor Lorenz.

He has no serious worries about the emotional life of Minna, nor of another young virgin, Adelheid, who insists on riding with him in the rowboat. He is sure these shy but affectionate birds will someday win proper husbands, for both remind him of Yorinde. Two years ago Yorinde lost her fiancé, in the same flying accident that killed Isolde, the wife of Tristan. Yorinde then developed a strong crush on Doctor Lorenz himself, always coming up from the lake to greet him, as Minna does today. Until one fine spring day the widower Tristan, violently cutting in between man and goose, began a high-intensity courtship and took Yorinde away as his bride.

Happy couples keeping up with the Joneses is the most familiar scene on the lake during the breeding season. But, suddenly, a visitor does a double-take on one trio that seems to be violating all the rules, and indeed is. Ada, a graylag goose, is swimming proudly with her three goslings, squired by two ganders, Adus and Adamann. This triangle—flagrant bigamy—is the gabbling scandal of the lake. What is most remarkable is not that Ada accepts two suitors, but that the two ganders casually abide each other.

What has happened? Nothing interests an ethologist more than a "miscarrying" behavior pattern, and as he explains this "French-novel situation" Doctor Lorenz chivalrously takes some of the blame on himself. From a scientific point of view, Ada's is a case history of immense value, an example of how the pattern of monogamy, once broken by outside causes, can go haywire.

Ada, a pure wild graylag, was already a widow when Konrad Lorenz bought her in 1950 from a professor in Bonn. She had been happily married for many years to a gander who was half graylag, half domestic goose—domestic geese are always sexier. He flew against a high-tension wire and killed himself. At that time, the Max Planck Institute was still located at a water castle in Westphalia, and Doctor Lorenz, just beginning to build up his present flock, was anxious to mate Ada with another graylag. But the widow Ada was terribly lonely, fell close to the bottom of the order of rank and attracted no suitor. Instead she would fly alone, and Doctor Lorenz often noticed how, in flying, she would give him "intention signals," often landing in the woods and other trysting spots. She wanted only to be with him, and so strong was the desire that she overcame a goose's natural reluctance to alight among trees.

Then, in 1953, she was passionately courted by a little white-fronted gander, Adus. Most of the passion came from ardent Adus. They married, but seldom mated, and had no children. Part of the trouble was that the white-front is a far-north goose, most amorous in May, while Ada, as a European graylag, preferred April. Adus had also been pinioned as a young goose, and could not fly. Ada could, and one spring day in 1954 she flew to the neighboring castle courtyard of Baron Romberg and brazenly took up with a white domestic gander, who probably reminded her of her half-domestic first husband. That year she had three yellow goslings by the baron's gander.

Ada knew she was misbehaving, for whenever Doctor Lorenz called her, she would return quickly to the institute flock. But the baron's gander was misbehaving, too, and one day Ada flew in to find him in the arms, or in the wings, of another barnyard goose. In this Frankie-and-Johnny situation, Ada lit into both the faithless lover and the rival tart. Feathers flew, and in injured noninnocence she left the barnyard and her barnyard lover forever. Back at the institute, husband Adus—who couldn't fly—was willing to forgive and forget. But next spring Ada took up with a hybrid Canadian, who beat the daylights out of Adus, until the hybrid, in turn, was vanquished by a pure Canadian, Adamann.

The lady Ada was becoming a tramp, and only drastic measures could straighten her out. When the institute started moving from Westphalia to Bavaria in the autumn of 1956, Doctor Lorenz shipped both Adus and Adamann ahead, keeping Ada back and penning her with a pure graylag, hoping to settle her down with a beau of her own species. This bit of scientific pandering did not take, and when, the following spring, Ada arrived in Bavaria by the night train, old faithful Adus instantly swam across the lake by moonlight to reclaim his wife. But that year and once again this year she mated with Adamann, Adus standing by and keeping watch over the brood. Adamann, only four years old, probably does not know about the 1953 marriage between Ada and Adus, thus tolerates him. Bigamous Ada seems still to be carrying a torch, maybe for her first husband and maybe for the baron's gander.

Among geese, some true betrothals take place in the first year of a goose's life, there are cases of love at first sight, and early loves can be most lasting. This year Adelbert, a handsome one-year-old snow-graylag hybrid, successfully courted a twenty-year old widow, Snow Queen. The average freshman gander, however, spends the first spring after his birth merely flying about with a lady friend, giving warning signals for her or doing some feathery handholding in quiet corners.

In his second year the bachelor gander is mature, more aggressive, and out to win himself a bride. As early as January he tends to leave his family flock and swim behind his chosen lady of the lake, at a discreet distance of about twenty yards, but casing her every movement. On water and on land he next starts making bows or swan necks, to which, if it pleases her, she may reply, but slowly and more discreetly. A popular gal at this point may have more than one aspirant suitor. By March, the gander is making the curious V-neck—called "*Winkelhals*"—neck stiff, slanting forward, bent just before the head. If she replies with a come-on glance over her shoulder, he swims closer. She can coyly "incite" by mock-threatening other ganders. He, in turn, attacks them, drives them off and gives his triumph cry.

She at first does not respond to his triumphing. She is playing hard to get, but not too hard. It is late March and the gander is now neck-dipping vigorously, and he may go through this a fortnight before she responds with equal intensity. A similar response marks a true engagement, and the more she neck-dips the closer he swims. Soon they are swimming abreast, necks straight up, heads level, breasts puffed out, tails high and wing elbows up. They cross their necks in mutual triumph cries. The gander fights off all other geese, and now she helps him. April is the month for marriage, and high noon the popular hour.

A most curious phenomenon, which may have more to do with how geese choose their life mates than was first surmised, is "imprinting." If hand-raised from the incubator egg, goslings—and ducklings—become imprinted on their human keepers or any substitute foster parent or moving object, and will follow these rather than members of their own species, which they do not recognize as such. Flocks of hand-raised goslings here at Seewiesen always follow Lorenz about, sometimes other humans, but never join other goslings following their parents in the normal manner. This imprinting has to take place at an early critical age, usually during the first day after birth, when the gosling's "following response" is without fear. In nature, what seems to happen is that the young goslings are also imprinted, but on the true mother and probably on each other, and this is nature's way of keeping the species separate, of convincing a goose it is a goose. It is possible, and here there are distinct echoes of Freud's theory of "object fixation," that imprinting—"you remind me of my mother"—does influence future choice of mate. One large black Muscovy duck here, which was foster-mothered by a white domestic duck, today tries to ravish the white snow geese.

Konrad Lorenz has long known about imprinting. Martina, the first goose Doctor Lorenz hand-raised, back in the 1930's, always followed him and never followed other geese. She assumed he was a goose or that she was a human, and had the run of his study. Martina seemed to be otherwise normal, however, in due time marrying Martin, a brave gander who came to court her in the Altenberg house, and lost a primary feather by flying into a chandelier.

The climax of Operation Goose, the great moment for which Professor Lorenz is presently bending his effort, will be the launching of a migratory flock. Although his geese here are free-flying, they have not yet migrated—for the simple reason that they do not know how; are ignorant of the route. Wild geese are normally migratory, but although the mysterious migratory urge is innate in most small birds, in geese it has to be learned—is literally a tradition or handing down of knowledge. Professor Lorenz has chosen his favorite graylags, native European geese, to become the first migratory flock. Soon he will introduce wise old birds netted on Austria's Neusiedler Lake, graylags who already know the route, and wing-clip them for a season or two until they become true members of the Seewiesen colony. Then, the third autumn, they can be expected to take off, down the Danube to the Black Sea.

The risks involved in launching such an operation are tremendous. But the full panoply of behavior must be brought under study, free-flying birds must migrate. Even if he has to lose half his flock, as he probably will, Konrad Lorenz wants to prevent their becoming pampered or soft, any "flattening out" of their emotional responses. He will choose his pilot birds from the Neusiedler Lake because they fly the route down the Danube to Constanta on the Black Sea. Western European graylags fly the more dangerous, hunter-infested route down across the British Isles, along the Biscayan coast of France, and into Spain. Studies at the Severn Wild Fowl Trust in Britain show that the annual casualty rate on the western route can reach 40 per cent, and such a murderous figure would soon wipe out the institute flock. Today, by concentrating on the best graylag breeders, Doctor Lorenz hopes to hit an optimum figure that can sustain the inevitable annual loss. Still, when some brisk September day the flock takes off, some old familiars will never be seen again. A banding ring returned by some hunter in Rumania will close the book on many a carefully compiled biography.

But the following spring should bring a unique triumph. Probably not since man and animal left the Garden of Eden together has any human come closer to understanding wildlife and bending it gently to his scientist's will than Konrad Lorenz. His life has been a wild-goose chase with a purpose. On that early spring day when his migratory flock returns, as he knows it will return, he will be waiting for them. They will recognize him standing on the shore in heavy Wellington boots, leather breeches, pipe in flowing beard, and binoculars glued to his keen eyes, although they take him for a super-goose. And he will recognize each of them, including many a bird he hand-raised from an egg. At which rare moment man and geese, sticking their necks way out in mutual admiration, will probably uncork the loudest *Triumphgeschrei* that has ever rocked the goose world.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Basketball's Toughest War Horse

(Continued from Page 24)

a distinction held by no other player. His long run as a star helps explain why he is overhauling Mikan in the scoring totals. Mikan had a higher average of points per game than Schayes, but he didn't last so long as a topflight performer.

"Schayes had to close in on Mikan's record to remind people that he's one of the game's all-time greats," says Vince Boryla, coach of the New York Knickerbockers. "He's always been underrated. He can lick you more ways than anybody I've ever seen. He's come so far it's hard for me to believe he's the same fellow I once outplayed in college."

Boryla likes to think back to the night of February 10, 1945, when, as Notre Dame's center, he lined up in Madison Square Garden against Schayes, a sixteen-year-old freshman appearing in his second varsity game for New York University. It wasn't much of a team or man-to-man contest. With Boryla outscoring Schayes by sixteen to three in the first half, Notre Dame piled up a twenty-point lead, then coasted to a 66–60 decision.

The game also holds vivid memories for Nat April, who had been coaching Schayes in high school only two weeks previously. "You could almost hear the tattoo Boryla's elbows were beating on Dolph under the basket," April recalls. "Making due allowances for Dolph's inexperience and stage fright, I still was shocked that he didn't fight back against Boryla. Frankly, I wondered then whether Dolph had the guts to make the grade in the big time."

When Schayes was graduated with a degree in aeronautical engineering in 1948, shortly after his twentieth birthday, he was advised by Howard Cann, the N.Y.U. coach, to keep away from pro basketball. Cann, now in his thirty-fifth season at N.Y.U., recently selected an all-time team of men who have played for him, and Schayes was not among them.

"I suppose that makes me look like a bum judge of talent," Cann says, grinning amiably. "Dolph unquestionably is the best player ever turned out at N.Y.U., but I picked the men on the basis of what they had done in college, and Dolph was not particularly outstanding while he was here. I didn't think he was rugged or aggressive enough to survive in pro ball."

These early forecasts have long since become a subject for sardonic horse-laughs. Last season was Schayes' ninth as a pro, and it was the best of his career. He ranked third in league scoring, and he converted the record number of 625 fouls. He was third in rebounds, and led everybody in minutes played, averaging forty a night throughout the seventy-two-game schedule. For a final fillip, he topped Syracuse in assists, a trick never brought off by any other team's high scorer except Bob Cousy, of the Boston Celtics.

However, Schayes measures himself and other basketball players by standards of performance that go beyond mere statistics. I asked him how he felt about the prospect of taking the all-time scoring title away from Mikan, who was selected in a 1950 Associated Press poll as the greatest basketball player of the half century. The response to such a routine question usually is as predictable as the plot of a Western movie. The hero kicks the rug shyly, and allows as how they don't make mortal men in the mold of the old-timer any more. Schayes threw away the script.

"I'd get a bigger boot out of the record if Mikan didn't hold it," he said. "He epitomized"—Dolph's own choice of words—"the type of player I never admired. I've always resented strong-arm guys who are effective just because of their size."

Mikan was effective, all right, as is demonstrated by his output of 11,764 points in 520 pro-league games—including two seasons in the old National Basketball League. Schayes, who put in a year in the N.B.L. himself, will have played in around 650 games by the time he passes Mikan's mark.

Limiting it to points scored in the present National Basketball Association, Schayes is already ahead of Mikan. On November fourteenth, in Philadelphia, Dolph exceeded George's N.B.A. total of 10,156. The only man still ahead of Schayes on the N.B.A. lifetime scoring list was the veteran Ed Macauley, of the St. Louis Hawks. By December third Schayes had overhauled Macauley too.

Mikan, a six-ten, 260-pounder, scored the great majority of his points for Minneapolis on one basic maneuver, the pivot play. He received passes on the foul line, with his back to the basket, then wheeled and blasted through the opposition with his bulk until he was within point-blank range of the goal.

Schayes, who is six-eight and 220 pounds, says, "Even when I was half a head taller than other kids I refused to play the pivot. To me, basketball is a game of movement and finesse. The emphasis should be on teamwork and skill, not on size, as it is today. Maybe I'm an ingrate for criticizing Mikan. He helped to turn my height into an asset by proving that all big men weren't goons. He was a tremendous competitor who took as much punishment as he dished out. I wonder, though, how good he would've been if he was only six feet tall and had to depend on cleverness to get by. That's the real test of a player."

Schayes literally knocks himself out to measure up to his private definition of a basketball player. He is forever getting whacked on driving lay-ups—movement and finesse—and has drawn more fouls during his career than any other current pro. Schayes knows the defense will give him the works every time he plunges into the snake pit, as the area near the basket is called, but that doesn't deter him from trying to get points the hard way. In the second game this season against the Cincinnati Royals, his total of thirty-two points included twenty free throws.

It isn't as if Schayes were an effective scorer only at close range. Actually, he could stay away from the meat grinder under the basket and still ring up half a dozen field goals a game with his "sputnik," a long set shot thrown with an unusually high arc. Although Boston's Bill Sharman is publicized as the league's deadliest marksman, most players rate Schayes a more accurate bomber at distances upward of thirty feet.

"In a sense, Schayes is something of a revolutionary, because he was the first big man to develop a great outside shot," declares Joe Lapchick, former coach of the Knicks. "Few people—and I wasn't one of them—believed that anyone taller than six-six had the co-ordination and the fine touch to hit consistently beyond twenty feet. Until Schayes came along, all the good long shooters were little weasels who couldn't get close to the basket often enough to score any other way."

Many experts consider Dolph's set shot the strongest feature of his game, but Schayes says, "I feel I'm cheating when I score from the outside. Distance shooting is just a trick, like fancy diving or figure skating. Anyone can perfect it with practice. I prefer to earn points on drives set up by passes and blocking. You're not a basketball player if you can't drive." Again the compulsion to prove his competitive mettle.

"Sometimes when I miss a couple of long shots I ask myself, *What the hell am I doing out here? I should be under the backboards, fighting for rebounds.* Syracuse hasn't got a lot of height, and my job is to get the ball. That's the payoff. A team that throws from the outside will win only by mistake, because it won't get many rebounds on the shots that don't go in. The set shot is valuable chiefly for keeping the defense honest by forcing it to send out a man to cover me. That opens up the zone around the basket for my drives."

What about the rough reception waiting for him when he barrels into the snake pit?

"I like to get clobbered, because it means I'm getting in close enough for good shots. I always expect to get belted when I go in there. It feels so strange when I'm not hit that I'm apt to blow an easy lay-up. It's no secret that I try to draw fouls by hesitating when I'm free for a shot. I want somebody to smack me so I can get a three-point play."

Opponents attribute Schayes' annual league-leading accumulation of three-pointers—a field goal plus a foul shot on the same play—to his physical strength. They say nothing short of a blunt instrument will knock him off balance when he draws a bead on the basket.

"Sure, you've got to be rugged to run over big men," Schayes says, "but following through for the shot is as much a mental as a physical effort. Most guys unconsciously give up when they hear the whistle, and settle for their foul shots. I play as though there's no whistle."

Is it correct to assume that he revels in violent action?

"Do you mean that I get some sort of satisfaction knocking down people? Hell, no. Football terrified me when I was a kid. My father, a boxing nut, often took me to fights, but they left me cold. I don't like body contact in basketball when the other team has the ball. Maybe that's why I'm a lousy defense player. I suppose it is strange that I don't mind taking my lumps for the sake of a point."

Once the pursuit of points ends, the change in Schayes' personality is as abrupt as a tire blowout. His lack of initiative off the court has strained the patience of prominent men in Syracuse who are willing to back him in a business that will capitalize on his enormous local popularity. A native of New York City, Schayes has been living in Syracuse since his marriage, in 1952, to Naomi Gross, a statuesque girl who was a music student at Syracuse University. He gets $14,000 a year from the Nationals, an upper-bracket salary in the league, but at going prices it is no cushion against the future for a man with three small children.

"A group of us have been after Dolph to sell insurance or start some other personal-service business," a doctor told me. "He's the biggest star around here since Vic Hanson was at the university thirty years ago, and he easily could double his income just by knocking on doors. Dolph has made absolutely no effort to take advantage of our offers of financial backing. His intelligence is well above average, but he's awfully immature for a man his age. His whole life revolves around basketball."

Last April, soon after buying a half interest in Camp Valcour, a new summer resort for boys at Plattsburgh, New York, Schayes went on a postseason barnstorming tour with the champion Boston Celtics for fifty dollars a game, although friends urged him to stay home and concentrate on signing boys for the camp. He wound up in San Francisco with a broken nose as a memento of the trip.

Since joining the Nationals ten years ago, Schayes has had only two off-season jobs. One summer he went through the motions of doing promotion work for the team. For two six-month periods he was employed in the engineering department of General Electric's Syracuse plant.

"I was so out of touch with engineering that I was just a glorified office boy," he says. "I was a prize jerk for letting my degree go to waste. I should've taken refresher courses, but I was so wrapped up in basketball that I never did."

Schayes brings an intensity to the game worthy of a loftier purpose. Through sheer will power he converted himself into an ambidextrous shooter when his right wrist was broken in 1952. "Losing the use of my right hand was the best break I ever got," he says now. "I developed a left-handed shot that made me twice as effective."

When his left wrist was broken in 1954, Schayes made another adjustment under more dramatic circumstances. It happened in Boston during the final game for the Eastern Division title. Early in the brawl Schayes went up for a shot and was hit by the Celtics' Bob Harris with the equivalent of a football block. He landed face first on the floor, and blood spurted from an ugly gash over his eye. Syracuse called five successive time-outs, its full quota for the game, while five stitches were taken in the cut. It wasn't until after play was resumed that Schayes began to realize that there also was something wrong with his wrist.

Syracuse won the game despite injuries to Schayes and to Paul Seymour. This qualified the Nats to meet Minneapolis for the league championship in a best-of-seven series beginning four days later. Schayes arrived at the Syracuse airport at midnight, and was rushed to Good Shepherd Hospital to have his eye treated and his wrist set in a cast. He left the hospital at four o'clock in the morning. Eight hours later, he was working out with the team.

The battle that Syracuse's "bandage brigade" gave Minneapolis before succumbing in seven games had the fans doing nip-ups. Handicapped by his unwieldy cast, Schayes scored only nine points in the first three games, but he produced a total of fifty in the last three contests. Many observers feel that through his

... ...

Bargain Hunter

By Ethel Jacobson

Please spread out the halos;
then let her be loosed
Where they're all tagged
Originals, Sharply Reduced!
Let her shop by the hour,
gaily trying on wings
And Specials in angel-type
underthings.

Let her find wondrous bargains
in fabulous shoes—
Below Cost, jewel-heeled,
cloud-soled, Size Two's—
And a love of a harp at a
fractional price,
Or she'll never be happy in
Paradise.

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

competitive example, he did even more to fire up the Nats in that series than he did the next year, when he averaged nineteen points per play-off game in pacing them to the league championship.

Outsiders get the misleading impression that Schayes holds himself apart from the other players. He does not trade amiable insults with teammates, participate in locker-room horseplay or shoot the breeze with the boys in hotel lobbies. However, every man on the team seems to have a revealing story to tell of help and consideration he has received from Dolph.

Schayes' apparent aloofness stems from his intense absorption with basketball. For example, few players would have the patience to sharpen their shooting by firing, as he sometimes does, at a special fourteen-inch hoop fitted inside a regulation eighteen-inch basket. Dissatisfied with his foul-shooting average of 85 per cent, one of the best in the league, he raised it by fanatical practice to .9045 last year, just a shade under Bill Sharman's .9050. Both topped the old N.B.A. record.

This case of basketball fixation began in the Fordham Road section of New York, where Schayes was born on May 19, 1928. In 1940, already taller than six feet as a twelve-year-old, he climbed over the fence of P.S. 79 to get into pickup games. Bill O'Donnell, sports director of W.S.Y.R. in Syracuse, grew up in the same neighborhood. He remembers, "Dolph seemed self-conscious about his size. He hung around the fringes of the crowd with a hangdog look when we were choosing up sides. He wasn't a pushy kid who demanded a game."

Dolph's father was a frustrated athlete. Carl Schayes emigrated to America from Rumania in 1920 when he was nineteen, and got a job driving a wagon for a linen-supply company at twenty-three dollars a week. One of his customers was John (The Barber) Reisler, a fight manager who ran a haircutting establishment in Times Square. Reisler, impressed by the burly greenhorn's muscles, asked him whether he wanted to make some quick money as a fighter.

"I said I sure would, so he took me to a gym," the elder Schayes relates. "He watched me for a few minutes, and asked why I couldn't bounce around the ring better. I told him my feet were frostbitten in the First World War, when I was drafted into the labor corps of the Rumanian Army.

"Reisler said I'd have a chance as a fighter if I had an operation on my feet. In those days it was done in two stages. The first wasn't too bad, but after the second operation the pain was so awful that I banged the casts against a wall until they broke. That left the toes on both feet all bunched up like a claw and finished me as a fighter. I could walk O.K., but I wasn't able to run or jump."

Carl Schayes devoted most of his spare time to instilling his enthusiasm for sports in his three strapping sons. He took Fred, Adolph and Herman, who were born in that order, to sand-lot football and baseball games, and to fights in local boxing clubs. During the winter they attended amateur hockey games in Madison Square Garden every Sunday afternoon.

The father's affinity for rock-and-sock did not rub off on his sons. Fred passed up sports, and Dolph and Herman were interested only in basketball. Herman, five years younger than his famous brother, played at Colorado A. & M. briefly, then toured with the Washington Generals, straight men for the Harlem Globetrotters, until he went into the Army two years ago.

"I was disappointed that the boys didn't go out for football," the father admits. "I thought basketball was a sissy game."

He got over that prejudice when Dolph began to make a reputation for himself. Carl Schayes never missed an N.Y.U. game while Dolph was there, and he later traveled to Syracuse with his wife every weekend, until Mrs. Schayes suffered a heart attack two years ago. The elder Schayes tried to throw his first punch in thirty years when Dolph and the Knicks' Al McGuire tangled in a fight in 1953. He rushed on the court, bellowing wild Balkan imprecations, but was restrained by cops who knew him.

Dolph speaks of his father's combativeness with amusement, but there is an implication of the pressures it imposed on him as a youngster. When he entered DeWitt Clinton High School he was the youngest and tallest boy in the class. "I played basketball only to please my father," he confides. "So much was expected of me because of my height I was afraid I'd be letting him down if I didn't go out for the team."

Six-foot-five-inch sophomores are rare jewels in any school, but Dolph was dropped from the Clinton squad within a week. Coach Nat April asked him to return after five players were graduated at midyear, and installed fourteen-year-old Dolph as the regular center.

Although Schayes improved rapidly, he was not an outstanding star. After his graduation in January, 1945, he enrolled at N.Y.U., where freshmen were eligible for varsity play under wartime eligibility rules. On February 1, 1945, he registered for courses. That night he was in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, jumping center against an Army Hospital team, composed of former college players.

"It was a rough baptism for a kid, but we needed his height on rebounds," Howard Cann says. Schayes got the ball, but he didn't do much with it. He was outscored, nineteen points to five, by Bill Davis, an ex-Notre Dame player. Throughout his freshman year he proved to be beyond his depth whenever he met a top-notch opponent. Ultimately N.Y.U. got to the finals of the N.C.A.A. tournament, where Oklahoma A. & M.'s Bob Kurland, the first seven-foot college player, had a field day against Schayes with twenty-two points in A. & M.'s 49–45 victory.

During his four years at N.Y.U., Schayes was considered nothing more than the work horse of the team. His best scoring average was 13.7 points a game as a senior. However, when he graduated in 1948 there were two pro leagues competing for players. Schayes received bids from each. He wanted to go with the New York Knicks, of what was then the Basketball Association of America, but a league rule prevented them from paying a rookie more than $5000. Syracuse, at that time in the older National Basketball League, offered $7500.

Schayes delayed two months before accepting. He played the 1948–49 season in the N.B.L. Then a league merger the next year brought Syracuse and Schayes into competition with the Knicks in the new N.B.A.

"Our failure to win a championship can be traced to our not getting Schayes," declares Ned Irish, major-domo of the Knicks. "We've always missed because we never had a man who could average around twenty points a season. I never told this before, but I had a deal on the fire to buy the Syracuse franchise seven years ago and merge it with the Knicks. I thought the team would fold, and I wanted to grab Schayes before he was put on the market. The deal fell through at the last minute when the people in Syracuse dug up fresh money or courage.

"I still was so high on Schayes last year that I offered three first-stringers for him—Dick McGuire, Harry Gallatin and Sweetwater Clifton. I don't blame Syracuse for turning down the trade. Schayes has been holding the team together for years. He's the only player close to Bob Pettit as a one-man powerhouse."

The road to this lofty eminence was studded with booby traps for Schayes, the youngest player in the business when he went into it at twenty. Pro basketball then was dominated by hard-bitten veterans such as Bobby McDermott, the last of the Original Celtics, who ate college boys for breakfast.

"The first thing McDermott did in a game was to smack a rookie," Schayes recalls. "If you didn't retaliate, he worked over you like a butcher cutting up a slab of meat."

The man who gave Schayes the necessary infusions of aggressiveness was Al Cervi, Syracuse's playing coach. "There never was a competitor like Al," Schayes says. "He always told me, 'You've got to go into every game like a rookie fighting for eating money.'"

Ironically, Schayes was the involuntary cause of a blow-off which cost Cervi his job last year. At the end of the 1955–56 season there were reports of a rift between Cervi and his players, who resented his insinuations that they had loafed to a third-place finish after winning the championship the year before. The rumors were strengthened when the team did not vote Cervi a share of the play-off money. The situation was brought to a head in November, 1956, when the Knicks proposed that three-for-one deal for Schayes. Cervi insisted on taking it, but Dan Biasone, president of the team, refused to give up Schayes. In the ensuing showdown Cervi resigned.

This year Schayes got off to his best scoring start ever for Syracuse. A reason why he is still going strong at twenty-nine is that he has the remarkably slow pulse rate of forty-eight—the average is seventy-two—and low blood pressure.

On a game day last month Dr. Max E. Rifkin, the Nats' team physician, took a series of readings on Schayes. That afternoon, with tension beginning to build up, Dolph's pulse rate was fifty-two. After three minutes of pregame practice it was seventy-two. At half time it was 120. Soon after the game it had dropped back to eighty-eight.

"Schayes carries fatigue better than a lot of other players because his heart does the same work with less effort," Doctor Rifkin explains. "He actually gets stronger as exertion accelerates his pulse."

The fate of the Syracuse franchise is inextricably linked to Schayes. Owner Biasone admits that Dolph has been sustaining interest in the team since 1953, the last year it showed a profit. In 1954, Biasone tentatively sold the Nats to a Detroit advertising agency for $150,000, but canceled the deal when 150 businessmen formed a syndicate capitalized at $200,000 to keep the team in Syracuse.

There is increasing agitation by other owners for the transfer of the Syracuse club to a larger metropolitan area, as has already been done with the Fort Wayne and Rochester franchises. It is argued that Syracuse, now the smallest city in the league, cannot draw on a population big enough to support a team. Last year the Nats ranked fifth in league attendance, with an average of 4200 customers a game, about 800 below their break-even point.

"I'll fight to keep Syracuse in the league as long as my money and Schayes hold up," Biasone declared in November. "We belong in the big leagues as long as we've got Dolph."

And after that?

Biasone shook his head lugubriously. "That's what worries me. He's a once-in-a-lifetime player." He hesitated, then blurted, "Look, I want you to do me a favor. Dolph is starting to slow down, but he could be great for three, four more years if he'll play the pivot. He won't have to run so much, and he's big and strong enough to score a million. I'd appreciate it if you'll ask him how he feels about it."

Why call on an outsider? Biasone is the boss. Why doesn't he discuss it with Schayes?

He squirmed miserably. "He'll think I'm trying to tell him he's washed up. I don't want to hurt his feelings. It will sound better if it comes from you."

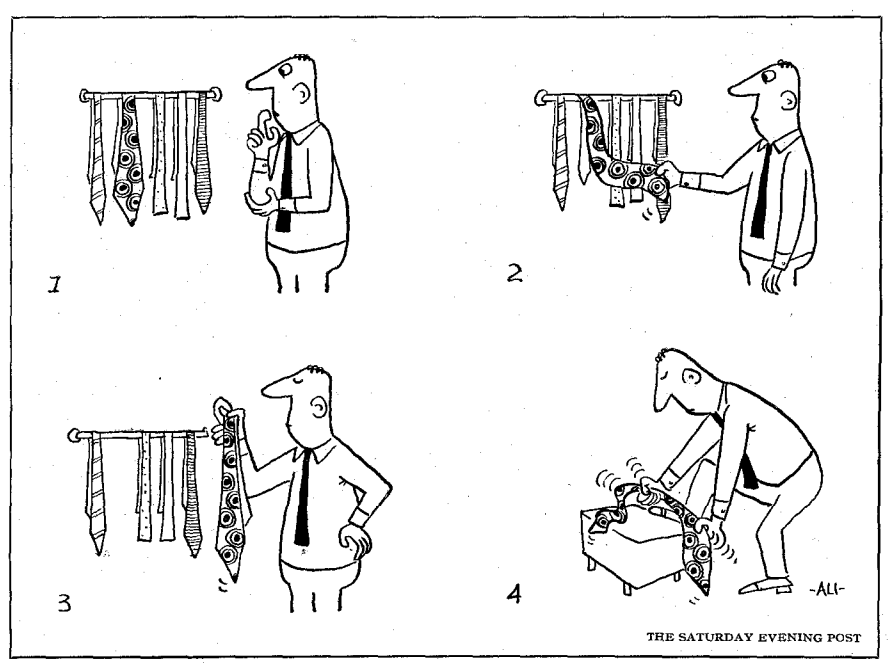
Out of sheer curiosity I presented the suggestion to Schayes. "Some people think you can prolong your career by playing the pivot," I told him. "You have the size and the strength ——"

It was the wrong thing to say. He bridled and cut me short. "I don't want to be a hatchet man. Making muscles isn't basketball."

He was silent for a long moment, then said speculatively, "It's not a bad idea, at that. It could help me go on for a few more years, and I would be able to do a good job on rebounds. I may try it, but," he added defensively, "I won't like it."

Neither will the opposition.

THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death in the Deep (Continued from Page 29)

"Yes, sir."

Only the captain's flashlight was still burning. The emergency light over the charts had been smashed. The pump had stopped working. The control chief was tinkering with it in the darkness.

Winkler returned. "Induction valve leaking, sir. Just a trickle. We can fix it."

The sound room reported that the destroyer had stopped moving.

"I want absolute quiet," said the captain. "If you men haven't got anything to do, hit the sack and go to sleep." He ordered the port motor stopped and the starboard motor ahead one third.

Someone moaned loudly—Müller, the first lieutenant, strapped in his bunk and half delirious with pain. A finger of his left hand had been caught by the hatch cover a few hours earlier, and torn off. Aft, the firemen could be heard working feverishly but quietly. Then a wrench clattered on the deck plates.

The engineer cursed them obscenely. He was thoroughly unnerved.

"Winkler!" said the captain. "Watch your language."

"Beg pardon, sir. It just slipped out."

"They call it a *lapsus linguae*, Winkler, old man; it can happen to any of us." It was the exec, Wittgenberg—in private life, His Excellency Ehrenfried Berthold Prinz von Wittgenberg-Weissenstein. There was something wonderfully refreshing about those Latin words, spoken in a cultured voice, here at the bottom of the sea, halfway between life and death.

The needle of the depth gauge indicated 116 meters. Both planes were on full climb, but the U-boat was still going down. *If the main pump isn't fixed, we'll go right on sinking*, thought Teichmann.

"Tok."

The men cowered at the sound as though a whip had struck them.

And then again: "Tok."

Then it stopped. Teichmann could hear the others breathing.

"Tok." And a pause.

"Tok, tok, tok."

Silence.

Then a sound as if someone had thrown a handful of pebbles against the hull.

"We're in the destroyer's sonar beam," said the operator in the sound room.

"Correct," said Lüttke. He gave orders to the helmsman, trying to turn his stern toward the destroyer to make location more difficult. But the sub was making too little headway and did not respond to the rudder.

"Destroyer headed this way. Coming in fast," said the soundman.

"Always in a hurry, those tin cans," said the captain. And then he did some quick reckoning: his own course, target course, evasion course. If he reckoned wrong, he would run into depth charges. The men knew that and kept their eyes on him.

"Right full rudder; port ahead full," said the captain.

The screw sounds grew louder. Suddenly the destroyer was straight overhead. The screw sounds swelled to a roar. . . .

Wait. . . . Two crashes of thunder. But much louder than thunder. Teichmann's massive body crashed into the potato crate. His face was cut. He felt rust and flakes of paint down his neck. In a flash of panic he thought: *Lüttke, it's just my second mission.*

When he was back on his feet, the engineer said, "The water gauge is leaking."

"Fix it," said Lüttke.

"Destroyer sounds moving away," said the soundman.

The captain stopped one engine and put the other on dead slow.

There was no sound except for the hissing stream of water from the manometer, higher, lower, higher, finally settling down to a steady soprano. The depth gauge read 160 meters. The captain switched off his flashlight. Teichmann heard someone whimpering; it was Herr Timmler, the neurotic war correspondent.

"Have we a baby on board?" the captain asked.

"Not that I know of, sir," said the exec.

Timmler kept on whimpering.

"Herr Doktor Timmler," the captain said sharply, "the moment we surface you will read philosophy. I recommend Seneca. He's in our library. That is an order. In three days at the latest, you will bring me an essay at least twenty pages long entitled, What I Have Learned from Seneca. Do you understand?"

They heard the destroyer slowing down. Timmler did not reply, but at least he stopped whimpering.

"Have I expressed myself unclearly, Herr Doktor Timmler?" Lüttke asked. "Or does it strike you speechless to hear the name of a philosopher out of my mouth?"

The destroyer had stopped. They heard nothing more and knew she was searching for them with her sonar beam.

"Oh, God!" Timmler moaned.

The silence lasted a long time. *Maybe he's lost us*, Teichmann thought. Alone with his fear, he closed his eyes and listened. And all the men listened; no one had any idea how long the silence lasted. And then it was over. "Tok." Someone was knocking on the hull.

"Tok."

For the first time in his life Teichmann heard a man—Timmler didn't count—crying. Maybe the control chief, he thought. The crying was contagious.

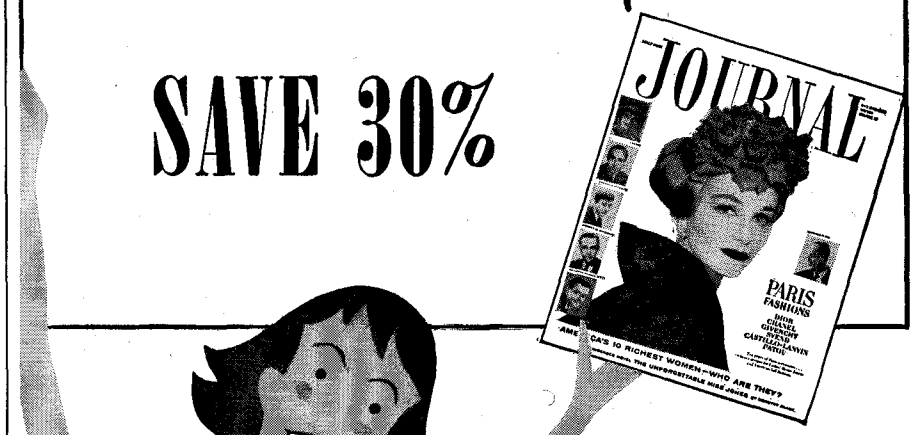
"Tok."

And after a few seconds: "Tok." Then the pauses, during which the sound beam missed the steel hull, grew shorter. And then came the shower of pebbles. The destroyer's screws began to run faster and, faster, nearer and louder. The men in the submarine could hear it all: the destroyer passing overhead, the ash cans splashing in the water. Automatically they began to count off the seconds.

New

The Bargain of the Year...

SAVE 30%



22 months of

Ladies' Home Journal

for only $3.85

Of course you love a bargain—and here's the best LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offer in years! Now you can enjoy the bigger-and-better-than-ever JOURNAL and *save 30%* under the prorated regular two year subscription price.

And there's so much good reading ahead in the JOURNAL . . .

John P. Marquand's latest novel, "Tom Harrow"—certain to be one of next year's best-sellers! It's the story of a successful playwright, told against the exciting background of the theater—and you'll be first to read it!

"Beautiful you" features on dieting, beauty care and eye-catching, budget-smart fashions.

Exclusive—a story on Churchill by his former secretary . . . Dr. Spock in a monthly column on babies and children . . . the "How Young America Lives" series . . . features on marriage and marriage problems . . . another JOURNAL "dream house" project . . . and much more!

Take advantage of this big saving now and enjoy your JOURNAL for nearly two years. No need to pay now—just fill in the coupon below and mail it today. We'll bill you later while you read your JOURNAL!

Current subscribers may renew at this special price. Offer good for a limited time in U. S., U. S. Possessions and Canada only.

Give this coupon to your subscription agent or send to:
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Dept. 4317, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

YES, send me 22 months of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for only $3.85.
(Saves me 30% under a pro rata of the regular two year subscription price.)
Please bill me later.

Name_____

Street or R. D._____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Renewal or extension ☐ New subscription

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the destroyer made off at full speed to avoid her own depth charges, Midshipman Teichmann was weak with fear. He sat huddled on the deck, his head on his knees, his hands folded over his head. *They're set for deeper*, he thought; *that's why they're taking longer. Those Tommies are no beginners. They're not going to waste their ash cans.* He felt very lonely and wretched. He felt that he had turned coward; that all his manhood was seeping out of him. A single "Tok" and there was nothing left of it.

Ten depth charges exploded in quick succession. A few of the men screamed. Masses of water, parted by the detonations, now fell thundering back. The charges had burst over the submarine and had driven her still deeper.

The captain lit his flashlight and turned it on the depth gauge. The needle stood at the end of the scale. Then he flashed the cone of light through the control room. It passed over the men's faces. They were standing by the control-room bulkheads. Some were holding bags containing their underwater escape "lungs." Useless! They were six hundred feet below the surface of the sea.

The destroyer made off.

Lüttke was in no hurry to turn off his flashlight, and did so only when the soundman reported that the destroyer had stopped again.

The engineer spoke, "Do we blow out ballast, sir?"

"No." Then: "I don't remember telling anybody to leave his submerged station."

Teichmann heard the men getting back to their stations.

"We're still going down," said the engineer.

"Is that bilge pump going to be working soon?"

"Can't see anything, sir," said a voice from the direction of the pump.

"Get the emergency light on."

"Working on it, sir."

Then a new fear seized them. The hull creaked and groaned under the pressure of extreme depth. These were eerie sounds that went right through a man. And they never stopped. The hull was taking its maximum load. The engineer estimated the depth at 690 feet.

The emergency lighting system flashed on; the creaking sounds in the pressure hull grew louder, as though the steel cylinder were being slowly bent out of shape. A sharp report was heard aft, like a pistol shot. Someone screamed and then was still. The cry was followed by a loud, even sound like the buzzing of a circular saw.

The motor machinist's mate stuck his head through the control-room bulkhead and said, "Water in the engine room."

"Teichmann, go see what's up," the captain ordered.

"Aye, aye, sir."

The machinist's mate went ahead of Teichmann with his flashlight. A fine, almost invisible stream of water passed through the middle of the engine room. On the deck plates lay a dead man. The machinist's mate said it was Carls, one of the firemen. His severed left hand lay beside him. A rivet had sprung from the pressure hull, bashed in his skull and gone through the deck plates. As the man fell, the jet of high-pressure water had hit his left wrist like a sword.

Teichmann went back to the control room and described the leak to the captain.

"Can they fix it?"

"Not at this depth, sir."

"Request permission to blow tanks," said the engineer.

"No," said Lüttke.

Teichmann went back to the chart table.

"Close after bulkhead," said the captain. The watertight door was closed. The men in the engine room and the motor room were shut in with the snarling stream of water.

"Winkler," said the captain, "get us up to one five zero meters."

The engineer had both planes on "full rise," but the needle of the depth gauge didn't budge.

"We're not reacting to the planes, sir," said Winkler.

"Tok."

"All ahead dead slow," said the captain.

"All ahead ——" the helmsman began.

"Tok."

"Tongue been cut off?"

"All ahead ——"

"Tok."

"—— dead slow."

Pebbles beat against the side.

The destroyer came on, passed overhead and dropped six depth charges.

"Sir, she can't rise on power."

"I know it."

Silence.

And then again tapping against the side. The intervals between the sonar

... ...

That's Going Too Far

My heart and soul are
yours to keep
But, dear, I look askance on
Your obvious assumption
That my feet are yours
to dance on.

By Ruth Chadwick

... ...

taps were longer than before, but more regular. The beam struck every thirty seconds on the dot. The destroyer didn't move. She held the submarine as a spider holds a fly. The sound beam was her web. It was only a question of time.

The destroyer started a run.

"We'll give it another try," said Lüttke to the engineer.

Radioman Striker Bolz appeared in the forward passageway. He was a pleasant fellow, a bit shy, but otherwise all right. He didn't talk much, but there was no harm in that. And there was no harm in it if he carried a little Bible around with him. Now he read aloud. Something about the dark vale of tears in which we live. *He's got something there*, thought Teichmann; *it takes his mind off his troubles.*

When the destroyer dropped her charges, Bolz had to stop reading; he was only human. But a moment later he started in again.

Teichmann had a feeling that the depth charges weren't so close this time; the emergency lights had not been smashed. *If it goes on like this*, he thought, *I might get religion.* The destroyer moved off. Bolz went on reading his Bible.

"That's enough now, man of God," said the captain.

"We're rising," said the engineer.

Bolz read to the end of his chapter; then thrust the Bible into his back pocket without a trace of embarrassment.

"See here, who gave you permission to kick up all that fuss?" the captain demanded. "Do you think this is a reading circle?"

"No, sir."

"And you left your submerged station without orders. What exactly did you have in mind?"

Bolz had no reply.

"At that rate, anybody could come in here and start telling fairy tales. What do you suppose would have happened if I began reading potboilers instead of thinking about that destroyer? What a menagerie I've got here! Now what do you want?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Then don't stand around. Shove off."

"The main pump is fixed, sir," said the control chief.

"You are not to interrupt me when I'm speaking."

The men, too, had judged Bolz. The higher the boat rose the more severe became the verdict. He shouldn't have brought out the Bible; it had been tactless and improper.

"Tok. Tok." Only twice. Then the destroyer was overhead, and as it receded there were ten detonations.

At every explosion the men screamed. It was worse than the first time. Again the lights went out. It was pitch-black.

"Close all watertight doors," said the captain.

The forward section was closed off. The Papenberg gauge sent a broad stream of water into the control room. The buzz of the earlier leak in the engine room grew louder. The boat was going down fast.

"Get that bilge pump going," said the captain.

"The pump is functioning, sir," came the answer.

The needle of the depth gauge was off the scale.

"The destroyer has stopped," said the soundman. "New screw sounds, farther away, coming closer. Bearing two two zero."

That was the end. The destroyer had called in reinforcements.

"We can't hold this depth," said the engineer. "My estimate is two hundred and fifty meters."

The captain took the microphone of the loud-speaker system. "All hands, open watertight doors. Prepare for surface battle. We fight until we run out of ammunition. When the seamen are knocked out, the firemen will man the gun."

That was a relief. It was madness to attack two destroyers with a single gun, but at the moment no one thought of that.

"Quartermaster, stand by to destroy all secret material."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Winkler, blow all tanks. Watch your pressure compensation."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"All men with flashlights to the control room."

The men passed on the order. The ammunition ready box was opened. An intermittent "Tok" was heard, and pebbles beat against the side, but no one noticed. That was old stuff. With an immense din, as though to drown out the sounds of the destroyer, the men hauled shells into the control room. Teichmann saw his friend, Emil Stollenberg; he saw him consciously for the first time since the first depth charges.

The two young men had been in the same class at midshipman school. Stollenberg's blond hair was mussed. His convulsed face broke into a crooked but well-meant grin.

"Wittgenberg," said the captain, "you will take Müller's place as gunnery officer."

"Yes, sir."

The destroyer started her run.

"We'll wait this one out," said the skipper.

The destroyer was coming on at high speed. The men in the submarine groaned. They wanted to die topside, at the gun, in active combat, and as the destroyer came racing toward them, they feared that even this death would be denied them. Then "Boom"—but the destroyer hadn't reached them yet. Then the sound of cracking bulkheads. The destroyer's screws seemed to have slowed down.

"Sounds of ship sinking," said the man at the hydrophone.

"Where?"

"Bearing two four zero. Close aboard."

"Can you still hear that tin can's screws?"

"No, sir."

"He can't have sunk himself."

"Sir, I hear screw sounds on bearing two zero zero. Sounds like diesel engines." He could say no more.

"Out with it! You know what that means. It means another sub has knocked him off. . . . Winkler, stand by to surface."

Teichmann climbed up on the bridge with the first watch. Starry sky. A cold wind. Faint, bluish northern lights fanning high over the Atlantic. No sign of the destroyer.

"Hand up the searchlight."

The helmsman handed it up. Blinker communication was established with the other German submarine. A few minutes later the two boats were within hailing distance.

"That fellow was making it pretty hot for us," Lüttke shouted over.

"He was so busy he didn't see me coming," the other captain replied.

"Did you attack as soon as you saw him?"

"Hell, no. He was good enough to stop dead ahead of my torpedo tubes. I don't pick fights with a destroyer."

"Well, good hunting."

"Same to you."

Down in the conning tower, little red dots appeared. The men on the off watch were smoking cigarettes. They lent a hand when a bulky canvas package was pulled up through the hatch and thrown overboard; it was Carls, the dead fireman. The chief quartermaster made a cross on the chart, wrote in the latitude and longitude, the date and the clock time. "Three hours under depth-charge attack," wrote the captain in his War Diary.

Lüttke was trying to make up for lost time.

"That convoy isn't going to wait for us," he said, and ordered both engines on "full." Other U-boats still had contact with the convoy and had radioed its position and course.

The wind rose. When Teichmann went up on the bridge that night there was a No. 8 sea. In the course of the night the storm reached hurricane strength. The bridge watch waited for the order to submerge, but it didn't come. Instead, the captain appeared on the bridge and shouted to the exec, "Hold to your course and speed!"

He stationed himself by the periscope standard, and there he remained for fifty-two hours.

There was nothing to be seen. Mountainous waves rolled in from abeam, burying the watch; when their heads emerged from the water, the wind lashed their faces. They fully expected to be crushed by the masses of water or washed overboard. They strapped themselves tight, but they knew that safety straps can part.

The tower hatch had been closed. Lüttke and the four men of the watch were all alone in their fight with the hurricane. As far as the men were concerned, it was a senseless fight. They cursed their captain, but he could not hear. Their voices were swallowed up in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the howling of the wind and the thunder of the sea.

At the end of three hours, there were only four men on the bridge. The port after lookout was missing. The captain shouted into Teichmann's ear to ask through the speaking tube if the man had possibly gone below.

The wind made it impossible to understand what they shouted back. As they emerged from an avalanche of water that had submerged them for twenty seconds, the captain told Teichmann to take a look below.

When the bridge was clear of water for a moment, Teichmann tore open the hatch cover and climbed down into the conning tower. He closed the hatch immediately. The helmsman in the conning tower looked at him as if he were a ghost, and vomited. "Get me relieved," he groaned. "I can't hold a course; the compass needle is driving me crazy." Teichmann looked into the man's eyes and believed him. Then he went down into the control room.

"Is the old man nuts?" cried the control chief. He was holding fast to the valve wheels over his head, and when the sub rolled, it looked as if he were walking on his hands.

At first Teichmann saw nothing in the forward torpedo room. When his eyes had partly accustomed themselves to the darkness, he picked out details: a boot, a loaf of bread, a man lying on his back. Everything was hurtling from side to side. Some of the straps supporting the bunks had torn and the men didn't know where to stow themselves. He saw a few injured sailors, with bleeding hands and faces. The missing lookout was not there.

Teichmann looked into the petty officers' room to see how Stollenberg was doing. Emil lay awake, wedged in between the wall and the rough-weather slat of his bunk, and started with fright when Teichmann touched him.

"How you doing, Emil?"

"Rotten." Teichmann had never seen him so dejected. He seemed a stranger, his boyish face suddenly grown old.

"Seasick?"

"No, I just feel rotten. It isn't my stomach, Hans. . . . I want to tell you something. It's no good what the captain's doing; it's going to end badly. I know why he's doing it. It's because he hates the English. Winkler told me. On his first mission—it was off Gibraltar—he looked on through the periscope while two English corvettes were shooting up the crew of a damaged German sub that had to surface. It seems the captain was sick for two days. And he's been this way ever since."

"You must remember that corvette officers aren't professional sailors," Teichmann said.

"Yes, but even so. He ought to dive. In this weather the convoy is going to have to change course anyway. I feel bad, Hans; I can't help it. I wish we were back home. This whole damned war makes me ——"

"Sir! The captain's asking what's become of you!"

"I'm coming," said Teichmann.

So the lookout had been washed overboard; that was definite. Teichmann climbed to the bridge and shouted his report in the captain's face.

The weather was unchanged. Teichmann was filled with impotent rage. Why they should be on the bridge, half drowning, was more than he could understand. The light of the foaming sea, snowy and cold, was all that could be seen in this darkness. *All right*, he thought; *in a pinch I can understand that the captain wouldn't want to dive. Under water we can do only three or four knots; now we're doing about ten. But why does he need five men on the bridge?*

Then the relief came: the chief quartermaster, Midshipman Stollenberg, the coxswain and a seaman first class. The captain stayed where he was.

With chattering teeth, Teichmann dropped to the control room and sat on the deck, sliding from one corner to another. Wittgenberg slid with him. Time seemed to stand still, and the torture went on and on. The men cursed and yelled; their state of mind oscillated between rebellious fury and dull resignation. The cold was bitter. The steel sides of the U-boat seemed like walls of ice. There was nothing to eat and nothing to drink either.

Someone called down through the hatch, "Man overboard!"

Teichmann heard the words and his mind went blank. "Who is it?" he asked hoarsely. If it was Stollenberg, his close friend ——

"They didn't say."

"Helmsman, I want to know who it was. Right away."

"They didn't say, sir."

There was Wittgenberg, climbing up into the tower. Teichmann heard the hatch cover opening and he heard shouting. Then he saw the exec's boots. Then he saw his pants, and then the whole exec, thoroughly drenched and looking like a swimmer coming out of the water. And then he saw the exec's face—and looked away. The exec had not said a word.

When the bridge watch was relieved, the captain stayed up top. Three men came down. The last one was Stollenberg.

"Emil! I thought —— The exec said you'd gone overboard!"

"Me? No, it was Schmidt, the coxswain."

Wittgenberg said, "They told me it was the forward lookout—the one next to the chief quartermaster."

"That was Schmidt. I was aft this time, because the captain ——"

The exec and Stollenberg turned away and busied themselves with something. Teichmann wondered if he should say something about the way the salt water burned a fellow's eyes.

In the morning the first watch returned to the bridge, hungry, frozen and dead tired. It was still dark. The storm was still raging. When they were relieved at noon, the men were utterly broken. All they could do was collapse on the deck of the control room. For an hour they lay inert, hurtling from side to side as the U-boat rolled; then, despite the pounding of the engines running on "full," they managed to doze a little.

In the afternoon they went back on watch, fortified by two slices of canned bread with a little butter on it, but tired, desperately sleepy, totally frozen. On the bridge it was black again. The bedlam of the previous night was repeated. And all the while the U-boat struggled through the raging sea like a tired whale. Again there was nothing to be seen except the white foam on the seething sea.

The next day brought no change: nothing warm to eat or drink; no dry clothing, no rest, and always the bitter cold. The frozen collars of the men's jackets raised bloody welts on their necks. Their hands had turned into red tongs. After their watch, when they tried to take their clothes off, the blood ran out from under their fingernails.

The captain never left the bridge. His face was like rough-hewn stone, encrusted with salt, seamed with deep furrows. His eyes were two red circles, as though some blood had been spattered on the stone. And then Teichmann saw the stone face crumble. One little question was all it took. On his way down into the tower, Teichmann turned to the helmsman, and more from habit than from any real curiosity, asked him, "What course are you steering?"

"One sixty, sir."

"Since when?"

"For the last twenty-four hours."

"I thought the course to the convoy was one sixteen."

"That's news to me, sir."

The course to pursue the convoy should have been one sixteen.

The captain gave the order to submerge. He put no one on report. For twenty-four hours no one could speak to him. His savage, cruel obstinacy—cruel to himself, the crew, his boat—was broken, at least for the moment. The gale had defeated him.

They had been patrolling the North Atlantic for eleven weeks.

In the dusk they sighted a ship traveling alone. She was very long and was doing twelve knots. When they came closer, they saw that she was an empty tanker. The ship zigzagged frequently and it took Lüttke four hours to get into position.

The exec fired a spread of three. Two torpedoes hit; the tanker slowed down, but kept on going.

Half an hour later they pumped another torpedo into her. The tanker settled a bit, but continued, at a speed of five knots.

"For God's sake, let's finish her off!" said the captain to the exec. "Give her one from the stern tube!"

The tanker was hit four times and went right on.

"She's floating on her air bubble. We'll deflate her with the gun."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Man the flak gun too. I'm sort of expecting a plane."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Müller was back on duty. From time to time, when no one was looking, he contemplated the gap where his ring finger had been. The two men who had been washed overboard belonged to the gun crew. Stollenberg and one of the torpedo hands took their places.

At the first shot the gun blew up. Five men were killed outright. Müller's head was torn off by an iron fragment. The dead were thrown overboard. The injured—Stollenberg and the boatswain's mate—were being let down into the control room by lines when the tanker attacked the sub with her two guns. Lüttke dived.

Stollenberg's right leg was a shapeless mass of flesh; the bone was shattered, the kneecap gone. Wittgenberg said the leg would have to be amputated. They laid Stollenberg on the table in the petty officers' quarters. A tourniquet was applied below the hip; then Wittgenberg held the leg fast and Teichmann sawed through the bone. Stollenberg said he felt no pain—that he felt nothing at all, in fact. The exec said that would come later and placed clamps on the blood vessels. Then they bandaged the stump and carried Stollenberg to a bunk in the chiefs' room.

The boatswain's mate had suffered internal injuries. At the end of two hours he was dead. The captain gave permission to put his body in an empty torpedo tube.

Müller had been to blame. In reporting the gun ready for action, he had forgotten to unscrew the muzzle cap. The shell just hadn't been able to get out of the barrel.

Stollenberg was delirious for two days. He rambled on about his school days, and when he woke up he was so convulsed with pain that he had to be strapped down. When he was off duty, Teichmann sat beside his bunk, but he hadn't much time because the crew was short nine men. On the third day the fever abated. Stollenberg was calm and fully conscious. Teichmann brought him food, but he would not eat.

Teichmann went to his bunk in the petty officers' room. Later on, the chief electrician's mate shook him awake and said that Stollenberg had died. The captain had no objection to their putting his body in a torpedo tube too.

On the way through the Bay of Biscay they had to dive twenty-two times to escape from Allied planes. It was the spring of 1943. The return trip took twice as long as scheduled. They had to wait at the rendezvous point a day and a half for two other subs. Then they were escorted into La Pallice by a patrol boat and two mine sweepers.

Before the submarine docked, the captain made a speech. All the men who were not on watch stood in formation on deck. Lüttke said it was unworthy of a navy man to set foot in a brothel; and Frenchwomen were no good anyway; they were no fit company for a German sailor.

The captain's countenance was deadly serious, because in making this speech he was complying with the wishes of the commanding admiral of the Submarine Fleet. When the captain asked if they had got that straight, they had been in

"I'm sittin' on top of the world. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the service long enough to reply with a resounding "Yes, sir."

But the captain had reckoned without Special Services. A whole flock of chorus girls were on hand to welcome the returning submarines. They stood in a row, their feet flush with the edge of the pier, and put on their prettiest smiles. The flotilla's Special Services officer, a man no longer young, had dreamed up this welcome. The girls stared, wide-eyed, at the bearded seamen, and tossed down flowers. The men stared, wide-eyed, up at the girls and threw them kisses. A band played and there were cheers and speeches. The best of all was the ice-cold beer. Each man got a bottle.

Then the submarines put into the pen. The men cleared their belongings out of the lockers and took the bus to the Prien Compound on the outskirts of La Rochelle. There the flotilla commander presided over a dinner attended by the crews of all three boats.

After dinner, Teichmann had his trunk brought to the room which he had shared with Stollenberg on their last shore leave. Stollenberg's body was still in the torpedo tube. Teichmann would have to remove it in the morning. But now he just wanted to forget. He was able to buy what he needed in the canteen: four bottles of Hennessy, a bottle each of Martell and Calvados, and ten packs of cigarettes, six of which he traded for cigars. A sailor helped him to carry the bottles to his room.

Then he took a generous shower bath—warm, cold, hot, lukewarm, then as hot as he could stand, and finally cold. He allowed himself an hour. Emerging from the water, Teichmann wrapped his towel round his neck, slipped into bathrobe and slippers, and ran to his room. He lay down on the freshly made bed and lit a cigarette. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he called.

It was a stranger, who greeted him with a crisp "*Heil Hitler.*"

He introduced himself as a disbursing officer, and handed Teichmann his pay, plus underwater bonus and danger bonus. He counted out the money, although Teichmann told him it wasn't necessary. It was second nature, the man said; he had been a bank director before the war. Teichmann said he was glad to make his acquaintance, and reached under the bed where he had stashed away his bottles.

In an hour the bank director was crocked. When he left, Teichmann began to read a novel. There was a forester in it, but Teichmann couldn't make out what the fellow wanted. *The Hennessy is to blame*, he said to himself. He sat bolt upright and commanded himself to read at least ten pages in this position, to prove that he wasn't boiled. But it was a failure.

The worst part of it was that he couldn't sleep. He had lost the habit of sleeping in a bed that didn't move. There was nothing for it but to reach under the bed for another bottle.

After a while he dozed off. He was back at sea; he felt like a sea gull riding the waves, and suddenly he understood how gulls are able to sleep on the rolling sea.

TO BE CONTINUED

Too Late to Make Up (Continued from Page 25)

He wondered why it was that people had to quarrel, especially young married people. Before he'd married Kathy not much more than a year ago, he'd never thought it possible that he could have a fight with her, but they'd had their fight, maybe the first and last one. He didn't know how they could possibly make up after the way they'd spoken to each other.

Sitting there on the seat, he guessed that this was the way homes were broken up. You had a bad quarrel and you stopped talking to each other, and after a while you were like strangers living in the same apartment, and it was impossible living like that. Sooner or later, you had to make the break. He wondered how long it would take for him and Kathy to reach that point.

He blamed the heat for a lot of it. They'd had eight or nine days of extreme heat, real mid-August heat, with only one small thunder shower in between, and he'd been putting in a lot of overtime at the shop because they'd wanted to get extra things for the baby, and he'd been tired and hot, and Joe Sternman, the shop foreman, whom he didn't like, had made a few remarks which he'd had to take if he wanted to keep his job.

Then he guessed that Kathy had had a pretty rough day, too, because of the heat, and because of young Eddie's crying a lot, which again was because of the heat, and that rash he had, which was a heat rash, the doctor had said.

It had only taken a little thing to blow it up because everything necessary for a blow-up had been there. It had taken the red-haired Marge Flannagan, who lived upstairs, to provide the spark, and that was almost laughable, too, because people said that redheads did give off sparks.

"You have to stand in the hall and chat with her," Kathy had demanded, "while the supper is getting cold? Do you know how long I've been keeping the supper in the oven, and do you know how hot the kitchen gets with the oven on?"

"For cryin' out loud!" Eddie had exploded. "I wasn't talkin' to her two minutes! She wanted to know how the baby was."

"You meet her every night?" Kathy asked him, and her voice didn't sound natural. Little Eddie was crying in the bedroom, and the house was hot—hot, hot. It was a heat you couldn't get out; it was in every corner of the house.

"I meet her every night?" Eddie snapped, and the enemy had him too. "Sure I meet her every night. We stand down at the end of the hall where it's dark. Every night I meet her. For cryin' out loud!"

"You don't have to get sarcastic," she said, "and you don't have to stand down in the hall with the unmarried girls in the house for ten minutes having a nice chat while I'm dying in here."

"Ten minutes!" Eddie exploded. "One minute! She asked me how the baby was. She heard the baby cryin'."

"One minute," Kathy said, and it was almost a sneer. He'd never thought Kathy could sneer. She never had before, but it was the heat.

"O.K.," he raged. "Two minutes. What was I supposed to do, walk away from her? She's not after me. She's got a boy friend. I'll bet she was even goin' out on a date tonight."

"And wouldn't you like to be going with her!"

"Goin' with her?" Eddie was staring, and he could see that she was near the breaking, the crying point, but it was so unreasonable, so damned unreasonable, especially after he'd put in nearly eleven hours today, and for her, and for the baby, and he'd taken it from Joe Sternman.

"I'm dying from the heat here," Kathy sobbed, "and you're out having a nice little talk with a single girl, and the oven's on!"

"I'm dyin' too," Eddie told her. "You think we got air-cooling at the shop? You think we got fans? We die. You know how hot it was at my bench? Ninety-eight. We had a thermometer on it. How do you like that? You think it's hot here? This is cool."

That had been the high point of the quarrel, and the talking part of it had stopped there, but that was only the beginning. The silence was a thousand times worse. When you were arguing, you had it out in the open where you could see it. When the silence came, it was hidden. That's when it started to fester. It ate you up inside.

Eddie Barrett had had his pride, too, and when it stopped, he let it stop. He ate his supper in silence, and all the while he was thinking how unjust this was. A guy puts in eleven hours, and he comes home to this, and just because a neighbor girl stopped to ask how the baby was.

He sat against the subway window now and he told himself what he would do tonight. They'd gone to bed last night, and they hadn't spoken; he'd had his breakfast this morning, and they hadn't spoken. He'd taken a look at the sleeping baby, and he'd left the house to go to work, and she'd had his lunch box ready as usual, and they hadn't even said good-by.

That was the way she wanted it, Eddie thought, and that was the way she could have it, and he knew where he was going tonight. He wasn't going to sit around the house or sit out on the stoop, the way he'd done the previous night, pretending that he was reading the paper. He still had friends. There were guys he used to hang out with before he'd married a year ago. He hadn't seen much of them since marrying, even though they still lived in the same neighborhood, a few blocks from the corner where the gang used to meet.

If she wasn't glad to see him, they would be. He'd had plenty of friends before he'd married. He could count them on both fingers, and go on to his toes and still have room. It was a good thing to have friends, and it was a long time since he'd stood around on the corner with them and chewed the rag. They'd be glad to see him—Johnny Albright; and Steve Cochrane; and Hen Alsdorfer; and Cucchio, who could dance like there were wings on his feet; and Larry Eisemann. There were plenty more, all good guys, all his own age, twenty-two or twenty-three now.

When the train pulled in at Eddie's station, he got off, feeling the mugginess and the dampness below the surface of the street, and then the heat as he ascended the steps to the street level.

There had been no overtime tonight, and it was not quite six o'clock. Kathy would have the supper ready for him, and he would go in and wash up and eat, and then he would go out, and that would be the end of it. He didn't think she was going to talk, and if she didn't, he wouldn't either.

It seemed hotter than ever as he turned into his street. At this hour the sun boiled right down the heart of it, giving no shade. Later in the evening, when the sun moved, there would be shade on their side of the street and you could sit out on the stoop.

Carrying his tin lunch box, Eddie Barrett walked down the street. A few children were playing jump rope on the walk, and the heat did not seem to bother them. He remembered that when he was small, heat had meant nothing to him, either, and he'd lived in this neighborhood all his life.

Maybe it was the baby, and the crying, and the overtime which had got him; maybe it was just Kathy's being so unreasonable about everything. This was a real dooper of a heat wave, though. He had to admit that, and it seemed like it would never end.

They needed rain. Rain would get the heat out of these sidewalks and off the roofs. Rain would drive the enemy to cover.

He went up the stoop to his house, and he thought, grimly, how funny it would be if Marge Flannagan were to meet him again by accident in the hallway.

The heat hit him as he went into the vestibule, and then farther on down the dark corridor to their apartment. It was a different kind of heat inside the house. It was a heat composed of smells, and, tonight being Friday, the smell was fish and fried potatoes from most of the apartments. It seemed heavier than the heat outside on the street.

Nine days of it, Eddie thought, on a flat tin roof with a space of about a foot between the tin and the ceiling of the top floor, and no insulation. On that top floor they died. Before he'd married, he'd lived on the top floor a few blocks from here, and he remembered how it had been in these railroad flats with windows at either end of the apartment and nothing in between.

Kathy had the supper on the table when he came in. She was always punctual like that. She knew that if he left the shop at exactly five, he'd be home almost exactly five minutes to six.

She wasn't in the kitchen when he came in to set his lunch box down near the sink. He could hear the baby crying a little in the bedroom, and then Kathy came in with the baby on her right shoulder. She spoke to him.

She said, "I'm going to feed the baby in the front room. I think it's cooler back there."

That was all she said, and then she went to the other end of the apartment.

Grim-faced, Eddie washed up in the bathroom, and then he came out and sat down at the kitchen table where they ate all their meals. There was a window looking out on a small, weedy yard surrounded by buildings. No air came in through the window. What they needed in this house was a couple of fans, and he'd hoped the overtime he'd been making lately would enable them to buy a good one. You had to move that air around if you wanted a little relief.

It was too late to think about fans now, though, or think about anything. Kathy wasn't even going to eat with him. Usually, she fed the baby earlier, so that he was all finished and sometimes sitting in the high chair at the kitchen table watching them eat at suppertime. Eddie remembered how they'd liked that, having him there, watching them, making motions with his little hands, chewing on a rattle or something. It had been nice.

He sat at the table and he took the cover off one of the dishes and he helped himself to some stringbeans. It was meat balls and stringbeans and boiled potatoes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tonight, and the coffeepot on the stove on a low light. He always wanted his coffee, no matter how hot it was.

He ate without relish; he ate hardly knowing what he was eating, and the sickness was in the pit of his stomach. This was the first meal, as far as he could remember, which they had not eaten together, except, of course, for the five days Kathy had been in the hospital with the baby.

She came out only once while he was eating. She came out to get a jar of baby fruit from the closet and open it, and then she went back to the front room, and she didn't say anything.

O.K., Eddie thought. *O.K. That's the way it is. You work all day like a dog, and this is the way it is. O.K.*

He finished his supper, and then he picked up the newspaper, and he went out on the stoop to read it for a while because it was still plenty early. The sun had moved, so that their stoop was now in the shade, and it wasn't too bad. There was still no break in the heat wave, however. Now and then a black cloud sailed by, and it seemed to be building up into a thunderstorm, but it had been that way for days, and nothing had happened. Somebody else got the rain and Brooklyn died.

Eddie Barrett looked at the paper and turned the pages, and had no idea what he was reading.

Pretty soon they'd be coming around, he thought, all the old gang—Larry and Cucchio and Hen, and the rest. Tonight he'd be with them. It would be nice getting back with the bunch, just standing around, talking baseball, talking anything.

At eight o'clock he dropped the paper in the hall, and he started down the street. There was an ache inside him, though, as he walked away from the house. It was the first time he'd done this too. Even though the corner where the gang hung out was not quite three blocks away, he'd never headed down that way. It had been so much nicer sitting with Kathy, playing with the baby, watching TV or talking. They used to talk about the kind of house they'd like to own someday, and Kathy had even started cutting scraps from the magazines for ideas for the house.

"This guy down the shop," Eddie had told her once. "He bought this place out on the south shore of Long Island, pretty far out. You know what he paid? Nine, five! How do you like that? Ten minutes from the beach too. It's that commuting kills you, though. Those train fares. Wow!"

They'd hoped, though, and Eddie had said that as soon as they got the doctor bills paid for the baby, they'd have to start putting aside a little money for a down payment on something.

It was a little past eight when Eddie reached the corner. Sam's Candy Store occupied the corner, and this had been the hangout for more years than Eddie Barrett could remember. He did remember that, as a kid, older fellows had hung around that same corner when he'd been playing in the streets. It was funny, in a way, how a corner got that way. Maybe it was because of Sam's. The fellows could step inside whenever they wanted, for cigarettes, or soda, or something.

There wasn't anybody on the corner, and Eddie thought he might find a few of them inside. When he looked, though, the store was empty too. Sam had a big overhead fan going around, in an attempt to drive some of the heat out. It was hot in there, no windows at all, and the heat from the sidewalk getting in, and the door open all day.

Have to wait, Eddie thought. It was still a little early, and some of them might have had to work late. There were always a few out on dates, and maybe another couple off to the ball game, if there was a game scheduled. *They'll be around*, he thought. *There's no rush. I'm not going anywhere.*

He stood out in front of Sam's, near the paper stand, and after a while Sam came out and looked at him in surprise and said, "Eddie. Eddie Barrett."

"How's it?" Eddie said. He added casually, as if he were still a single fellow and a whole year hadn't gone by, "Anybody been around, Sam?"

"Here?" Sam asked him. "Around here?"

"Well, what am I talkin' about?" Eddie said.

"Not many of 'em come around here any more," Sam said. "Cucchio; maybe Willie East, maybe Johnny Albright. How many are left?"

Eddie looked across the street. "I don't know," he said.

There was another man standing across the street, standing out in front of a little cigar store which, as Eddie remembered, had always been a kind of hangout for older men. This was not like Sam's. Sam's was for the young, single fellows. Over there they were older, and there were only a few of them, men who'd never married, and they would have been a little embarrassed associating with the young ones.

Eddie recognized the man across the street, not because he was particularly a friend of his, but you got to know people in a neighborhood. You heard talk; you saw men around. The man on the opposite side of the street was Charlie Bannerman. He was in his middle thirties, and Eddie remembered that when he'd been a kid, Bannerman used to be one of the crowd out in front of Sam's. He was across the street now, and this was graduation of a sort. Charlie had never married. He was a little fellow, dapper, sleek hair comb, and Eddie remembered his older brother saying once that Charlie Bannerman had been a ladies' man.

Eddie shook out a cigarette and put a match to it, and he smoked it almost through before anyone showed up. It was getting late now, almost dark, and by this time the whole crowd should have been around, but there was no one. Then Cucchio came down the street, dark, lithe, small, grinning.

"Eddie!" he whooped. "Old Eddie!"

"How's it?" Eddie said.

"So how's the baby?"

"O.K.," Eddie said. "Very good." He flipped his cigarette out into the street, and he said, "So where's everybody?"

"Everybody?" Cucchio grinned. "So where have you been? That's where everybody is, except me an' Johnny Albright, an' he's got a date tonight, an' I got one too."

"How do you like that?" Eddie murmured. "These guys ain't married. I didn't hear anything."

"Goin' steady," Cucchio said. "Larry Eisemann, Hen Alsdorfer. Now Johnny meets this one from the Bronx. So what do you do? I know this kid goes around with my sister. So I got a date too. You think I wanna get like Charlie Bannerman across the street? You were lucky, Eddie. You married quick."

Eddie looked over at little Bannerman, who was moving around the corner, the way men did, watching things, watching nothing, jingling coins in his pockets, smoking a cigarette. What did you do when you were thirty-five and you were still single?

"So I gotta run," Cucchio said. "This Maria's waitin' for me over at her house. We're takin' in a movie. Cool there. Only cool place in the world. How's the baby, you say?"

"O.K.," Eddie said. "O.K., Cuch."

"I never even seen him."

"Come around sometime," Eddie said evasively.

"You—you waitin' for somebody?" Cucchio asked, his dark eyes inquisitive.

"Just over in the neighborhood," Eddie told him. "Just passin' by."

"So come again," Cucchio said. "Good to see you, Eddie, boy."

"Sure," Eddie said.

Cucchio went off down the street, and Eddie looked over at Charlie Bannerman. Charlie had his back against a telephone pole and he was staring up the street, and again Eddie Barrett wondered what he was looking at. For how long, for how many years, could you look at nothing?

The corner was deserted again, and hot, the heat seeming to come up from the sidewalk as if there were heat ducts running under it. It was late now, and they weren't coming. Nobody was coming. Not a soul down on the corner.

A kind of panicky feeling swept over Eddie as he stood there on the corner. He didn't belong here any more. He had other roots, but those roots were in danger of being plucked up, too, and that would leave him where Charlie Bannerman was, rootless, alone, waiting for nothing.

The corner wasn't quite empty now, because two boys had come up, boys of about fifteen or sixteen, and Eddie didn't know them. They went into Sam's, and then they came out, and they stood on the corner, and this was the new gang, the new crowd, and he was an intruder, and he'd have to move across the street and join Charlie Bannerman.

One of the boys drifted over his way after a while and said to him, "You got a match, mister?"

Mister! Eddie Barrett took a paper of matches from his pants pocket and handed it to the boy. "Keep it," he said.

Then he started to walk away, and as he left the corner he walked faster and faster, as if he were being pursued. He could feel the perspiration trickling down his back under his shirt. He wanted to run because he had to get back fast—before something wonderful slipped away from him. It could slip away, and if it was gone, he was lost forever.

He could still smell the fried fish as he went into the hallway. The heat was as heavy and as oppressive as ever, but he didn't notice it; he didn't care.

The lights weren't on in the apartment as he came through the door. Even the kitchen light was off, and it was quiet, the baby finally having gone off to sleep.

He didn't see Kathy right away because she was sitting in the darkened kitchen by the window, looking out into that barren back yard.

"Kathy!" he cried.

Then he saw the movement by the window, and heard Kathy's voice, the surprise, the gladness in it.

"Eddie," she said.

His left hip hit the kitchen table, moving it, as he went to her. He reached her before she got up from the chair, and then he was holding her, and she was crying, and she was holding him and saying over and over, "Eddie, I'm glad you came back. I'm so glad you came back."

He was thinking, as he held her, that poor Charlie Bannerman would never have this. Charlie's life was a blank page, neither tears, nor joy, nor happiness, nor pain.

"I was a fool," he whispered. "I was crazy, Kathy. I didn't know what I was sayin'."

"I know," she murmured. "It was the heat got me, Eddie. I'll never talk like that again."

"It'll be all right," he said. "From now on, it'll be all right."

It was later when they heard the first rumble of thunder in the distance, and the night air had a touch of coolness to it.

"It'll rain," Eddie said, "and then it'll be cooler. Everything will be all right."

"It's all right now," Kathy murmured.

Eddie Barrett, holding her close, stared out into the darkened back yard. *Where do you go when it rains, Charlie Bannerman?* he thought. *Where do you go?*

He had his place of refuge, and he felt sorry for the Charlies all over the land who did not. When you had something good, he was thinking, you couldn't let it go. You had to hold on to it. A man was crazy to let it go.

Then he heard the rain coming, and the cool, wet night air swept in through the kitchen window. That was good too. Everything was good again. THE END

"What you said to him, Charlie, is something that will live on as long as men congregate in bars."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Day of Retaliation (Continued from Page 18)

he come and taken off his hat, you could see the difference. When you saw his whole face, you knowed you saw a man, even if he was only about twenty-one. The ladies always said he had a light in his eye and some kind of boldness on his face that made a big difference. But the ladies, young or old, never tol' us just what that difference was.

All of us thought Tom and Mindy would get hitched someday. Most other suitors left off when Tom started declarin' intentions, but there was one who didn't, named Tad Bent. But we none of us counted Tad Bent. He wasn't most people's kind of man, though Mindy never said a word 'gainst him. But that didn't mean nothin', least as far as the ladies was concerned. My wife said no woman can really talk against a man who likes her in a wild, crazy sort of way.

Well, Tad Bent wasn't here; he'd gone off long ago after the trouble come and ruint us. And Tom and Mindy was dancin', and it was a good sight to see. You put a big board so you couldn't see their feet, and they'd look like they was movin' round the floor on wheels. That's the way with Western dancing, when you know how. It's from the waist down that counts, and only them that don't know how bounces up and down.

Back up straight, elbows out right handsome, head proud, and feet aflying. And the caller yellin':

"Cut 'em in, cut 'em out,
Any man don't, an' he's a lout!
Round about and do-ce-do,
Spin 'em down, but never throw!
Hold 'em, kiss 'em, if you can,
Turn around and slip to Fran!
If she's gone, don't go 'stray;
The girl you got spin anyway!"

The dance went on, and we all tried to forget why it was the last one. We done a pretty good job. We all wanted to; we was helpin' each other that way, getting over the sadness.

The way it happened was that the chinook come, last winter. There was some about who didn't feel right about it. The chinook is a very pretty wind; it's dry and when it's against you, it can make you feel like you're in heaven. But it can come at the wrong time, and it did the winter of '85 and '86 in the south plains. It's warm and nice, but that isn't right, on top of a heavy snow. The chinook was just like a woman, and kissed the snow and melted it down, kissed the cattle and made them sort of weak. The cattle had been standing it through, like they had in almost every winter, but the chinook come in and caressed them, and took some snow away and gave the cattle places to lie down, like it was spring.

It weakened them and everybody; and then the blizzard come, and the soft snow was topped by hard snow and the weather went cruel. There was nothing we could do; back then we had no winter feed for cattle. It was all range stuff. The cattle was weak, had no food and were freezing. Most all of 'em died and we had nothing left. We didn't want to leave—"sell our saddles," as the sayin' goes when a cowboy runs poor—but there was nothin' else to do finally. Tad Bent had left, and without saying a word, the way he always done things. But we thought maybe he was smarter'n we knew, because we got nothing from banks or anybody else, and now it was finished.

Well, up at midnight the caller stops at a signal from Jem Tate. Then the women go off, and the men drift around and smoke, and tonight we shared it around because nobody had much tobacco. And a few went out to the manger.

We can smell what's goin' on in the kitchen, and, as usual, it's sure good. A board's set up and they start bringing it out. Them weaners and the bigger ones can smell it, and they're awake and up near that board before we can get there. Jem Tate's looking at the big rough poles at the ceiling, because he knows he ain't making this spread. But men come up around him and one fools around and pulls his long mustache and they hit around a little, and it's all right.

Then the women let us come over. Fried beef, ham, potatoes, biscuits, good thick gravy, pies—there's everything there a man could want, and coffee enough to float a river.

Them women take everything out when everybody's finished, and the music starts up again, but the caller don't begin, because the women are taking care of the children, or cleaning up, or the younger ones are doing other things, to come out prettier next time.

This won't be over 'til sunup, and we're all glad of that. We don't talk about what's happened, and that we have to leave here, most all of us, and get a livin' somewhere else. It's a long time until morning and we have a good party going.

And there's gossip. Yep, the men are as bad as the women sometimes. We don't know what the women are saying, but we know what we are. Mindy and Tom ain't here, and she ain't helping the women. They're outside someplace, and we nudge each other, because we know how it must be. We talk about it a little, and stop. We had to, because we knew it wasn't so funny, like it is with a young girl and a cowboy. It was this way: Tom had to go West, maybe to California, get a job and then think about marrying. And Mindy had to go with her folks to Kansas City, where they had some relatives would care for the family until they got back on their feet. So we stopped fooling around about them, because it was jus' what was happening to all of us, breaking up and having to go to places that we didn't want to.

Well, the women come back, and the caller starts agin. We danced, and no one wanted to remember. And no one would have, if Tad Bent hadn't ridden up and come in the door. Everybody was spruced and clean, and having a good time. When the door opened and Tad come in, he spooked the place. Cattle get spooked; a bit of wind, somethin' mysterious, almost anything can get them running, scrambled, stampeded. That's why cowboys, especially night cowboys, watching the herd always do some singin'. A little chant, a hum, it can keep them quiet and happy, real satisfactory, as if they was all snug.

Tad Bent walked in and everybody had to remember everything. He was dusty and ruint; he had long lines in his face, most like scars, and one of them a real horn scar. Nobody wanted to look at him, but everybody had to. He looked as poor as everybody felt in his heart. He was drunk or tired, and staggered a little. And that wild, steady look was on his face. Mr. Tate went to him and put out his hand and they shook.

Mr. Tate was kind. "Where've you been, son? What all's been happening to you?"

"Ah'd druther not say," Tad said, like he always was. "It hain't the time for it."

Everyone was angry with him. He was spoiling everything. Even the fiddlers was silent. Mr. Tate made a gesture and some of the boys picked it up. He meant to take Tad out to the straw and fill him with some lightning.

They took him out and filled him with some drinks. But he didn't put his head on a saddle and fade out. He walked back inside, as torn and dusty as ever, and watched the dancing. But by that time people pretended they didn't notice him.

All but Mindy—she couldn't help but notice him. He put his eyes on her and he never took them off. Tom was her partner, most of all, even though her man was tagged often, but Tad kept watching her and never tried to move in at all.

Tom noticed, and went over to Tad. "Reckon' we ought to go outside," he said.

"Ah don't see why," said Tad, after a long time.

"We should," said Tom, "lessen you stop looking at Mindy. I mean that."

"Ah'll keep lookin' at her," said Tad. "And no offense meant."

He wouldn't say anything more, even though Tom tried to dog him into it. And finally Mr. Tate come over and said, "Tom, a man can look. Now you leave him alone. He ain't doin' no harm."

People discussed Tad, not able to help it, and many had recollections.

Some people said you could walk along the drift fence north of the Canadian River from Oklahoma to New Mexico, then along another from Ellsworth to Denver, over four hundred mile, after the storm, using dead cattle as stepping stones. And not once have to even jump from one carcass to another. So people give up. It was the only thing to do. They cut as much meat as they thought they could keep or would need, and forgot the rest, as much as they could.

All but Tad Bent. He "tailed-up" his cattle, day and night, trying to keep them from freezing. Probably knowing all the time that it wouldn't do no good, unless he was plain stupid, which many people thought.

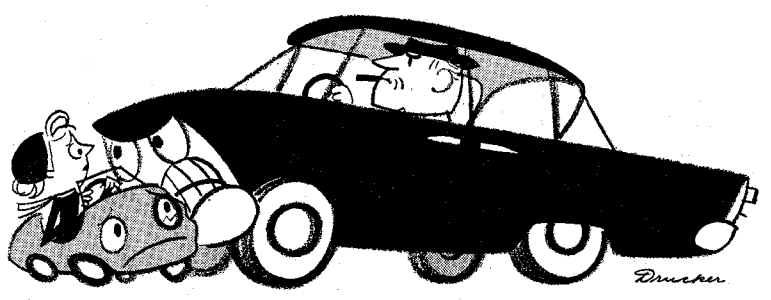
There were people who went out to visit—and that's about all there was to do, visit a neighbor and drink coffee and wonder what would happen—and claim they saw Tad "tailing-up" a cow in the morning, and when they went back at night, he was still doing the same thing to the same cow. And one said he saw blood from a horn wound running down Tad's face. It must have been true, because Tad has a long horn scar on his face, and he never had it before that winter.

In the cold morning he would be out from the warm of his soddy, riding his brown horse. He would find a cow—and to a cowboy, everythin' was a cow; cow, steer, bull, anythin'—and get down and jerk and heft on her tail, making her get up from the ground, where she was dying in warm peace. The idea in "tailing-up" is that the cow don't like it. She forgets that nice quiet dying and wants to hook you with a horn for disturbing her. You tug and pull, and her hind legs come up, and finally she puts out the front legs and staggers onto them and whirls and tries to gore. You run around and she follows. And soon, maybe, her blood is circulating and she's almost alive again—alive with hate, wantin' to kill you.

Whenever Tad got a cow on her feet, he'd take a shovel and dig through the snow to get a pasture for her. He might spend all day trying to keep one cow. It wasn't worth it. He lost over ninety per cent of his herd, like everybody else.

Only one who had a kind word for all the work he done was Mindy. "He didn't give up," she said; "'least that." But the ladies agreed that a girl had a kind word for a man who worshiped her, savage though he might be.

And he was a savage, no mistake. He come out here with his ma, two cattle and a mule. First they dug a hole in the ground to live in. Then had a bigger sod house like those of them had that wanted to bust the land and plant. But Tad Bent didn't want farming. He wanted to be a rancher, and his ma worked with him. After a year or two, when he was about twenty, he had a little ranch. 'Bout that time his ma died, but he didn't invite no one to the sendoff or the plantin'. Some as passed by said he stood on his knees a day and night next the grave he dug. Then he (*Continued on Page 70*)



The Perfect Squelch

The parking-lot crash was harder on the nerves than on the cars. The big sedan escaped unscathed, the little sports car bore deep scratches and a crumpled fender. Worst hurt of all, however, was the young housewife who was driving the sports car. While she tried to stifle her tears, the big man in the sedan harped on the argument, "Your car is so absurdly low I couldn't see it."

After standing it as long as she could, the young woman asked, "Just how high would you say my car is?"

"Not a darned bit over three feet," the big fellow replied.

"Then tell me," the young woman said evenly, "how many three-foot-high children have you run over lately?"

Arthur W. Stevenson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin
Independence Square
PHILADELPHIA 5, PENNA.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

In 1957 The Saturday Evening Post gained more readers than in any other single year since I became editor. And that was almost sixteen years ago.

When a magazine sets a record, editors usually ask, "What did we do that was right?" The answer . . . we hope . . . is that we did enough things right to impress a lot of young and growing Americans with an important fact . . . that it's fun to read.

We now feel it is important . . . and courteous . . . for us to welcome the new readers. And we also feel in the mood to make a statement of promise and purpose in 1958 for old and new readers alike.

The editors of The Saturday Evening Post have always aimed to produce a family magazine—one that's bright enough and broad enough to attract both men and women readers, and their offspring, too. We want the Post to be urgent reading for every member of the family . . . but at the same time we don't want to achieve that urgency by using the kind of techniques that prompt parents to hide the magazine from their children.

Second, we want the Post to mean something to the people who read it. We don't want it to be some far-off, chilly voice, but the recognized voice of a member of the family. We want to cater to their moods and desires, and be welcome every week.

Third, we have the wish to be the most influential magazine in America. In these times we feel the real assignment of a magazine is to be big enough to be heard; respected enough to make that voice influential.

Last, we want to be a constructive force in America. Nobody could be a Post editor for fifteen minutes without feeling a great weight of heritage that is the particular mark of this magazine. So, actually, our goal for 1958 will be to produce America's family magazine with aims that have been important to Americans for many years.

But The Saturday Evening Post in 1958 will spring some surprises. We start off the first part of the year, for example, with two features which will certainly surprise some of our readers . . . an eight-page portrait of Pablo Picasso . . . and the recent memoirs of Eleanor Roosevelt.

HAPPY NEW YEAR,

Ben Hibbs

EDITOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 68*) rode off and was gone a long time, leaving a Indian to take care of things. When he come back, they say, he had old dead flowers that he put on her grave. I never asked him, but some people say he had promised his mother she'd have flowers. We never did grow 'em like that, the big funeral ones, on the plains, and nobody knows where he went for them, but he kept a crazylike promise, and there was some that said it was a nice thing to do, though most thought it was kind of queer.

Well, the dancin' went on and the sun come up. When that happens, the women just naturally disappear. It always happens, and no man asks 'em why. But the fiddlers and the caller don't quit. They keep on, and the men dance stag, and somebody always brings out what's left from under the straw.

Well, when men dance together, somebody always wants to make it his way, and the other one don't, and then they go down in a tussle. It's rough but friendly. But it warn't with Tom and Tad Bent. Not that Tad was dancin', but Tom got all het up, and pulls him off the table where he's sitting, and says, "How about we bull aroun'?"

We all quit to watch. Tom has his hands behind Tad's neck and's wrestling him around the floor, and all Tad seems to want to do is pull his neck out of there, stand up and walk away. Finally we see him do that. He pulls out, opens the door and goes out in the yard without saying nothin'.

We're disgusted, but we don't say it. We all bull around a little, and then somebody makes a bet on riding. It's always this way, too, before breakfast. We all knowed Jem Tate has a walleyed bronc left. And Tom bets he can stay on for two minutes. Well, no man has stayed on that bronc two minutes.

The bets pass around, and we go out to watch the show. All but Tad Bent, who stands outside, about a hundred feet from the porch, watching the sun and looking around, standing near the wagon ruts of Jem Tate's road. We none of us pay him no mind.

Somebody puts a loop on that bronc; then they throw him, and when he's down he's saddled up. Tom goes over there and straddles that prone bronc, and we let him loose, and he rides up under Tom and breaks in two. That bronc tried for the morning sun. He tried for the fence. He threw himself back and down, and Tom stepped out, and when the bronc went up again, Tom was in the saddle.

He did better than two minutes. He broke that bronc that morning, and we all give a prayer. The bronc stiffened, pranced, then was still, quivering, and then Tom rode him roun' the rim of the corral. It meant a lot to us, seeing as what was going to happen. It was some kind of a victory, a good omen, like the Indians would say.

When this was over, the women called us in. Breakfast. And there was plenty this time, too, seeing it was all everybody had brought for the last party. We all went in but Tad Bent, who stood out there in the yard, looking into the sun, looking dusty, weak and starved, and just as if he was sort of crazy, like we always thought.

After breakfast, that morning was up there big and holy. On the Great Plains a man thinks he's in the middle of God's big field, and God's stirring the winds with a stick as long as the sky. You can't see no end to the world, and you don't want to. And that wind will never stop, long as the world goes around. And the wind goes around, too, every direction, and spins the mills like fingers twirlin' a wheel.

But it didn't matter how mighty and holy it was. When the breakfast bait was gone, everybody walked around like an old pair of chaps thrown out on the dust. The ladies was fixin' the weaners, taken away the plates and making things nice as they could, just as it had always been. The men was drifting outside, smoking what was left and thinking of saddlin' and harnessing up. And that was the end. We might not see each other again—'least most of us.

We didn't want to look at Tad Bent out there, standing where he had been before. He hadn't taken any of that last big breakfast bait, and it was unfriendly. He could spook anybody, the way he stood out there and looked at the south over the grama grass that should have cattle on it, and the sun coming up like a boiling kettle. That wind pushed through those grasses like a woman's fingers. And sounded like that too—sort of low and kind. But it only made us sad.

Then Jem Tate's cousin, Charley, the caller, threw down a cigarette, and said, "Wind's comin', from the south. Risin' dust."

We all looked down, and it was a queer parcel of dust. When the wind picks it up, it ain't faced the way this dust was; it's bigger and wider and taller, and has a look of red on it, like blood. This jus' looked like some army coming, but there wouldn't be any out here now, 'least as we could recall.

We all watched and the windmill was chattering away like a bunch of chickens. We heard the women inside, talking low-like and moving around the way they do. And some of the weaners was crying. It made us uncomfortable for them to cry like that, though it wasn't no different than any other time.

That cloud kept comin' on, and we spooked a little. Enough had happint without no storm coming now to make things worse. And the funny part was that cloud had a lot of sound in it. Sound that was like a nightmare, and none of us wanted to hear it.

That was the sound of cattle. That sound ain't like nothing on earth. It makes the ground do some shaking under your feet, and the lowing and calling sounds, too, and shakes the air. You never saw men act like we did. We fairly broke up, and we was mystified and mad. Here was cattle coming over our grass.

The women went quiet inside and come out, all talk taken out of 'em, and the children rushed out, with nobody to look after 'em, but something happint to them, too, and they was quiet, a couple of them bare as the day they was born, standing in the dust and just watchin' and listening.

That cloud broke a little in front, and they was three men on ponies, wearing them big Mexican hats, riding point. The man in front, in them white pants and leaning back lazy, like they do in the saddle, dug in his spurs and come across the dust and grass, ridin' hard.

Tad Bent stood out there beside the ruts of Jem Tate's wagon road. That Mexican vaquero rid right up to him and swept off his hat. We could all hear what he said.

"Señor," he said, "we arrive."

Tad Bent jus' said, "*Bueno*. Bring 'em in."

The Mexican spurred around, and went off whippin' his sombrero. The herd begun to come out of the cloud, all the leaders, with Mexicans ridin' swing. It felt like the porch was shaking under our feet. There was a big sound, like drums was beating, and a bigger drum was beating under all the little ones. We saw big horns with dust twisted around them, and the sun poured down and made them all look like knives.

We was all quiet and wondering, looking at them cattle, and I swear nobody moved, not even one little weaner that had crawled out and was holden onto my pants.

But we all saw Tad Bent take off his hat. It was the way he did it, like he was going into church. Tad Bent talked, and it was the longest speech he ever made in his life. We all knowed he was talkin' to us, but his eyes never left Mindy, who was standing on the porch with the women. It come out pretty easy, considering it was Tad Bent. It sounded like he had always knowed what he would say, when he had to.

"Ah went to Mexico," he said, "down Chihuahua way. Figured Ah'd make a drive north, takin' all the mavericks, everythin' outlaw and unbranded from all the bresh, brakes, hills and mesas, 'tween here and there. Got to New Mexico, and foun' them too full of cattle, takin' all the graze. Cattle that come from north, when the blizzard come. And them ranchers was willin' to let me carry 'em off, jus' to save the graze, iffen we could pay right later. Ah done contracted with 'em, sayin' we'd pay.

"Mah cowboys is Mex—poor people—and Ah promised some lan' and jobs to each family that's comin' on behint, a piece from each of us."

Tad Bent was speakin' to us all, but his eyes never left Mindy's face. "Ah done made the drive, and Ah got papers for all them as is branded. Cattle for every man, even up.

"Mr. Tate ——" he said, and never looked away from that girl. "Mr. Tate, Ah reckon you're the man to supervise, to cut out them cattle and parcel 'em. And keep that bargain with the Mexicans."

All out there in front of us was the cattle. I could swear we was breathing like we'd been workin' hard, ropin', brandin', cuttin' out. The wind took the dust and pulled it all aroun', and we could smell it. It ain't plain dust when cattle make it; it's hotter and sweeter.

A calf run from the herd, and, I swear, them children went running after it, screaming their heads off, and one of 'em bare as could be. An' suddenly Jem Tate began to laugh, and somethin' broke up, and Jem yelled, "Saddle up!"

In the corral there was more ropes swingin' than you could count, and Jem cussing away like he was going to kick every man to death if them high-lifed horses didn't. But we got saddled up and off out there to cut out them cattle and give every man a fair share of the good ones and the tough Mex ones.

I was tol' later that Jem Tate come galloping back, swung his hat and yelled, "Listen, you women, this is a warnin'! There's bigger, better, sweeter steak for dinner!" Then he wheeled aroun' and come out to ramrod our outfit.

My wife tol' me the rest. One woman got on her hands and knees and prayed. But the rest got her up and inside. Even the women knew it wouldn't be right to make so much of it and embarrass Tad Bent.

The women got the children rounded up and inside, and begun to see what fixin's they had for that steak. They found they had 'nough flour and molasses to make a good steak dinner, and enough coffee. They began to get things ready, but couldn't put all their 'tention to hit.

Two men hadn't rid out with the rest, and one girl was still on the porch. My wife tol' me that Tad Bent put on his hat. He kept looking at Mindy. She looked down at the floor of the porch. Tad got on his horse and galloped off toward his soddy, not lookin' at anything more around him.

Mindy was standing there on the porch, lookin' out over the plain, and Tom was standin' beside her. My wife tells me that Mindy had her arms straight down and they looked tight and stringy. Tom didn't say nothin'. Mindy looked pale, and somehow older, like the women get on the plains. And her face was smaller and kind of edged, like she had been standing too long in that wind and lookin' off into all the space.

It was a long time before Mindy said anything, and then it was as if she was dry, like the plains are, and hard, and somehow wild, too, like they can seem.

She said, "Tom, fetch me a horse."

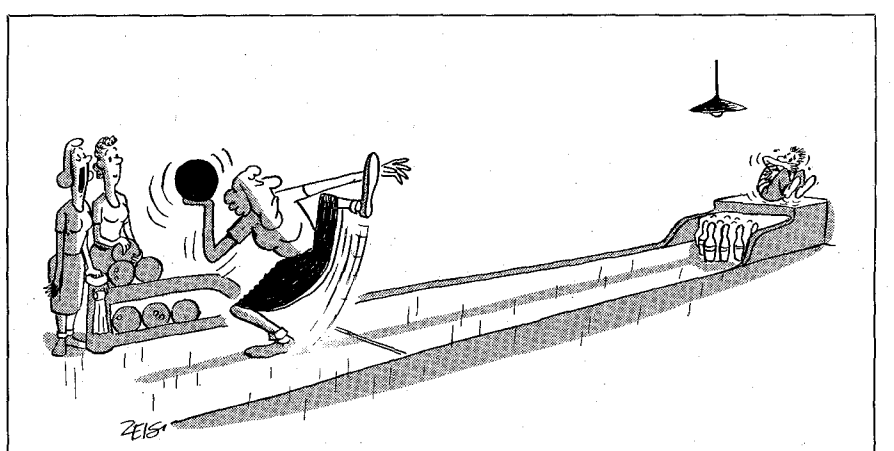
The women was working, but they knew everything was goin' on; you can depend on women for that.

Tom didn't do nothing. Then he walked down and to the corral and made his loop. He brought in a horse and saddled him. He brung him around and Mindy got on, astraddle. There ain't a woman I've ever talked to who said anything against Mindy because she showed her leg thataway.

Mindy didn't ride off right away. She sort of looked out on the plain and all the men working, and looked up at that windmill spinning around, and listened to the wind sorta like, and rode out gentle, with her long hair bouncing on her shoulders. Then something happint, my wife says, and she put heels to the big gray, and every woman watched and knew where she was going.

My wife won't say no more about Tom. I can't understand it, but that's the way women are. We don't know what he did. First thing we knowed, he was out with us, cutting that herd. We all did a lot of admirin' about Tom that day. He was a good man, but he knowed there was one better, and he didn't whimper none that anybody could see.

THE END



"Not much form—but she gets the ball down the alley."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Names We Go By

(Continued from Page 37)

suitable for boys than for girls, which is the way the odds lie.

Although namesters feel this is an uninspired approach, such lists do discourage grotesqueries, such as Ima, Ura, and Bea Hogg for the three Texan sisters beloved by compilers of old-time jokebooks. Clergymen at christenings have been known to protest, though not frequently enough, when parents want to saddle a child for life with some ill-advised gag. This situation was acute in wartime London, when the air-raid warnings inspired parents to name newborn girls Syrene. Brazil empowers its registration officials to reject names that are likely to be embarrassing in later life. France, on the other hand, sets up lists of legally acceptable names; no others need apply. The authorities' criteria must be curious. They rule out Stalinette for girls, well and good, but allow Russia and Salonika. Armistice is out for boys, but Rin Tin Tin and Zonfonque are in.

An Englishman I know deplores the American use of titles for given names, such as Duke, Dean, Earl. It upsets him to hear of an American bus driver called, say, "Earl Russell," which happens to be an august British peerage. Yet this need not be borrowed plumage. These may have been family surnames originally—most phone books show Mr. Earl, Mr. Duke, Mr. Prince and so on—handed down as given names in a tradition that is centuries old. Under other circumstances, it's true, the effect can be queer. During a visit of the then Duke of Edinburgh to Hawaii many years ago, scores of Hawaiian mothers named newborn boys Duke. Closer to home, the Marquis de Lafayette's tour of America in 1824 got many a boy dubbed Marquis because his parents thought that was the great man's given name. A few Marquises are still around.

Lafayette's ghost also remains in many town names—"Layfyette" was the pronunciation—and in places called "La Grange" after his wife's estate in France. Practically all namesters delight in American place names. Walt Whitman, Robert Louis Stevenson and Stephen Vincent Benét have celebrated them. Thick books have been written about them.

In Indiana, battles (Waterloo, Marengo, Trafalgar), Latin American touches (Brazil, Valparaiso, Bolivar) and naval heroes (Preble, Decatur) make it clear that the state was settled in the decades when Napoleon, Old Ironsides and the Monroe Doctrine were on people's minds. Yet the most meaningful batch of place names within my ken is not in the United States at all, but in the tropical island of Jamaica: Cutlass Bay, Boozy Ridge, Cutthroat Hill, Hard Bargain, Starvegut Bay, Rat Trap, Fat Hog Quarter, Bold Attempt and others much less refined. Some of them, being corruptions of old Spanish or Arawak words, are not to be read too literally. But all are eloquently consistent with the historical fact that early Jamaica was a sort of Caribbean Bad Man's Gulch.

Much more gloomy are the place names ornamenting the coast of Australia like so many coffin handles. Circumnavigate the continent clockwise from Melbourne and you pass Point Danger, Foul Bay, Cape Catastrophe, Anxious Bay, Cape Adieu, Cape Arid, Doubtful Island, Hauloff Rock, Hopeless Reach, Wreck Point, Low Point, Doubtful Bay, Point Torment, Treachery Bay, Accident Inlet, Weary Bay, Cape Tribulation, Point Danger (two of these) and Disaster Bay. Our own coasts show a few items like Cape Fear, and our West had its share of names like Death Valley and Murder Creek. But early explorers of the North American continent must have been either luckier or far less pessimistic than the great seamen who charted out Australia.

The pursuit of namesmanship carries its share of disappointments. The Associated Press recently reported that the famous Welsh village's name of Llanfairpwyllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobllantysiliogogoch was just a tourist gag dreamed up by a local tailor. The real name is merely Llanfairpwllgwyngyll. It is not true that the daughter of George Pullman, the sleeping-car magnate, used to get a dollar apiece for picking those names for the cars. But it is true that twenty years ago Honolulu harbor boasted a tugboat named after an old-time Hawaiian princess, Likelike—pronounced "leaky-leaky."

Hawaiian names for vessels bear watching. Old-time merchant seamen held that it was bad luck to change a ship's name, but the Matson Line's prewar Matsonia actually improved her luck that way. She began life as the Malolo, which is Hawaiian for "flying fish." To the native Hawaiian the flying fish is sacred, and casual reference to it is considered bad medicine. This, the Honolulu water front insisted, explained the series of small mishaps that plagued the ship on voyage after voyage. Once her name was shifted to Matsonia, which fortunately means nothing in Hawaiian, the ship ceased to have trouble. She survived active war service, which many a fine liner did not, and is still going about her lawful occasions under the Greek flag as the Home Lines' Queen Frederica.

The saltwater branch of namesters has a rich field because the name problems of merchant marines and navies far outnumber those encountered by parents. In 1941, for example, the United States seized around six dozen German and Italian ships holed up in American ports and had to rechristen them quickly before sending them back to work. Lt. Comdr. W. C. Peet, Jr., now executive vice president of the Oceanic Steamship Company, solved that one fast. A racing fan, he got out the book and named those orphan vessels pretty much at random after past winners of the Kentucky Derby, Belmont and so forth. Later he learned that the luck of the draw had hung Man o' War on an obsolete Italian tramp that couldn't log nine knots without a following wind.

Nearly every squadron that the British sent to fight Napoleon included ships with French names like Temeraire or Bonne Citoyenne. These had been captured from the French and commissioned in the Royal Navy with names unaltered—an ingenious bit of enemy baiting. In the War of 1812, Uncle Sam could not follow suit because the British frigates and brigs surrendering to Yankees had fought to the bitter end and were usually too badly smashed up for refitting. But the United States could rub it in by borrowing the non-American names of such prizes—Java, Macedonian, Guerrière, Cyane, and so on—for reuse on new-built ships. So in the early 1820's the Royal Navy's West African Squadron found itself co-operating, no doubt with mixed emotions, with the U.S.S. Macedonian and Cyane.

After more than a century the United States Navy again used an alien name on a combat vessel—this time for the opposite reason. U.S.S. Canberra was named in memory of His Majesty's Australian Ship Canberra, heavy cruiser, which fought and died at Savo Island in 1942 alongside the doomed U.S.S. Vincennes, Astoria and Quincy.

In its applied namesmanship, the United States Navy apparently does not consider it bad luck to name ammunition ships after volcanoes, some of them active. Arbitrary categories of names are used for different kinds and classes of vessels. Therefore, the choice for submarines, atomic or plain, is much simplified by the rule of calling them after fish and other marine creatures. Helped by the Bureau of Fisheries, the Office of Chief of Naval Operations has seined up some very apt christenings: Sea Wolf, Growler, Swordfish, Trigger; also such curiosities as Croaker, Sea Owl, Trepang—which is a tropical sea slug so droopy that it makes snails look vivacious. Home-aquarium fans may also find it quaint that Jane's Fighting Ships, the Social Register of navies, describes a Guppy sub as 306 feet long. Without the aid of such categories as "famous deceased Americans," the old Maritime Commission would have gone off its head when naming the 3100-odd freighters built during World War II. Even so, the commission wound up with names of mythical figures like Paul Bunyan, and synthetics such as Ammla—the initials of the American Merchant Marine Library Association.

All namesters like to believe the classic legend of how the Cunard Line's Queens became royal. Since the latter part of the nineteenth century, Cunarders had consistently carried geographical names ending in "-ia"—Carpathia, Lusitania, Scythia. When designing the largest and fastest merchantman ever built, they planned to call her Victoria as symbol of the peak of British power and prestige. So, according to the story, they sought audience with King George V, always a most loyal husband.

"Sir," they said, "may we have your permission to name this greatest ship in the world after England's greatest queen?"

"Of course," said the King, beaming. "Her Majesty will be delighted." So Queen Mary it was, and then Queen Elizabeth for the sister ship, before Cunard could get back to the "-ia" tradition with such postwar ships as Parthia, Media and the rest.

The street namester's favorite true story is about the late Julian Street. He so irked the city fathers of Cripple Creek, Colorado, by writing a magazine exposé of local vice that in revenge they renamed the main thoroughfare of its redlight district Julian Street. When the high-flying Duke of Buckingham was developing some London property 300 years ago, three new streets were named after him: Duke Street, Buckingham Street, and Of Alley, since changed to York Place, which is a pity.

Militant namesters deplore and resist such substitution of elegant inanity for flavorsome, genuine old names. When residents of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, recently sought to rename its centuries-old Grassy Gutter Road because it doesn't sound nice, a local lawyer—obviously a namester—denounced the scheme so scathingly in town meeting that the prettifiers were routed. But far too often they win by default and a good name like Bullpen Road becomes Daffodil Lane.

Much the same problem comes up when real-estate developers need names for new-plotted streets and, for lack of better ideas, inflict still more Daffodil Lanes and Spruce Avenues on the nation. The why-didn't-somebody-think-of-that-before award for 1957 goes to the Wilton Historical Society of Wilton, Connecticut, which now supplies developers with authoritative lists of real, tradition-packed local names to pick from. For the Nod Hill district of Wilton the list suggests Osborn and Jennings for street names, those being the names of way-back old residents; or Whale Rock Road or Miraculous Spring Road coined from the old-timers' names for local landscape features.

Knowing a good idea when they see it, Wilton developers welcome these trouble-saving, appropriate suggestions. It is a pleasure to call the attention of other growing communities to so original a scheme—and of namesters to this outstanding piece of namesmanship. Such a movement might also be able to do something about keeping new developments as flat as a long-play record from being called something like Ferncliffe Hills. Fellow namesters, this could be a career.

THE END

"Look, why don't you find a good book?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Took the Nautilus Under the Ice

(Continued from Page 13)

there. From a naval standpoint, it is quite obvious that if nuclear-powered submarines prove practicable in under-ice operations, the United States Navy could, at least for a while, dominate an increasingly important strategic area. The Soviets have made no secret of their interest in the arctic. They have pioneered in arctic exploration and, more recently, have made hundreds of scientific excursions into the ice by helicopter to obtain data.

We received informal word that the Nautilus had been definitely scheduled for the trip shortly after I took command of the ship from Capt. Eugene P. Wilkinson in June of 1957. I briefed the officers, reminding them that the mission would be carried out secretly, and from that moment on, most of our waking hours were devoted to preparations for the expedition. Almost immediately, we made contact in San Diego with Dr. Waldo K. Lyon, chief of the Submarine and Arctic Research Branch, United States Navy Electronics Laboratory. He and an assistant had been designated to serve on board the Nautilus as chief scientists. Doctor Lyon suggested the installation of several additional pieces of sonar equipment which would enable the Nautilus to "see" with more sensitivity submerged and collect scientific data with greater precision. One such machine, mounted topside and trained to scan directly up, would give us a constant reading on the thickness and character of the polar ice.

Meanwhile we of the crew searched through the available literature for information which would be of value as background. There were many gripping, dramatic stories of man's effort to reach the North Pole by sledge and aircraft, but very little information on questions vital to us, such as: 1) How thick is the ice? 2) How deep is the water? and 3) Do icebergs, with their deadly, deep keels, float through the ice? The scientific information available, including some published Russian sources, was conflicting, and confirmed—if confirmation is needed—that the arctic is a virtually unexplored area. Much of the data, particularly that from Soviet sources, we later found to be completely inaccurate.

Ship operations in the ice pack were limited, and most, we found, had ended in disaster. Some icebreakers had successfully penetrated the outer edge of the ice. Two ships, the Norwegian Fram and the Russian Sedov, became locked in the ice and drifted helplessly, out of control, across the top of the world. Fram was stuck for thirty-five months and reached 85 degrees 57 minutes north latitude. The Sedov's trip was shorter, twenty-seven months, and it reached 86 degrees 39 minutes north latitude. In 1937, a handful of Russians landed a plane on an ice floe at the North Pole and drifted through the pack for nine months, until they reached open water near Greenland.

We found that there had been a few submarine operations in the far-north latitudes. During World War II, several conventional Nazi submarines had made use of the ice pack as a hiding place. After an attack on a convoy, they would dart under the edge of the ice, beyond reach of Allied antisubmarine vessels. However, these excursions were brief and provided no scientific data. In the postwar years, several of our conventional submarines, notably the Redfish, had made short trips under the edge of the ice. Some information collected in these excursions proved helpful, although none of our submarines had traveled more than twenty miles under the pack.

Perhaps the most famous—but unsuccessful—submarine operation in the arctic ice-pack area was that in 1931 of Sir Hubert Wilkins in a ship coincidentally named the Nautilus. Wilkins believed, on the basis of first-hand exploratory experience in the arctic, that there were enough cracks—known as leads—and open stretches in the ice pack—known as polynyas—to enable a short-legged battery-driven submarine to transit the ocean, by puddle-jumping beneath the ice, and recharging batteries on the surface in open water. The United States Navy furnished him a submarine that was scheduled for scrapping, and Wilkins equipped the ship for under-ice operations, including devices with which he could drill through the ice in case the ship was trapped beneath it. The expedition set off amid a blizzard of publicity.

In August of 1931, Wilkins' Nautilus reached the edge of the icecap in the area between Spitsbergen and Greenland. However, matériel failures had plagued the voyagers. It was soon discovered that the stern planes had been lost, making it hard to submerge and to control the ship. In spite of this, several attempts were made to force the submarine under the edge of the icecap. Frost formed on the inside hull of the submarine, and the crew became less than enthusiastic about the transpolar attempt. Finally, after some scientific data had been gathered on the edge of the pack, the expedition conceded defeat and headed south. It is perhaps just as well that the expedition failed in the early stages, for I am certain, on the basis of what we discovered beneath the pack, that Wilkins' Nautilus would have soon met with disaster.

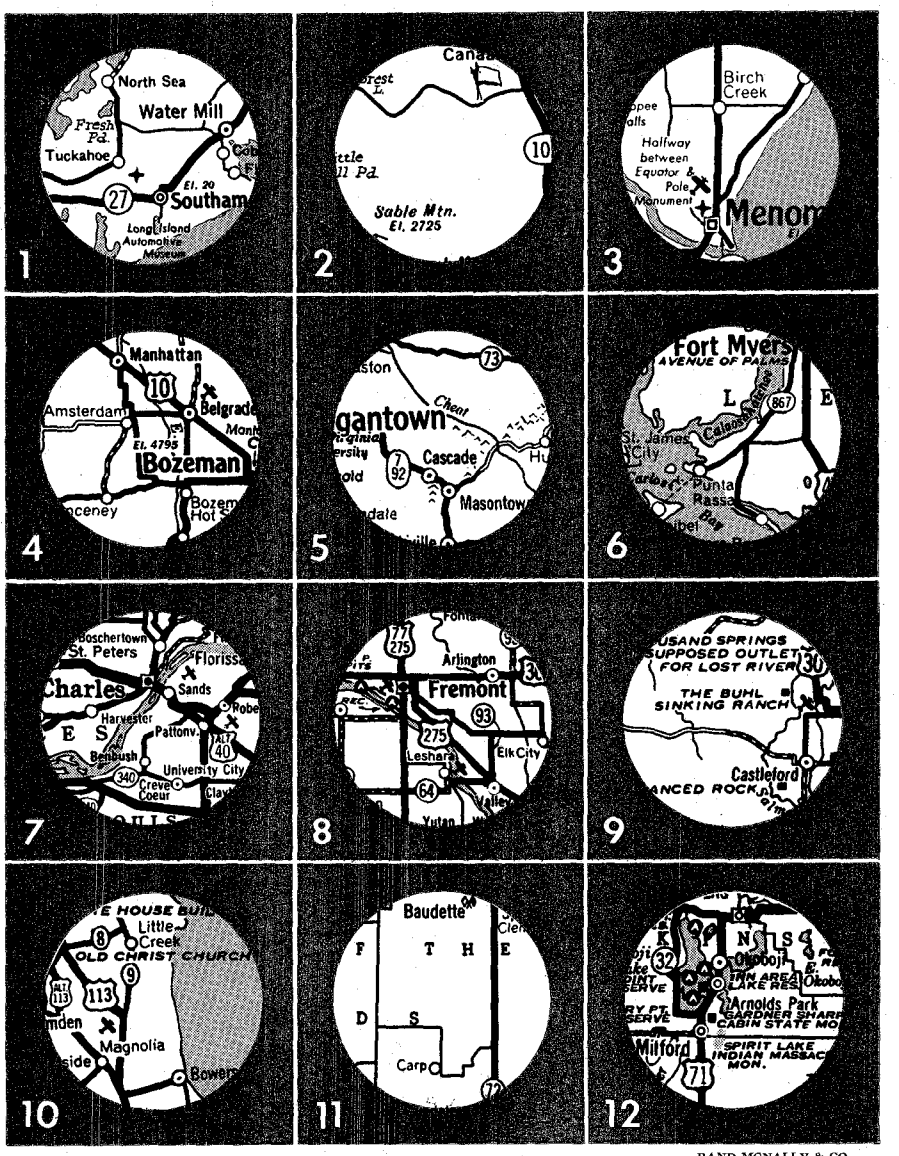
Compared to Sir Hubert's Nautilus, our ship was like a floating palace, infinitely more comfortable, reliable and safe. Since we were powered by a nuclear engine, we were not dependent on leads or polynyas, and could remain submerged beneath the pack indefinitely if need be. Nevertheless, routine precautions were observed. For example, there was always the possibility of fire. An inconsequential fire in the maze of electrical circuits on a submarine can cloud it with fatal smoke and fumes. Under ordinary circumstances, these can be dispelled by surfacing. Since that route of escape would not be immediately available to us, we went through the Nautilus with a fine-tooth comb, searching for potential fire hazards and checking all electrical connections.

Actually, the toughest technical problem we faced under the ice was that of navigating, and that not so much due to the ice, but because at the extreme latitudes at which we intended to cruise, compasses are not altogether reliable. The Nautilus is equipped with three compasses, one magnetic and two gyroscopic. A magnetic compass mounted in a submarine is not efficient because of the multifarious charged forces acting upon it inside the pressure hull. As someone once said: "It's like a chameleon on a plaid blanket." Ordinary gyrocompasses are not reliable above 70 degrees north latitude. However, before leaving, we installed a new master gyrocompass which had been designed to operate at higher latitudes. For reasons having nothing whatsoever to do with the design of this fine new compass, it was later to cause us some anxious moments beneath the ice.

One final preparation was that of indoctrinating the crew. When word of exactly what we proposed to do on the expedition was circulated to the men, 90 per cent of them, our ship's physician, Dr. R. F. Dobbins, reported, were seized with "apprehension." To dispel this apprehension, Lt. Comdr. Warren R. Cobean, my executive officer, planned a prolonged series of lectures on the arctic and the ice pack. En route, movies, some of which I had taken during an aerial reconnaissance over the area we intended to explore, were shown in the crew's mess. After the movie, one Nautilus sailor commented, "Ice. Ice. Ice. Ice. Nothing but ice. Boy, I'll tell you it's going to be a drunk night when we reach England." However, by the time we crossed the Arctic Circle and had neared the ice pack, most of this apprehension had begun to wear off. In fact, I know most of the crew felt about as I did as I stood on the bridge that evening taking a farewell look at the Trigger. I was anxious to go under and see what it was like.

I informed the conning officer, Lt. Steven A. White, that he could clear the bridge and dive when ready. At exactly eight o'clock, one hour and twenty-three minutes after we had arrived at the pack, the rasping "A-uuu-guh, A-uuu-guh," of the diving horn reverberated throughout the ship, and Nautilus nosed under. I thought of relaying to Kelly on the Trigger some kind of earth-shaking message, but since history is so easily made in the arctic and on the Nautilus, it seemed inappropriate. Uncertain of the thickness of the ice, we descended to several hundred feet, set a course due north and, several minutes later, moving at a very slow speed, Nautilus passed far beneath the "edge" of the ice pack. In the crew's mess, the last section was routinely eating dinner. In the background I could hear the strains of Pat Boone's Love Letters in the Sand, one of 100 records on our juke box. This, I thought, is the way to explore the arctic!

Within a very short time, Doctor Lyon's sonar machines told us enough to form a very good picture of the ice overhead. After a couple of hours, we had collected more precise information than had been assembled in all history. Generally, we found, the arctic ice pack is a huge, ever-moving mass, diverse in character. In places it consists only of small blocks and brash—which the crew quickly dubbed "B and B"—easily penetrable by any ship. (Brash is small, crushed ice.) However, the great bulk of the ice is made up of irregular floes ranging in size from a few feet to a few thousand feet and larger. These floes vary in thickness, from a few feet to ten or twelve feet, but seldom more. The underside of the ice is not smooth, as many have believed, but



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 74*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinctly irregular. The ice is laced with many leads and polynyas, although those large enough to accommodate a submarine are far between, and certainly not frequent enough to permit a conventional submarine to puddle-jump, as Sir Hubert Wilkins had planned.

After we had become adjusted to the sensation of cruising in our silent, frigid world, I felt I would like to take a first-hand look at the ice, so I ordered the ship brought up slowly and raised the periscope. The water was grayish and not at all dark, as the sunlight filtered through the ice. The floodlight we had mounted on the deck topside was unnecessary. I turned the field of the periscope up, bringing my eye, through magnification, within a few feet of the underside of the floes, which appeared to be scudding overhead like gray clouds. It was a fascinating, but eerie experience. In fact, it was a little unnerving. Since there was nothing from a scientific standpoint to be gained by this, I put the scope back down and tactfully suggested that the curious find something else to do. It was much better watching the ice on sonar.

Very soon, we reached the turn-around point for our first excursion. Shortly afterward, the overhead sonar outlined a lead or polynya that appeared to be unusually large. Since part of our scientific mission called for collecting weather data, I decided we might surface Nautilus through the crack and see what things looked like topside. There was not much room to spare—in fact, it was something like threading a needle—but, guided by the picture on the sonarscope, we were able to maneuver Nautilus directly beneath the hole. Then slowly—very slowly—we began to inch our way up. I raised the periscope to confirm the sonar readings. Everything seemed to check perfectly. I kept my eye glued into the periscope, expecting the upper glass to break water at any second.

I was startled, a split second later, to find not water overhead, but solid ice! I thought it must have been a very thin sheet—so thin that it had not registered on our sensitive sonar—and since there was nothing to do now to stop Nautilus' ascent, I waited for the periscope to shatter through the ice.

Instead, our vertical ascent stopped abruptly and a shudder swept through the ship. At that same instant, everything went black inside the periscope. It was a baffling sensation. I called out, "Flood negative," a command to fill our buoyancy-control tank, which would take us down again. Some of that old, dispelled apprehension must have returned then, for the officers and men looked at me expectantly. All I could think of to say was, "Number Two periscope has had it." Why, or what had happened, I didn't know just then. Later, after a conference with Doctor Lyon, we determined that we had collided with a small block of ice adrift in the polynya. Unluckily for us, it had struck the most sensitive spot on the submarine. I hoped my estimate of the damage had been pessimistic, and that the periscope might easily be repaired after we reached open water.

Recalling the old aphorism that after a fall it is better to get up and ride again immediately, I asked Doctor Lyon to signal when we reached another large polynya. Soon we were trying to thread the needle again, maneuvering Nautilus' huge bulk beneath the opening. We came up slowly and, when we were directly in line, I raised No. 1 periscope. Like No. 2, it was completely black! I canceled the surfacing attempt and ordered the ship to steam back to the edge of the ice pack and rendezvous with Trigger. At 1400 we made contact by underwater telephone, and an hour later emerged from the ice and surfaced. Our pit log showed that we had traveled 150 miles beneath the ice. We had achieved a record, but for the first time our magnificent ship had been wounded.

A quick topside inspection revealed that my estimate had not been overly pessimistic. The No. 2 periscope was damaged beyond repair, and No. 1 was badly bent. For a nuclear submarine with advanced sonar like Nautilus, a periscope is a helpful but not absolutely vital piece of equipment for under-ice operations. However, a periscope is important in attacking an enemy ship. Nautilus was scheduled to participate in the NATO naval maneuver "Strike Back" immediately upon completing ice operations. No time had been allowed for major repairs. What this meant, then, was that in order to get ready for the maneuver, we would have to cancel ice operations and depart immediately for England. After the weeks of preparations, this was a very disheartening turn of events. Of greater importance, perhaps, was that it meant Nautilus for the first time had failed in an assigned mission.

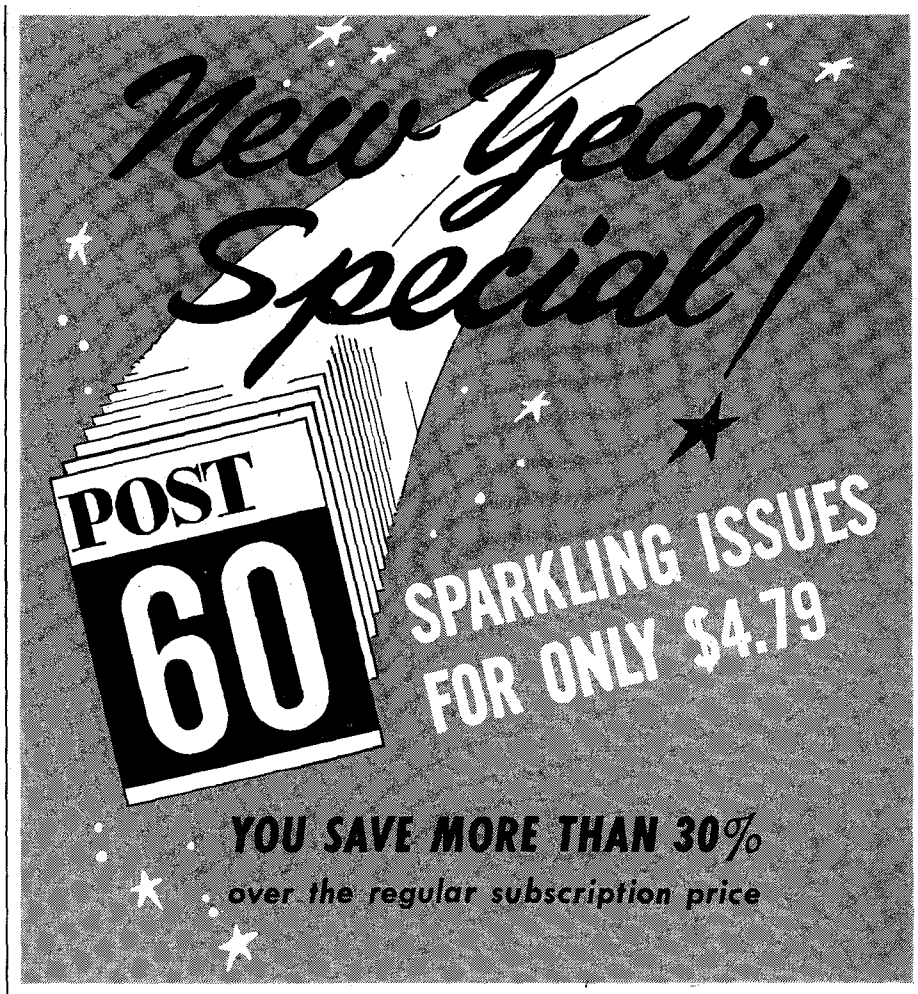
While I brooded over these facts, some of the technicians on board had gone topside to inspect the damage. Not long afterward, Lt. Paul Early reported that there was a chance that No. 1 periscope might be bent back into its normal position. I regarded this suggestion with great skepticism. Such an operation had never been done, even in a periscope repair shop, I was sure, much less at sea on the pitching, confined bridge of a submarine. To make matters worse, a gale had blown up and a heavy sea was running. However, there was nothing to be lost in the attempt, so I gave my permission.

The work on that periscope is a stirring sea story by itself. After several failures, the tube was finally pushed back into place with a hydraulic jack. However, under the strain, the stainless-steel tube cracked, and the nitrogen gas sealed inside the scope to prevent fogging escaped. Stainless-steel welders are rare, but we carried one on board Nautilus, Richard T. Bearden, to effect repairs on the reactor, which has many stainless-steel parts. Clinging to the superstructure, his hands and face half-frozen and the flame of his torch blown out every minute by the force of the gale, Bearden and several helpers repaired the crack. Meanwhile, other Nautilus men had worked out an ingenious scheme to draw a vacuum inside the periscope by running a makeshift hose from the vacuum pump for the steam condenser in the reactor room. Once this had been accomplished, it was easy to refill the scope with spare gas. This amazing repair job enabled us to continue our arctic operations. The periscope, incidentally, served us all through the Strike Back maneuver and was not removed until we returned to New London.

I relayed the good news to Kelly on the Trigger, informing him that we would continue operations as scheduled. Nautilus would dive at 0800 the following day, and proceed under the ice to 83 degrees north and "farther." We would be gone between two and five days.

Kelly responded, "How far north does this imply you may go?"

This was a question I had consistently evaded since word of our trip had begun to circulate throughout the submarine force. My orders from Commander, Submarines, Atlantic (ComSubLant), Rear Adm. C. W. Wilkins, read: "At discretion proceed under the ice to 83 degrees north latitude and vicinity and return."



Here's a real bargain to start the New Year right. You can save $2.13—*more than 30%*—over the regular subscription price by subscribing to the POST NEW YEAR SPECIAL . . . 60 weeks for only $4.79.

What's ahead in the next 60 weeks for you? Well, to start there's another of Pete Martin's entertaining interviews—"I Call on Ed Sullivan" . . . the memoirs of her post-White House years by dynamic Eleanor Roosevelt . . . and a portrait of that controversial clown-and-genius Charlie Chaplin.

On the fiction front, you'll soon be reading Erle Stanley Gardner's latest, "The Case of the Footloose Doll" . . . "Captain Hornblower and the Bewildered Pirates" by C. S. Forester . . . and another rousing adventure with Norman Reilly Raine's "Tugboat Annie."

To assure yourself of all this reading enjoyment, just fill in the order form below. Remember—you save more than 30% over the regular subscription price with this special offer. And there's no need to send money now—we'll bill you later.

This offer is good for a limited time only, so mail your order TODAY!

If you are already a POST subscriber, take advantage of this special offer to extend your subscription.

Give this coupon to your subscription agent or send it to:
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Dept. 5789, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

YES, send me 60 weeks of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for only $4.79. (Saves me more than 30% over the regular subscription price.) Bill me later.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ New subscription ☐ Renewal or extension

Offer good only in U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before leaving New London I had asked my immediate boss, Capt. T. H. Henry, "Do you have any comments on how I should interpret 'vicinity?'" In other words, could I go on to the North Pole?

He replied, "We have confidence in the Nautilus to do the right thing. We know you'll use the proper interpretation."

Thus, the question of actually going to the North Pole had been left entirely up to me. I was never certain that we would go all the way. It would depend on the circumstances prevailing—how the crew fared beneath the ice, including me, and how the compasses performed. As far as our scientific mission was concerned, going to the pole was not a critical objective.

With this in mind, I replied to Kelly, "Do not know how far north we will go. But we might get close enough to talk to St. Nick."

We submerged, and dived deep under the ice, traveling at a considerably greater speed than on our first excursion, completely unconcerned about the forbidding ceiling overhead. Most of our normal machinery, such as the reactor, the air-revitalization equipment and pumps, was functioning perfectly. Doctor Lyon's special sonars were clicking away at a fast pace, accumulating an enormous storehouse of data that would keep polar experts busy for months. The temperature was a comfortable 72 degrees on board the Nautilus, and the humidity hovered at about 50 per cent. Even my stateroom, which is ordinarily one of the coldest spots on the ship, was warm. The electricians had installed a special heater for this trip.

We sped on northward and in due time reached latitude 83 degrees. A check of the compasses showed the magnetic one behaving erratically, the old-style gyro designed for a maximum of 70 degrees north, to be wavering abnormally, and our new master gyro functioning quite well. Since there seemed to be no risk involved whatsoever, I ordered the conning officer to continue steering a northerly direction, toward the pole. We passed 84, and then 85 degrees north with no significant change in compass performance. Soon the North Pole seemed within our grasp—for what it was worth.

A couple of hours later, just before we reached the 86th parallel, I was informed that the master gyro had gone haywire. It happened so suddenly and decisively that for a moment we stared in disbelief. Then quickly we realized that not the high latitude, but something else had caused the abnormal gyrations. In a few seconds we discovered the cause of the trouble—the power supply had failed. A fuse had blown.

When a gyrocompass is turned off in normal latitudes, and then turned back on, about four hours are required for it to establish its equilibrium and "settle down." Since no one had ever restarted a gyrocompass at our latitude, we did not know how long it would take to find its head or, in fact, if it would at all. We restored the power supply and began a period of watchful waiting. Meanwhile, we plotted our course by the magnetic compass, which was slowly swinging back and forth through an arc of about sixty degrees.

It was not a situation to cause panic, but it was an interesting one. As Lt. Kenneth Carr put it at the time, "This reminds me of a guy who goes in to explore a cave, pulling a string with him from a reel at the entrance, so he can find his way out. He gets almost where he wants to go and discovers that the string in his hand is broken."

Thinking that a sharp turn might disturb the restarted gyrocompass even more, we continued on a northerly course. Where before we had been cautious with our navigation, now we were exacting. A simple mistake at that latitude, where longitudinal lines begin to converge, could conceivably bring us back out into the wrong ocean or, worse, up against an ice-locked coastline. The ship's quartermasters were subjected to a barrage of friendly jokes about liberty in Alaska and, inevitably, Murmansk. Shortly after we passed latitude 87 degrees north, about 180 miles from the pole—an estimate that we were able to check later—I gave the order to execute a sweeping, gradual turn. I regretted that we had not made the pole, but considered that to go any farther north would expose the ship and crew to undue risks.

After we had completed the turn, a friendly argument broke out among the crew over who had been closest to the pole. The men in the bow promptly claimed the honor. But after a swift and detailed calculation, the men in the stern demonstrated that in a turn, the stern of the ship actually sweeps farther out—in this case north—than the bow. The men in the stern were about to walk off with the prize, when a man who had been sitting on the portside piped up. He contended that in a turn to starboard, he would have been closer to the pole than anyone else on the ship. After due consideration, I had to side with the man who had been sitting on the portside.

I can tell you that few navigators and quartermasters have worked harder or under more trying circumstances than Lt. William Lalor and his men on the Nautilus who plotted our course south to the edge of the ice. The master gyro did not "settle down" for almost seven hours. During that period, we steered by the swinging magnetic compass, hoping all the while that it was not actually "walking," and taking us in a large circle around the pole. We could not be sure that the master gyro was accurately aligned. We navigated by scraps of information, by "averaging" out the swing of the magnetic compass and by guesswork. There was little sleep for those who were engaged in this task. Fortunately, all other machinery continued to perform with exceptional efficiency—we discovered, for example, that in the colder water our reactor produced more speed—and my mind was left free to concentrate on this one problem.

At no time did we consider that we were in dire peril. Far from it. If we became hopelessly lost, or if disaster loomed on Nautilus, I felt certain that we could reach the surface. If we were not able to locate a lead or polynya, we could tilt the boat up at an angle and fire a salvo of torpedoes into the underside of the ice. If we couldn't force the entire ship through the hole, we could at least push up the "sail," the streamlined housing for our periscopes, radar and radio antennas. We could make radio contact with the outer world and, if necessary, abandon ship, since there is a hatch leading up to the sail. Against this very remote possibility we had loaded on board a supply of cold-weather clothing. While these extreme measures crossed our minds, we never discussed them on board the Nautilus.

A day and a half later, we cleared the outer edge of the ice pack. We had been submerged under the ice for a period of seventy-four hours and had covered a distance of almost 1000 miles. Doctor Lyon's machines had obtained readings totaling in the tens of thousands, and in the case of bottom soundings, millions. We had not come as close to the pole as we had hoped. However, we believe that, ultimately, the navigational knowledge we gained in high latitudes will be of greater value to other submarines that venture under the ice than the mere fact of reaching the pole. As far as records go, we did establish one. We traveled farther north than the ice-locked drifters Fram and Sedov and, of course, much farther north than any other ship under its own power.

We contacted Trigger, and after a day of resting and relaxing while she steamed sixty miles under the ice—a considerable achievement for a conventional submarine—we got under way for a third and final foray beneath the pack. Having discharged our primary mission of making a deep penetration, this time we "played around," steaming as we chose in squares and circles, zipping back and forth with abandon, while Doctor Lyon gathered a continuous record of data.

When the day was half over, we spied a good-sized polynya, and since the gale had blown itself out during our deep penetration, we decided to surface and take some weather observations. Once again we maneuvered Nautilus carefully beneath the ice and then inched our way up. Soon the periscope broke water, and I found myself inspecting a scene few men had seen from the ground level. Broken, jumbled, desolate ice stretched to the horizon in every direction.

The polynya was just large enough to hold us. The water was calm and, though the ice was in motion around us, we were not concerned. If it closed in, we would simply "pull the cork" and descend beneath it. The ice itself is not strong enough to crush the hull of a submarine. While Doctor Lyon and his assistant were busy taking sea-bottom samples, I put chief fire-controlman John Krawczyk over the side in a rubber life raft to take pictures. Half the crew volunteered to row. After two hours of activity in our private lake in the ice, we submerged. After two days, having logged over 200 miles, we returned to the edge of the pack, made contact with Trigger and set a submerged course for England.

It was the prophetic imagination of Jules Verne that first popularized the concept of submarine activity under the polar ice with his mythical submarine Nautilus. Once again, the real-life Nautilus, the creation of another man of great imagination and foresight, Rear Adm. H.G. Rickover, had made one of Verne's dreams a reality. As the Nautilus headed toward warmer waters, we, her crew, felt a sense of achievement at having greatly expanded man's scientific knowledge of the arctic area. However, we had little time to reflect on it, for almost immediately we began to prepare for "combat" in the NATO maneuver which lay just ahead.

By coincidence, en route, Nautilus fulfilled another Jules Verne dream. Just south of the Arctic Circle, Nautilus clocked her 60,000th submerged mile. Using the popularly accepted measure of three miles to the league, it meant that the ship, with only one refueling, had steamed 20,000 leagues under the sea.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 72

1. N.Y.	2. Vt.	3. Mich.
4. Mont.	5. W. Va.	6. Fla.
7. Mo.	8. Neb.	9. Ida.
10. Del.	11. Minn.	12. Iowa

The Price of Parting

(Continued from Page 23)

His dad turned from the doorway. "Go? Hey, boy, we need your help around here!"

Helen Mitchell turned from the barrel. "I told him he could go, Peter."

"We're just going to walk around a little."

"But we've got a million things to do!" his dad protested.

"Peter, I told him he could have the afternoon off if he'd help this morning."

His dad looked at him, then down at Rex, standing so close to Johnny's leg that he could feel the heat of the cocker's body. His dad's blue eyes softened.

"O.K., son. Don't go too far, will you?"

"Nope." Johnny turned back toward the kitchen.

"Johnny."

The boy stopped and turned. His dad came up to him. "Johnny, Doctor Parker has to go someplace this afternoon. He said he'd only be there until about four-thirty."

Johnny's throat was tight again. He nodded and swallowed hard. "We'll be back before then."

His dad patted his shoulder and Johnny went out through the kitchen, down the familiar back steps and onto the soft green lawn, Rex at his heels.

It was a deep back yard, extending over five hundred feet from the house. It sloped down toward the bottom of the ravine, and the back fence was all rusted out in places, so, as far as Johnny and Rex were concerned, the whole brush-tangled ravine was theirs too. They had a path that led down to where a stream trickled along the bottom. The path ran along the stream and branched off, here and there, to various places. The first one on the left went up through old Judge Thompson's back yard and from there to the shopping center; the branch that turned to the right took you across the stream on three flat stones and then up onto the meadow. From there you could climb the big hill or go along through the woods and eventually into the farming country beyond. But if you stayed down in the ravine the path finally climbed up at Jackson Street and then you were at the school.

It was quicker and more convenient to go by the streets, but the ravine was more fun. And in the ravine Rex knew where he was and could go along as good as anything, because he could remember all the things he couldn't see any more. On the streets there were cars and kids on bikes and hurrying people and the smells were all mixed up with gasoline fumes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and unless Rex stayed right tight on his heels, the dog sometimes got confused.

But together, in the back yard, or down in the ravine, or up on the hill, or in the woods, Rex could get along almost as well as he ever could. At fourteen, he was two years older than Johnny and this little area had been his whole life, and even a dog didn't forget something he'd known all his life. So it didn't matter, here, that Rex had cataracts over both eyes. As Doctor Parker, the veterinarian, said, all a dog really needed was a boy to love and be with and he was happy, even if he couldn't see very well.

So they went through the back yard and down the path to the little stream. Rex stood in the shallow water, his head cocked as he listened to something Johnny couldn't hear. Water dripped from the grizzled black muzzle and the misty eyes moved slowly while Rex sniffed at the air.

"Rabbit!" Johnny said suddenly, and the long ears lifted and Rex jumped from the water, standing stiff-legged and eager. Johnny laughed and bent down to pat the quivering body. "I was just fooling," he said softly. "Good boy."

It was all right with Rex. He relaxed and gave the boy's face a quick slosh with his tongue. Johnny pushed him away impulsively. "Hey, stop it!" Then he dropped to his knees and held the wriggling body tight, his head down against the warm, curly hair, while Rex squirmed for a moment and then was still. Johnny let go and stood up again. "'Mon, boy," he said thickly, and went across the stream and up the narrow path to the meadow.

There were big boulders cropping up through the long grass. The soil was poor and the only use the land had ever had was for grazing. Judge Thompson, whose house Johnny could just make out among the trees beyond the ravine, owned it. The judge was a widower who lived alone and liked to sit on his back terrace and look across and see nothing but Nature. He often said, time enough, when he was gone, to put the land to some productive use.

Johnny and Rex wound their way among the boulders and up the long slope of Shecktor's Hill. The wind ruffled the wild oats, sweeping across the nodding grasses in darkening waves. Overhead, two meadow larks thrust their sharp, clean song out into the afternoon sunlight, and down in the woods a somber crow scoffed at their joy with a raucous hoot. They were sounds the boy and dog knew well, and loved, and were hearing now, together, for the last time.

They came out at the top of the hill, a rounded dome of short grass and weathered granite outcroppings. Johnny sank down beside a boulder and pulled Rex close to him. The hill was only a couple of hundred feet high, but from it he could see across much of the broad, shallow valley. A few of the suburbs of the city were spread out before him; Pleasanton right below, and then Dorchester and Crofton and, in the distance, Evanston—most of them running together, now that the city was growing.

He could follow the train tracks almost all the way to Dorchester. Every day, until a month ago, his dad had taken the train to the city in the morning and back again at night. Johnny had never thought much about the tracks, but now, from up here, they glinted with menace. Tonight they'd be carrying the family away. He pulled Rex tight. All but Rex. All but Rex.

The new job was a big advance for Peter Mitchell. It meant going on to the head office; it meant more salary and more chance for progress. It meant more than that, even: it meant "they" were watching him and had him in mind for the future.

"It scares me a little," his dad had said, the night he'd come home with the news. "I'll be smack under the big guns all the time. If I make a mistake, they'll know it right off."

His mother had laughed. "You won't. Peter, it's wonderful! All you've worked for!"

Johnny had watched them smiling at each other. It was one of those moments when he was on the outside. Their happiness with each other sometimes was so intimate a thing that he felt a little embarrassed, really, to be around to see it. And then the realization of what this would mean struck him.

"Will we have to move?"

His dad smiled. "'Fraid so, son. I can't very well commute for a thousand miles."

"It won't be so bad," his mother said quickly. "We'll all miss our friends, of course, but we'll make new ones. Think of the things there'll be to do and see there, Johnny. Everything in New York's the biggest—and it's near all the wonderful landmarks of history. This will be exciting for all of us!"

Johnny stood up helplessly. "But I've lived here all my life!" He waved his hand to include the house and the ravine and the woods and the hills beyond the walls. "Golly, I wouldn't know anything else but this. All the kids, my school ——"

His dad stepped over and put both hands on Johnny's shoulders. "Look, son, this is one of those things. Step by step, you have to go along. If you don't, you get left behind. It'll be tough for your mother and for me, too, but it's part of the deal. You're young; it'll be a fine new experience for you, even if you don't think so now."

"But, dad, everything I ever knew is right here!"

"Honey," his mother said softly, "giving up is part of growing up. It hurts to leave the nest, it always does, but we all have to do it."

"We'll probably live in an apartment, at least for a while," his dad said. "You'll like that; no walks to shovel snow from, no grass to cut, no windows to wash."

"What about Rex?" Johnny asked hotly. "What about him? How's he gonna like an apartment? Why, he can hardly see a thing and he'd bump into everything, and every time he went outside, somebody'd have to go with him and he'd—he'd even be on a leash, probably!"

He waited for their answer to that, but it didn't come. Not in words. It was in their eyes, though—in their eyes and in the way his dad looked down at Rex and in the quiet way his mother pressed her palms together.

His dad put his hand on Johnny's shoulder again. "Rex is fourteen, Johnny. He's old and he's getting feeble and he's almost blind. It'd be cruel to take him to an apartment. I don't think we can take old Rex with us."

"Well, what are you going to do?" he said. "Just turn him out to starve?"

Then his mother was on her knees before him, her hands holding his elbows. "Johnny, Johnny, don't you see? We can't take him with us; it wouldn't be fair to a dog that's been so good and faithful, so wonderful to all of us! Dad and I got Rex as a little puppy a month after we were married. We worried about how he'd be with you, but the day you came home from the hospital he lay down under your crib, and that was his place from then on. He's been one of us all these years. We feel as badly about this as you do, but we just can't take him with us. We love him too much."

"And who'd want an old, blind dog? Who you gonna give him to, then?" The tears were hot behind Johnny's eyes. "Who you gonna dump him on?"

His mother stood up, and was crying now. "Nobody, Johnny. Rex is an old dog now. He's had a good life. He's run through the fields and he's chased rabbits in the woods and he's climbed the hill with you—even slid down on your toboggan. He's had a fine life. He's had a nice boy who loved him and he's had us, who've loved him too. There's little more a dog can ask for, honey; he can't live forever. Nobody does that."

He knew then what she meant, and he couldn't believe it. "You wouldn't!" he had shouted at them. He looked up at his dad. "Dad, you wouldn't do a thing like that to Rex!"

"Johnny, it's the only kind thing to do."

"Kind!" he had yelled. "Kind? You'd kill him just because it's too much trouble to take him with us?"

He had held Rex more tightly in his arms and run out of the house. Putting him down, Johnny plunged down through the ravine and up the hill to the top. And he'd stayed there until it was almost dark, alone. He'd gone so fast that Rex hadn't had a chance to follow him, and it was one of the few times he'd ever been up on the hill without the dog. His loneliness overwhelmed him, and it was a long time before his tears and utter misery were completely spent. Then he made his way slowly home.

They'd saved dinner for him in the kitchen and he ate it and gave some scraps to Rex under the table. His dad came out and stood quietly in the doorway.

"Just one thing I wish you'd do for me," he said. "Will you talk to Doctor Parker?"

Johnny didn't look at him. "I'll talk to him."

"Thank you, Johnny."

The veterinary hospital was a low, white-brick building. It smelled of disinfectant. The settees in the waiting room were leather-covered and scratched and torn in some places, from all the nervous claws that had worked on them over the years. Dr. Evan Parker was about Johnny's dad's age, and his son, Bill, was a fellow Scout in Troop 35. Johnny had known and liked Doctor Parker all his life, and he stood before the desk now, listening, his eyes down.

"It's one of the things everybody with a pet faces, Johnny. Those cataracts make everything Rex sees a shapeless blur, and before too long, all he'll know is daylight from dark. He's getting lame and his teeth are almost gone and his heart's weak. He's an old dog, Johnny, and your folks are right. It'd be cruel to try to take him with you."

Johnny ran his finger along the edge of the desk. It was dusty.

"Will it hurt?"

"He won't feel a thing. He'll just go to sleep."

"Should I—could I be with him?"

"If you want to. Rex would like it that way."

He could hardly talk and he didn't dare look up.

"Yeah, I guess so. I'd want to be with somebody I loved, if it was gonna happen to me."

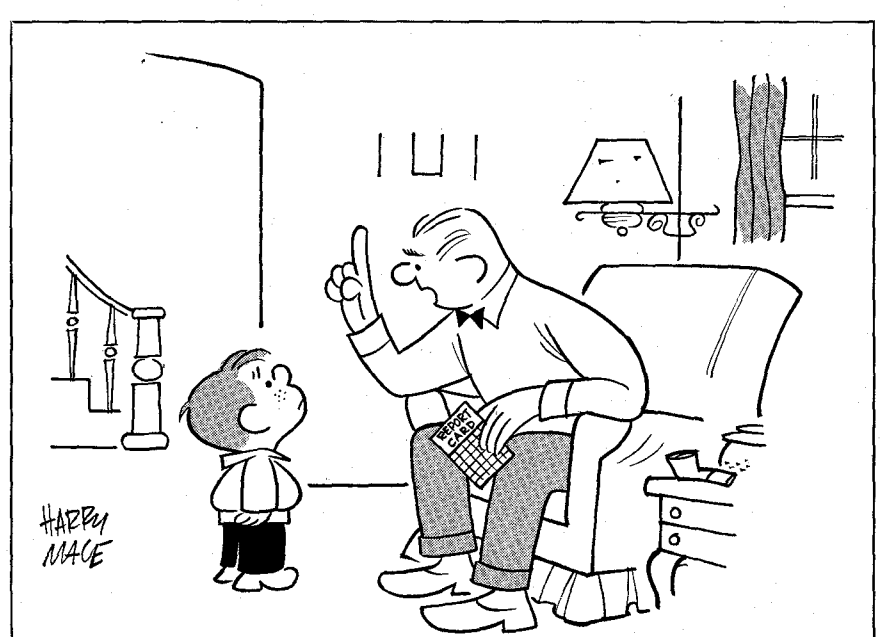
That was three weeks ago and in the intervening days, with his mother getting everything ready to move and his dad mostly in New York, he spent all the time he could with his dog. There were nights when he didn't sleep very well, and then Rex lay on his bed beside him, getting his ears scratched in the moonlight. And there were days when he played in the ravine or the woods instead of bicycling down to the lake with the kids, because Rex couldn't keep up any more. He was glad school was out, but even then the days flew by, until now, finally, it was the last day, almost the last hour.

He sat on the hilltop, his fingers entwined in the dog's hair as he lay asleep beside him. There weren't any tears any more, just a great emptiness within him that once in a while, when he thought about it, squeezed tight and ached in his throat. Johnny looked at his watch; it was almost three. He rubbed Rex's side a little harder, and the old dog opened his eyes and lifted his head a little, looking back, and up, at him.

"Time we were getting back, boy. Come on, let's go now."

Rex got stiffly to his feet, shook himself and followed closely at Johnny's heels. They went down the hill and across the meadow into the ravine, then up along the far side to the path that bordered the edge of the brambles. Rex took the lead now and went snuffing from shrub to shrub, to see what had happened since last he'd come this way, while Johnny walked slowly behind him. He didn't hurry him as he usually did, but let the dog set the pace.

They had just gone through the break in Judge Thompson's fence when the



"This report card is not indicative of your maximum potential!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

each other, neither country will accept any idea or plan that is promoted by the other.

MRS. THELMA MCGRATH
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is encouraging to know that Senator Bricker and a group of patriotic congressmen have imposed drastic curbs on the new international agency. . . . The details of fission and fusion may be too deep for the people of our country, but they know that those who gave Tito a billion dollars in military and other aid are still in high places in our government. Their fears that Atoms-for-Peace may turn up as Atoms-for-War to be used against us are well founded.

ELMER BOOTH
Carmel, Cal.

Tax Assessors Talk Back

Dear Sirs:

Your article CONFESSIONS OF A TAX ASSESSOR, by B. Kniffin Wilson, as told to Charles W. White, Nov. 16th, was most unfortunate in that it portrayed the assessor as a petty public official who is more interested in snooping in locked homes or finding a home for homeless dogs than doing a good job of assessing. . . . All assessors' offices are not operated like this one.

RICHARD A. CHERNEY, *Assessor*
Fort Madison, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Yes, rich people low-rate their furniture . . . and poor people who don't have much worldly goods are proud of what they do have and assess it for more than it is worth.

But, gee, isn't it fun to talk to so many interesting people?

The County Assessor's Office is a position of integrity and it is certainly a place of honor, since it is the foundation of the entire county government.

ELMER CALKINS, *Assessor*
Walters, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read CONFESSIONS OF A TAX ASSESSOR (Nov. 16th), and though, as a Canadian, I have no right to comment, it staggers me to know that such an archaic and wasteful system exists anywhere on this continent. What the assessing procedure must cost in relation to the sums realized! And the "paper work"! Oops!

P. M. CHISWELL
Victoria, B.C.

No Game

Dear Sirs:

As an inveterate reader of Post stories, I am frequently intrigued by the wording of the subtitle, or whatever you call those descriptive phrases printed just below the title. I have a theory that it is a sort of game. The writer of the subtitle tries to see how far he can mislead the prospective reader. . . .

In the November 9th issue he really goes too far. . . . The title on the story by Mary Agnes Thompson is misleading, STUBBORN BRIDE. And the subtitle reads: "It wasn't until after the wedding that she learned what kind of people he came from . . ." Toward the end of the story the boy tells the "bride" that unless she does thus and so, "There's not going to be any wedding for us."

A. H. POPE
Downsview, Ontario

● *We goofed.* —ED.

Daredevil Painters

Dear Sirs:

Shortly after lunch today I picked up your current issue and began reading Elmont Waite's DAREDEVILS OF THE GOLDEN GATE, Nov. 16—heavens to Betsy! There *must* be an easier way! The builders of Egypt's pyramids had a pipe compared to 'Frisco's James Adam's crew.

All through the dreadfully fascinating article I kept wondering how come science and invention have not as yet produced a coating for the steel parts of a bridge that will never need resurfacing or, at least, renewal only once in 20 years or so.

D. F. GRANGER
Northboro, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Aside from risking their hocks amongst all that paint and cable up there, one important part of the lives of your Golden Gate Daredevils was not mentioned.

From the deck of a Navy transport right after World War II, I looked up and received one of the friendliest, most wel-

come waves ever to greet a human eye. To me, and I am sure to many another G.I. coming home, the significance of that greeting couldn't be replaced by all the brass bands in the country.

DON R. WILHELM
Grants Pass, Ore.

"Egghead" Town

Dear Sirs:

Charles Price's boasting that I LIVE AMONG THE EGGHEADS in the Nov. 16th issue leaves me with the feeling that the Post has indeed reached a state nearing literate bankruptcy.

A person doesn't have to be an "egghead" to be a thinker any more than he or she has to be a "longhair" to enjoy the music of Beethoven, the artistry of van Gogh or the pioneering of Madame Curie in cancer research.

Princeton illuminati and the tripe emanating from its graduates leave me with a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. Nonsense. Rot! The article stinks. And so does Princeton!

CARL D. LACY
Lamar, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

After reading Charles Price's article, I am moved to extend my sympathies to Princeton, college and town, which and who must be blushing a Harvard crimson in the afterglow of the author's indecent effusions. . . .

I love Princeton because three of my brothers and three of my nephews and numerous friends and "heroes" matriculated there. Mister Price apparently loves it because he lives there and sees himself in the mirror of its matured and erudite pundits. O, Old Nassau! O, Princeton! O, Einstein! O'Hara! O, Price! Ohhhh, hell . . .

WILLIAM J. O'SULLIVAN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

grass in front of Rex's nose suddenly exploded and a brown rabbit leaped up frantically. Rex lunged after it.

"Rabbit!" Johnny shouted, and dog and hare bounded through the long grass up the slope toward the judge's house.

Johnny followed at a dead run. Rex's ears flopped wildly as he plunged after the scent, and the rabbit must have been a young and foolish one, for, instead of running in a straight line, he bounded this way and that in wild confusion. It was only a minute until Rex had lost the cottontail, and he stood quivering in the long grass, snuffing frantically. And then the rabbit made a big circle and came leaping back again, almost colliding with the waiting dog, and they were off—this time in a straight line toward the judge's house, Rex yapping hoarsely.

Judge Thompson was on his back terrace and got up from his chair to watch the chase. The rabbit saw him and lunged off to the right and ducked into the tangled raspberry patch and was gone. Rex brought up abruptly against the matted growth, trying to work his way into the vines, whining in frustration.

When Johnny reached the terrace, Judge Thompson was laughing and trying to talk Rex out of his anger. He turned to the boy, his old eyes twinkling.

"Mighty funny sight, seeing Rex come up through the weeds, his ears flapping like wings. Reminded me of old Charley Morse, used to live out on Mercer Road. Charley got all excited about airplanes and made himself some wings, and one windy fall day he took off across the fields, flapping his wings and jumping up in the air like a scalded turkey. Mighty funny sight, but it like to broke Charley's heart when he finally ran out of wind and still hadn't got off the ground."

Johnny had dragged Rex out of the raspberry bushes and was plucking the prickers from his long hair. He smiled at the judge. "I guess it's been a long time since Rex got that close to a rabbit."

Judge Thompson sat down in his chair and chuckled. "Can't say the rabbit didn't give him a chance. Better sit a while, Johnny. Sounds like that old fellow got himself tuckered out."

Rex's tongue was dangling and he panted hoarsely. Johnny sat back on the flagstone terrace and pulled the dog closer so he could get at the burs. Rex slobbered his tongue on the boy's hand, then lay back, resting.

"Leaving today," the judge observed.

Johnny nodded. "Tonight."

"I expect you hate to go. This is a pretty nice place for a boy to grow up in. Woods, meadows, hills, the stream down there; got room to stretch here."

"I don't want to live in an apartment."

"No, son, I don't suppose you do. Wouldn't want to myself. But we can't always do what we want to. It makes sense, you see, for you to live in an apartment back there, especially at first. Your dad won't have a long train ride twice a day, and living right in the city, you'll be able to get around and see all the things more easily. Maybe you won't like it, Johnny, but it'll be a good experience."

"I don't see why Pleasanton isn't good enough!" Johnny said hotly. "We've got a nice house and dad had a good job in the city. It only took him half an hour on the train. I don't see why he couldn't have stayed right here in the same job."

Judge Thompson shook his head. "Can't. In a business like that, if you try to stand still, you go back."

"I don't see why."

The judge picked up his pipe. "Everything's in motion, Johnny. Whole world. If you stand still, you get run over."

The boy looked up at the distant hill. "I can't take Rex," he said dully.

"No, I can see that. Apartment's no place for a dog."

"There's nobody to leave him with. Almost blind, pretty old."

"It'd break his heart, anyway."

Johnny turned quickly, his lips trembling. "Judge, it isn't fair! We've had him all my life; he was in the family even before I was born! And now, just because he's old and can't see very good, why—why, we've got to put him away, my dad says. Why? You tell me that, judge! Why? How come we got a right, even, to say when a dog has to die? Just because he's too old? Everybody gets old. He can't help it. He's been the best dog in the world. He never once snapped at me, even when I was a little teeny kid and didn't know better than to kick him or pull his hair—never once, judge! So now, just because it isn't convenient to take him with us, he's gotta be put to sleep!"

The old man bent forward and put a frail hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Son, son, don't go torturing yourself. You love him; he loves you. It's all right. It'd be all right with Rex, if you could ask him." The old man smiled faintly. "I know. It'd be all right with me. Waiting gets mighty lonesome, Johnny. Mighty lonesome. Rex wouldn't like it; you wouldn't like it. As for saying 'when,' why, the Bible gives it to us, right there in the first book, Genesis. It says God gave man dominion 'over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' That's the text, if you need the text, but you don't. Because you know in your heart, Johnny, that it's the only answer. It's the kindest thing you can do for an old and loyal and trusted friend. Just the kindest thing."

Johnny got to his knees, the tears hot in his eyes again. "I don't think so, judge. It isn't, that's all. It just isn't! . . . Come on, Rex, let's go!"

He reached out and rubbed the dog's side. "Come on, Rexy." He paused and laid his hand on the dog's flank, then swung around, wide-eyed, and looked up at the judge and then back again quickly, to the dog. "Rex! Rexy! Hey!" He bent over the dog and then turned swiftly again to the old man who was kneeling beside him. "Judge, he's —— Judge—oh, judge!"

Judge Thompson gently lifted an eyelid, then slowly closed it again and ran his hand down the silken hair. He met the boy's stricken gaze and nodded slowly. "He's gone, Johnny. His tired old heart just stopped."

"Oh, no! He couldn't! Why, only a minute ago ——"

Judge Thompson smiled tenderly. "He just went to sleep," he said softly. "Why, boy, you couldn't ask for a nicer passage than that. Dog or man. Here a couple of minutes ago he was having the time of his life, doing what he liked to do, and then he lay down at the feet of the one he loved more than anyone else in the world and closed his eyes and just went to sleep."

The old man rocked back on his heels and rested his hand on Johnny's heaving shoulders.

"Take him, boy. Take him and put him to rest in the yard he loved so well; where he can sleep and dream and remember, as we all must and will do, of the happy days that were and the happier times to come." He stood up and his voice was soft with wonder, "Lucky boy. Lucky, lucky little dog."

And Johnny, his sight blurred, his heart sodden with grief, yet increasingly grateful for the bitter burden he was now relieved of, picked up the familiar form and went slowly down the path toward home, his face buried now and again in the soft hair that was brushing away his hot tears for the last time. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nixon's My Boss (Continued from Page 21)

their home states; and when the time came for them to sail from New York, I was given the job of taking them their credentials.

I was so excited at the prospect that I could hardly sit still. I was going to New York City. I was going to meet a lot of real congressmen. It was the most thrilling thing that had ever happened to a girl from the Ohio town of Sebring (population approximately 4500)—even after four years in various Government offices. If anyone was starry-eyed and naïve, I was. When I finally met the congressmen, they were just a blur.

The first time the name Nixon meant anything to me was after the committee's return from Europe. All the congressmen had to turn their expense accounts in to me. Most of the accounts were merely a few notes with a "you fix this up" comment. Then one came in neatly typed up, with every form filled out and signed properly, and although the man who signed it was one of two congressmen who had traveled farther than any other committee member, this was by far the smallest expense account. It was signed "Richard M. Nixon."

That name stuck in my mind. When at last I met him and his wife at a party, I was impressed by how young they were. I liked them both, but when he was elected senator in 1950 and asked me to go to work for him, I wasn't sure whether there was any future working for a man in politics.

I said I'd take a month to think it over, and then asked a lot of people what they thought of him. I was told that he was a man going somewhere, that he was a good boss, that it would be fun to work for him. I decided to take the job.

I often think back to those days as people pass by my desk, stopping to say hello or to joke—senators, generals, ambassadors, some of the most important men in the world. I've traveled around the globe, been to Asia, South America, Africa, across the country a hundred times. I've talked with the President, and even gone to White House affairs. I've met the Pope; the Prime Minister of the Netherlands; Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek; the late President of the Philippines, Ramon Magsaysay, and his wonderful wife; Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia; and practically every important person in Washington. Yes, it has been exciting working for "Senator" Nixon.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. The Boss had promised that everyone in the office could take a vacation after the 1952 convention. When he got the nomination, those plans were canceled, of course.

I'd never realized what a nightmare an American political campaign is. I'd never appreciated the hard work, the lack of sleep, the strain, the tension. The only times in my life I've taken pills to stay awake were on campaign trips.

It was during that first campaign that my boss's expense fund became such an issue. We were traveling by train at the time, and we had no idea what was happening from hour to hour. At one stop we'd see a headline, "Ike Asks Nixon Resign"; the next, "Ike Defends Nixon." On board there were a thousand rumors for every fact.

Yet all the time we had to travel, to stop and meet people, to act as if nothing were happening. For the first time I started to see the kind of pressures that are put on a top political official at the moment of decision. The Boss received all sorts of advice. He was told to quit, to fight back, to fly to the President, to speak to the people, to keep quiet, to speak out, to answer the charges, to deny them, to ignore them, to attack his opponent. Every time we stopped we got phone calls, telegrams, letters, and flying visits from people who knew just exactly what the Boss should do.

As usual, he made up his own mind. He decided to put his case before the people, and tell them the full facts of his financial life.

How many of you could trace all your own income and expenses for years back? It wasn't easy, but we did it. I remember in one small town we stayed at a tiny, old-fashioned hotel, and I stood on a stool, using a wall phone, calling all over the country for figures. And then, on tiptoe, dead tired, I had to hold the earpiece with my elbow and take the information down in a notebook jammed against the wall.

When at last he made his talk I was shaking from weariness, but I still couldn't sleep. None of us knew what he'd say or how the American people would react. We watched it on a TV set at the hotel. Even before he was off the air, calls started coming in from all over the country, a flood of them from important people and many more from unimportant people, people who just wanted to help.

Perhaps what I remember best from all that nightmare week was the Boss the next morning. We had flown into Missoula, Montana, arriving at three A.M., and five hours later he spoke to a group of high-school students. I would have thought he would be angry, hurt, upset—I know I was—but he told them:

"I know a lot of you are going to say, 'I don't want to go into politics, it's a mean game, it's a rough game, it's a dirty game.' But just let me tell you this, folks: remember that politics is a tough game, but if you think it's dirty, it's your job to clean it up. I urge you to pitch in and work for the candidates and the parties you believe in. And remember, even if you have moments that are difficult, you also have moments which I think compensate completely for all the sadness that you have. And that is one of those moments now, as Pat and I look out over this wonderful crowd here, this wonderful group of people—Democrats, Republicans, independents, all—we realize that in America all you have to do is to come out and tell the American people the truth; and if you do, they believe in you and they are for you."

I think it took a big man to make that speech. It was a talk full of hope, with no bitterness, but a shining idealism.

After the election we returned to Washington and went to work. The Boss hadn't been kidding when he promised me on the phone that he'd have a job to do.

I was surprised—as most people are—to learn how little help we had on the job. When we stopped representing the people of California and started representing the people of the whole United States, we had to cut our staff from fifteen to seven, and move to smaller offices. We're up to thirteen staff members and two aides now, but until this year we had a smaller allotment for staff salaries than the senator from the smallest state in the Union, Rhode Island.

That staff cut we took in 1953 was really a blow, because it came just as the Boss was starting to attend cabinet meetings, become a working member of the National Security Council and head up the President's Committee on Government Contracts. These activities, of course, were and are in addition to a Vice President's more traditional duties. He has to preside over the Senate, act as liaison between the White House and Congress, make political speeches, represent the President at all sorts of functions, and make good-will trips around the country and the world. On top of that, my boss has taken on many confidential trouble-shooting jobs for the President that I can't describe.

In our office we work. The girls get in early in the morning, and—at least when Congress is in session—we often finish up at one or two the next morning. This happens day after day, and can run on into the weekends. When Congress is out of session it's easier. Most of us get finished up by seven or eight at night.

As hard as we work, the Boss works harder. He's taken only two vacations I can remember since he was elected to the Senate seven years ago.

Of course, he's taken some long weekend trips to Florida, but I don't know that he gets much relaxation. Before leaving on one recent trip he said firmly, "Don't bother me. I don't want to get any calls, unless it's important."

Along in the afternoon of the second day, the office phone rang. It was the Boss.

In three minutes he gave me enough chores to keep the office going for six weeks. We had to reorganize our whole mailing list, research several speeches and dig out information from a dozen Government agencies, print up a speech he'd just made and mail it to all the members of several interested organizations. These were just a few of the jobs.

> With some girls, opportunity never has to honk twice.
>
> DAN BENNETT

When I started handing out the work, one of the girls laughed. "I hope he never takes another vacation just to relax."

When I first started to work for the Boss I had practically forgotten my shorthand. But I sure sharpened it up in a hurry. I've taken dictation in cars, in the air, aboard boats, on the train. At the 1956 convention in San Francisco the Boss got a call that the condition of his father was worse. He and Pat picked me up at the office, and in the early morning traffic we rode a careening limousine, behind the wildest-riding motorcycle officers I've ever followed, while the Vice President dictated the first draft of his acceptance speech.

On campaigns I fly with a typewriter strapped on a table across my lap—so I can type without interruption during landings, take-offs, thunderstorms and rough air. I've typed on chairs, couches, card tables and boxes. But probably the worst place I've taken dictation is right at home in the corridors of the Capitol. The Vice President is so busy that several times a week he will say, "Come on, Rose," as he heads for the Senate floor or over to the White House, and I'll run along beside him taking dictation. In a few minutes he can give me a list of twenty phone calls to make, twice as many notes to write, have me change luncheon dates, assign people to dig up facts on a handful of subjects. He doesn't look as though he walks fast, but I have to trot to keep up—and take dictation at the same time.

He pushes himself at the same pace. His lunches are eaten at his desk—"How about a tuna on brown bread and some buttermilk?" And he writes his own speeches. Each major speech takes a week, at least, of off-and-on, but regular, hard, lonely work. Many people don't believe this, but it's true. That's just one reason he turned down 15,000 invitations to speak last year. Each of the hundreds of speeches he has given he's worked up himself, outlining them on pads of yellow paper, dictating drafts, polishing. It's hard, slow work, and when he's doing it is the only time I've seen him get really angry.

Frankly, I can't see why he doesn't get angry more often. Anyone worth his salt has a temper, and he's certainly got one. When he's been under attack, his friends have advised him in repeated personal visits, phone calls, wires and letters, to let loose and counterattack.

There have been times when I've agreed with them. He ought to explode. And there have been times when I've come near it myself—in elevators, restaurants, in taxis. There must be many people who never realize how close I've come to swinging my handbag at them when they were discussing my boss. I've heard remarks I wouldn't repeat anywhere, but I think the ones that anger me most are such silly criticisms as, "I know he's done a good job, but I don't like his looks," or, "I don't know why I don't like Nixon, but I just don't."

But somehow he's kept his counsel and his temper. I don't mean he hasn't been burned by some of the attacks; they've been bitter and personal. Still he hasn't allowed himself to be goaded into making the wrong move.

I remember during the campaign in 1956 when the Boss faced a hostile press conference of college students one night at Cornell University. It was televised, and for thirty minutes he fielded every loaded question with candor and good humor. After they went off the air he stayed a full hour answering more tough questions. That made us late getting to our plane, and when we arrived over Providence, Rhode Island, it was clouded in. We flew to Boston, and couldn't land there. Finally, we landed in Worcester, Massachusetts, and drove to Providence. We got to our hotel at four A.M.

The Vice President had a date to speak at eight in the morning. After that we started on one of those terribly trying caravans, with a dozen stops between Providence and New Haven. At noontime we arrived to speak before a group of Yale students.

It was a frightening situation. When Adlai Stevenson had arrived two weeks before, there had been a near riot. And this from students who were pro-Stevenson! They were anti-Nixon, and there was plenty of evidence of fruit and eggs and other things ready to be heaved.

When he got up on the stage there was a sea of signs—"Nix on Nixon," "We Don't Like Ike"—and there were great boos. The first speakers were hooted into their seats, and the mob looked out of control to me. When the man introducing the Boss couldn't be heard, the Vice President actually pulled at his coattails and made him sit down. Then he strode to the front of the stage.

He dropped the usual greetings and launched into his speech. He caught them off balance, and then followed up his advantage by saying how much he appreciated the fact that although they were for Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kefauver, they were democratic enough to come down and hear what he had to say on the opposite side. He added that Mr. Stevenson had suffered some indignities at New Haven recently, and he only hoped that if such a thing happened to him, he could be as good a sport as Adlai Stevenson had been.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was amazing to watch the reaction. Signs started dipping; the crowd grew quiet. They listened to what he had to say, and cheered at the end. My boss is able to take care of himself in political battles.

I don't think any Vice President has consistently been under as much pressure as he has. For weeks and months after the President had his heart attack, for instance, my boss had frightening responsibility, yet he did not, of course, have the freedom to make policy. The same thing was true following the President's operation for ileitis.

I remember that I was at a wedding reception the day he called to tell me: "The President's had a heart attack." His voice was solemn, tense.

He assured me that it didn't look serious, that many men recover from heart attacks and are as good as ever. Then he asked me to go to my apartment. At that time we had a special telephone that rang there if his home phone didn't answer, and I had to start making and receiving top priority calls while he went to the home of his close friend, Attorney General William Rogers, who was then Deputy Attorney General. The Vice President had a small home, and it was mobbed by newspapermen, photographers, radio and television newsmen, and curiosity seekers.

Again we started on a tough job. It wasn't the wild pressure of a campaign. There was the more difficult quiet pressure of waiting.

Some of the Vice President's friends wanted him to take charge. He was advised, warned, told, urged to act. I think he showed the mark of a mature man. He ruled out politics, and he continued to do his job the way he always did. It was about this time that some reporters started writing about the change in Nixon, or the "new" Nixon.

Those reports amuse me, and sometimes they make me angry. He's older than he was when he was first nominated. He has traveled around the world, taken part in the most vital affairs of an age of crisis. He's learned a lot and has grown in stature—as any intelligent person would, given the opportunities he has had in the past five years. But he hasn't changed. He's still the same person.

When the President was sick in Denver, the Boss himself would call up Cabinet officers, senators, heads of agencies.

"This is Dick Nixon," he'd say. "When can I come over and talk to you for a few minutes?"

Usually they'd offer to come to his office. He'd insist on going to theirs. That's his way—and it's always been his way. Secretaries all over Washington are still surprised when they pick up their telephone and hear, "This is Dick Nixon."

This casual, democratic approach has made friends for the United States all over the world, and has made my boss a great campaigner for the Eisenhower administration. People who think he is a back-slapping politician are mistaken, however. He isn't.

He's friendly, truly interested in the people he meets, and his manner is natural. But he is a man of dignity. He draws a line, and I think he should. Although some of his predecessors have been willing to kiss beauty queens, my boss hasn't. He doesn't accept money for making speeches, either, and I haven't heard anybody call him the Veep. He takes his job, if not himself, seriously.

He's not at all stuffy, though. One of the best parties I ever went to was after the '54 campaign. He invited the staff and the reporters over to his house, and late in the evening he sat down at the piano. For more than two hours he played, by ear, whatever anyone asked, while we all sang along with him.

I suppose most people won't believe me when I say that one of the most successful politicians of our generation is shy. My boss can hold thousands spellbound, but when we have a small party to celebrate the birthday or engagement of one of the girls in the office, he's not quite at ease with them.

On the occasions when they have given him a small present, I've actually seen him embarrassed. He just doesn't know what to say or do at such signs of personal affection.

This doesn't mean he isn't interested in the staff. Whenever one of the girls has something to celebrate or is, perhaps, down in the dumps about bad news at home, he'll notice it and say, "We'll have to take her out to lunch someday."

I usually forget about the suggestion, but in a few days he'll say, "Do you have any plans?" The Vice President hasn't forgotten. He'll take several of the staff workers to lunch, and the girls really appreciate it. They, better than anyone else, know how many demands there are on his time.

Pat Nixon has the same informal, friendly affection for the staff. When she comes into the office she always greets me with a breezy, "Hi, Rosy." She's just like a sister to me. We've shared jokes and confidences and problems—and in an emergency during trips, even clothes.

I don't want to take anything away from the success that the Boss has earned himself, but I must say that his wife is a tremendous asset to him. They have great respect for each other. They work and live as a team. I know what it has meant to the Boss to have a wife with whom he could share his campaigns and his trips—and quiet evening walks, as well.

She's a real trouper. On one campaign I saw her sit on a platform in Chicago, wearing only a wool suit, and freeze. It was bitter cold, but she looked warm, pleased to be there. Just a few air hours later she sat in the same wool suit under a broiling Texas sun and looked cool, pleased to be there.

Her intense interest in people and their problems never fades, even on the most wearing global trips. And incidentally, these trips abroad that we've made aren't exactly the glamorous jaunts that some of my friends from Ohio seem to think. I'm glad I've made the trips, but they have been brutally hard work. There's darn little glamour in traveling as much as the Boss does. Since 1953 he's traveled 124,187 miles around the world, and about as much—110,406 miles—campaigning in the United States.

"Roger and over."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And this might be a good time to mention something about the expenses on this job. Few people realize how many times my boss has to pick up the tab when he's been invited to meetings which he thinks the Vice President should attend. I've seen him dig in his own pocket for meals, hotel rooms, limousine service, even chartered planes, on trips that I think are really official business for the Vice President. On many trips all of the staff have had to pay for their own hotel rooms and food.

And do you have any idea what happens to clothes you wear and pack and wear and repack, day after day, in all climates, without proper cleaning? But the people suffer even more than the clothes on these flying trips overseas. For instance, there was one evening during our trip to the Far East that I can look back at and laugh about now, although at the time I could have wept. We'd started off at dawn and spent a long, hard day visiting several countries, but that evening, when our plane landed in the last country, we'd passed through a time zone. It was only late afternoon there. I could have screamed, I was so tired.

We had a reception scheduled at seven. After the reception we were to have dinner, and after dinner, entertainment. The reception went on and on and on. At ten we sat down to eat. I was eight persons away from anyone who could speak English. Hour after hour, so tired I could hardly keep awake—I actually kept pinching myself—I smiled and nodded at the men on my right, on my left, and across the table. They smiled and nodded back.

At last dinner was over. It was midnight. We didn't go to bed, however. We watched the entertainment for more than two and a half hours. When I returned to my room I saw a bug as big as a large frog on my mosquito netting. I was so tired I stood paralyzed. Finally, in terror, I tossed a book at it, and when it fell under the book I leaped wildly on top of the book, and just stood there shaking with fear and weariness.

At last I crawled into bed. It was four A.M., and we left at seven-thirty the same morning.

Once in Australia we had a day with nothing scheduled. The staff worked from breakfast time until 12:30 A.M. Another time on the same trip we had a day off in Tokyo. We worked all day on a special report, finishing it at 3:15 the next morning.

No matter how tough these trips are, however, I think they are worth while. I have seen the effect the Vice President has had. I have seen him smooth over trouble spots and build bridges of understanding between himself and the officials of other countries. Just as impressive is the effect he has on the common people in the nations we visit. While the security officers tore out their hair, he has mixed with the people, chatting with them, and shaking hands.

Those handshakes have been a cartoonists' joke, but a wonderful event to people who have never met a leader of a democracy, who have never seen one of their own leaders. Shaking hands is an exciting demonstration of the trust between the people of a democracy and its leaders. Once a bunch of students held up Communist signs when we arrived at an airport in Asia. My boss strode over and shook their hands. They put their signs away and cheered when he left. At another place huge barriers had been erected to keep the people out. The Vice President reached right over the barriers to pump the hands of the people.

This same warmth has the same effect right here at home. The other day my boss received a letter from Adm. Lewis L. Strauss, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, at whose home in Virginia he had spent a Sunday. Here's the entire note:

"You are the first guest in twenty-five years who ever took the trouble to go backstairs and thank the hired help. They were bubbling over with the experience, and informed me this morning at breakfast that they think you are 'terrific' and Mrs. Nixon and girls 'just darling.'"

Is this the new Nixon? Not at all. When he was a congressman, and before I'd gone to work for him, he and Pat and I were all leaving a party at the same time, and they offered to drive me home. I was tired and very grateful. It wasn't until after I went to work for Senator Nixon that I realized he and Pat lived in just the opposite direction from me.

He's that kind of person. I suppose that's one of the reasons I gave the answer I did when a secretary friend asked me why the Vice President's staff worked so hard, such long hours at its job.

I thought for a while and then said, "Well, the work is exciting, and you really do meet such interesting people, and it is important, but I guess the real reason is that I think I've got the best boss in Washington." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRUISE DAMAGE OFTEN LEADS TO BLOWOUT WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT. NYLON'S SHOCK-ABSORBING TOUGHNESS SHRUGS OFF PUNISHMENT, GIVES TIRES LASTING STRENGTH

BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Nylon cord protects best against weakening by bumps, flex strain, moisture, heat—runs cooler on the road. That's why safety-conscious people everywhere are switching to nylon cord tires.

In just one year, sales of nylon cord tires have increased 65%. You may be surprised how little the extra protection of nylon cord tires will cost you. Nylon is your best protection against the four major causes of unseen tire damage that can lead to blowouts: bumps that occur in everyday driving, flex strain that takes place every time a tire turns, moisture that seeps in through cuts in the rubber. What's more, nylon not only withstands heat best, but actually runs up to 30% cooler.

Nylon's superiority has been proved in billions of miles use by safety-conscious truckers. Nylon cord tires are in everyday use by highway police, commercial fleet operators and taxis. All major airlines and military aircraft depend on nylon cord tires. For greater safety, insist on nylon when buying new tires or a new car. Look for the identification on the sidewall.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

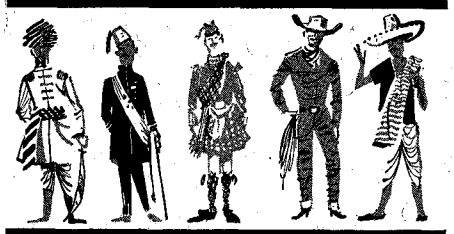
Watch the DU PONT "SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN 103 COUNTRIES

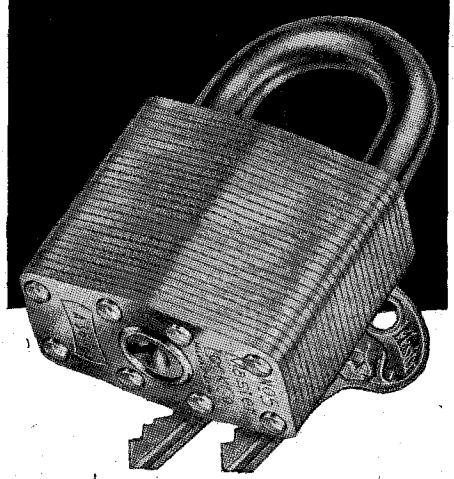
"SECURITY" MEANS



Master

LAMINATED

Padlocks



From tiny Guam to vast India . . . from Alaska to Zanzibar . . . the name "MASTER" has become synonymous with "the finest in padlock protection". On every continent, Master Padlocks are standard equipment with leading railroads, mining companies, public utilities and government agencies — enjoying a world-wide reputation for unsurpassed strength, security and dependability.

$1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere!

Master Padlocks

ALWAYS ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT

MASTER LOCK CO., Milwaukee 45, Wis.

World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

Keeping Posted

A Trophy for Every Man in the Crew

When **Commander William R. Anderson** (page 11) got the check for his article about the arctic cruise of the submarine Nautilus, he reflected that 14 officers, 98 men and 4 civilians shared that under-the-ice adventure. And he promptly used the money to buy 116 silver cups, suitably engraved, which each individual surely will treasure as a memorial of the event. His theory: "One man didn't do the job—we all did."

Commander Anderson's home town is Bakerville, Tenn., but he and his wife, and their sons, Michael, 12, and William, Jr., 2, live now in Mystic, Conn. During World War II he made 11 war patrols in the submarines Tarpon, Narwhal and Trutta. He was a bit too young to be in command then—his 1943 class at Annapolis was hustled into service in '42.

When Associate Editor Clay Blair, Jr., went to New London to collaborate with Anderson, the Nautilus had just been moved into dry dock and the gangplank wasn't in position. Noticing that a shore telephone line had been thrown across, he decided to phone the skipper, went aboard another phone-rigged sub in a nearby slip—and was astounded to find himself on old No. 217, the Guardfish, on which he had served during World War II! "So, in the crew's mess, where I had eaten so many meals and played so many games of cribbage while cruising in Japanese waters, I rang up the Nautilus." Naturally he found time to tell a few sea stories about the Guardfish to the men who now man her.

Commander and Mrs. William Anderson with Bill, Jr.

You might think of the Post as the Nautilus' biographer—Commander Eugene P. Wilkinson, aided by collaborator Hugh Morrow, authored We Took the Atom Sub to Sea in our issues of April 9 and 16, 1955. To round things out, Clay Blair, before he became a member of the Post staff, wrote a book about the Nautilus and her younger sisters, The Atomic Submarine and Admiral Rickover.

Tales of the Authors

While **Prentiss Combs** was doing public-relations work in Puerto Rico he used to spend what seemed to his wife an inordinate amount of his spare time on the beach. "I'm researching," he would say to the lady. When he sold his page 48 novelette, The Man on the Beach, he said, "I told you so." Combs is now employed in the president's office of his alma mater, the University of California, and their two older children are having fun with a new baby sister.

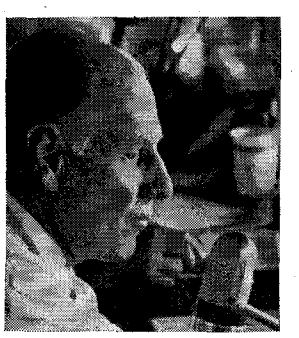
Prentiss Combs and Co. in Puerto Rico.

When **Robert de Roos'** 17-year-old daughter Barbara was three she was caught playing with matches. Her father, lecturing her severely, concluded, "Now then, Rule No. 1 is: We don't play with matches!" The child replied, "And Rule No. 2 is: Absolutely no bears in the house!" When papa gave up trying to figure out what that bewildering crack meant, he decided to keep a family journal. See hilarious excerpts on page 30. De Roos is "an unfrocked newspaperman," freelancing out of Hillsborough, Calif.

Follow-up report from **William Heuman,** page 25: after the Post ran a Heuman story (Husbands Can't Win) last August 17 about a man-vs.-wife hassle over the color of a car they were buying, the Heumans decided to buy a new car. After Mrs. H. eventually got Bill to agree to a turquoise-and-cream job, she exercised a woman's prerogative and they got dusty rose and cream.

Mr. and Mrs. Heuman.

The last name of author **Joe Furnas,** who writes about unusual names on page 36, is pronounced to rhyme with the well-known heating device. Hence, while using an automobile road map one day, he got a kick out of stumbling upon a town called Helen Furnace, Penna. His wife's name is Helen.



NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Low-Down From Leo"

Harry Paxton, Post sports editor, reports an intimate conversation with Leo Durocher, the TV performer, pal of Frank Sinatra and other stars. Do you want to know what might bring Durocher back to baseball?

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED